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THE

MIRROR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VELUTI IN SPECULO.

VOL. I.

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THE

MIRROR.

No. I. SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1779.

Quis novus hic hospes ? VIRG.

WHEN a stranger is introduced into a numerous company, he is scarcely seated before every body present begins to form some notion of his character. The gay, the sprightly, and the inconsiderate, judge of him by the cut of his coat, the fashion of his periwig, and the ease or awkwardness of his bow. The cautious citizen, and the proud country gentleman, value him according to the opinion they chance to adopt, the one, of the extent of his rent-roll, the other, of the length of his pedigree; and all estimate his merit, in proportion as he seems to possess, or to want, those qualities for which themselves wish to be admired. If, in the course of conversation, they chance to discover, that he is in use to make one in the polite circles of the metropolis; that he is familiar with the great, and sometimes closeted with the minister; whatever contempt or indifference they may at first have shewn, or felt themselves disposed to shew, they at once give up their own judgment; every one pays a compliment to his own sagacity, by assuming the merit of having discovered that this stranger had the air of a man of fashion; and all vie in their attention and civility, in hopes of establishing a more intimate acquaintance.

An anonymous periodical writer, when he first gives his works to the public, is pretty much in the situation of the stranger. If he endeavour to amuse the young and the lively, by the sprightliness of his wit, or the sallies of his imagination, the grave and the sedate throw aside his works as trifling and contemptible. The reader of romance and sentiment finds no pleasure but in some eventful story, suited to his taste and disposition: while, with him who aims at instruction in politics, religion or morality, nothing is relished that has not a relation to the object he pursues. But, no sooner is the public informed, that this unknown author has already figured in the world as a poet, historian or essayist; that his writings are read and admired by the Shaftsburies, the Addisons, and the Chesterfields of the age, than beauties are discovered in every line; he is extolled as a man of universal talents, who can laugh with the merry, and be serious with the grave; who, at one time, can animate his reader with the glowing sentiments of virtue and compassion, and at another, carry him through the calm disquisitions of science and philosophy.

Nor is the world to be blamed for this general mode of judging. Before an individual can form an opinion for himself, he is under a necessity of reading with attention, of examining whether the style and manner of the author be suited to his subject, if his thoughts and images be natural, his observations just, his arguments conclusive: and though all this may be done with moderate talents, and without any extraordinary share of what is commonly called learning; yet it is a much more compendious method, and saves much time, and labour, and reflection, to follow the crowd, and to re-echo the opinions of the critics.

There is, however, one subject, on which every man thinks himself qualified to decide, namely the representation of his own character, of the characters of those around him, and of the age in which he lives; and, as I propose, in the following papers, "to hold, as it were the MIRROR up to nature, to "shew Virtue her own features, Vice her own image, "and the very age and body of the time his form "and pressure," my readers will judge for themselves, independent of names and authority, whether the picture be a just one. This is a field, which however extensively and judiciously cultivated by my predecessors, may still produce something new. The follies, the fashions, and the vices of mankind, are in constant fluctuation; and these, in their turn, bring to light new virtues, or modifications of virtues, which formerly lay hid in the human soul, for want of opportunities to exert them. Time alone can shew whether I be qualified for the task I have undertaken. No man, without a trial, can judge of his ability to please the public; and prudence forbids him to trust the applauses of partial friendship.

It may be proper, however, without meaning to anticipate the opinion of the reader, to give him some of the outlines of my past life and education.

I am the only son of a gentleman of moderate fortune. My parents died when I was an infant, leaving me under the guardianship of an eminent counsellor, who came annually to visit an estate he had in the neighbourhood of my father's, and of the clergyman of the parish, both of them men of distinguished probity and honour. They took particular care of my education, intending me for one of the learned professions. At the age of twenty I had completed my studies, and was preparing to enter upon the theatre of the world, when the death of a distant relation in the metropolis left me possessed of a handsome fortune. I soon after set out on the tour of Europe;

and having passed five years in visiting the different courts on the Continent, and examining the manners, with, at least, as much attention as the pictures and buildings of the kingdoms through which I passed, I returned to my native country; where a misfortune of the tenderest kind threw me, for some time, into retirement.

By the assiduities of some friends, who have promised to assist me in the present publication, I was prevented from falling a sacrifice to that languid inactivity which a depression of spirits never fails to produce. Without seeming to do so, they engaged me by degrees to divide my time between study and society; restoring, by that means, a relish for both. I once more took a share in the busy, and, sometimes, in the idle scenes of life. But a mind, habituated to reflection, though it may seem occupied with the occurrences of the day, (a tax which politeness exacts, which every benevolent heart cheerfully pays,) will often, at the same time, be employed in endeavouring to discover the springs and motives of action, which are sometimes hid from the actors themselves; to trace the progress of character through the mazes in which it is involved by education or habit; to mark those approaches to error into which unsuspecting innocence and integrity are too apt to be led; and, in general, to investigate those passions and affections of the mind which have the chief influence on the happiness of individuals, or of society.

If the sentiments and observations to which this train of thinking will naturally give rise, can be exhibited in this paper, in such a dress and manner as to afford amusement, it will, at least, be an innocent one; and, though instruction is, perhaps, hardly to be expected from such desultory sketches, yet their general tendency shall be, to cultivate taste, and improve the heart.

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No. II. SATURDAY, JANUARY 30.

NO child ever heard from its nurse the story of Jack the Giant-killer's cap of darkness, without envying the pleasures of invisibility; and the idea of Gyges's ring has made, I believe, many a grave mouth water.

This power is, in some degree, possessed by the writer of an anonymous paper. He can at least exercise it for a purpose for which people would be most apt to use the privilege of being invisible, to wit, that of hearing what is said of himself.

A few hours after the publication of my first number, I sallied forth, with all the advantages of invisibility, to hear an account of myself and my paper. I must confess, however, that, for some time, I was mortified by hearing no such account at all; the first company I visited being dull enough to talk of last night's Advertiser, instead of the MIRROR; and the second, which consisted of ladies, to whom I ventured to mention the appearance of my first number, making a sudden digression to the price of a new-fashioned lutestring, and the colour of the trimming with which it would be proper to make it up into a gown. Nor was I more fortunate in the third place where I contrived to introduce the subject of my publication, though it was a coffee-house, where it is actually taken in for the use of the customers; a set of old gentlemen, at one table, throwing it aside to talk over a bargain; and a company of young ones, at another, breaking off in the middle to decide a match at billiards.

It was not till I arrived at the place of its birth that I met with any traces of its fame. In the well-known shop of my editor I found it the subject of conversation; though I must own, that, even here, some little quackery was used for the purpose, as he had taken care to have several copies lying open on the table, besides the conspicuous appearance of the subscription-paper hung up fronting the door, with the word MIRROR a-top, printed in large capitals.

The first question I found agitated was concerning the author, that being a point within the reach of every capacity. Mr. Creech, though much importuned on this head, knew his business better than to satisfy their curiosity: so the hounds were cast off to find him, and many a different scent they hit on. First, he was a Clergyman, then a Professor, then a Player, then a Gentleman of the Exchequer who writes plays, then a Lawyer, a Doctor of Laws, a Commissioner of the Customs, a Baron of the Exchequer, a Lord of Session, a Peer of the Realm. A critic, who talked much about style, was positive as to the sex of the writer, and declared it to be female, strengthening his conjecture by the name of the paper, which, he said, would not readily have occurred to a man. He added, that it was full of Scotticisms, which sufficiently marked it to be a "home production."

This led to animadversions on the work itself; which were begun by an observation of my own, that it seemed, from the slight perusal I had given it, to be tolerably well written. The critic above-mentioned strenuously supported the contrary opinion; and concluded his strictures on this particular publication, with a general remark on all modern ones, that there was no force of thought, nor beauty of composition, to be found in them.

An elderly gentleman, who said he had a guess at the author, prognosticated, that the paper would be used as the vehicle of a system of scepticism, and that he had very little doubt of seeing Mr. Hume's posthumous works introduced in it. A short, squat man, with a carbuncled face, maintained, that it was designed to propagate methodism; and said, he believed it to be the production of a disciple of Mr. John Wesley. A gentleman in a gold chain differed from both; and told us, he had been informed, from very good authority, that the paper was intended for political purposes.

A smart-looking young man, in green, said, he was sure it would be very satirical: his companion, in scarlet, was equally certain that it would be very stupid. But with this last prediction I was not much offended, when I discovered that its author had not read the first number, but only enquired of Mr. Creech where it was published.

A plump round figure, near the fire, who had just put on his spectacles to examine the paper, closed the debate, by observing, with a grave aspect, that as the author was anonymous, it was proper to be very cautious in talking of the performance. After glancing over the pages, he said, he could have wished they had set apart a corner for intelligence from America: but, having taken off his spectacles, wiped and put them into their case, he said, with a tone of discovery, he had found out the reason why there was nothing of that sort in the MIRROR; it was in order to save the tax upon newspapers.

Upon getting home to my lodgings, and reflecting on what I had heard, I was for some time in doubt, whether I should not put an end to these questions at once, by openly publishing my name and intentions to the world. But I am prevented from discovering the first by a certain bashfulness, of which even my travels have not been able to cure me; from declaring the last, by being really unable to declare them. The complexion of my paper will depend on a thousand circumstances which it is impossible to foresee. Besides these little changes, to which every one is liable from external circumstances, I must fairly acknowledge, that my mind is naturally much more various than my situation. The disposition of the author will not always correspond with the temper of the man : in the first character I may sometimes indulge a sportiveness to which I am a stranger in the latter, and escape from a train of very different thoughts, into the occasional gaiety of the MIRROR.

The general tendency of my lucubrations, however, I have signified in my first number, in allusion to my title : I mean to shew the world what it is, and will sometimes endeavour to point out what it should be.

Somebody has compared the publisher of a periodical paper of this kind to the owner of a stage-coach, who is obliged to run his vehicle with or without passengers. One might carry on the allusion through various points of similarity. I must confess to my customers, that the road we are to pass together is not a new one ; that it has been travelled again and again, and that too in much better carriages than mine. I would only insinuate, that, though the great objects are still the same, there are certain little edifices, some beautiful, some grotesque, and some ridiculous, which people, on every side of the road, are daily building, in the prospect of which we may find some amusement. Their fellow-passengers will sometimes be persons of high, and sometimes of low rank, as in other stage-coaches ; like them, too, sometimes grave, sometimes facetious ; but that ladies and men of delicacy, may not be afraid to take places, they may be assured, that no scurrilous or indecent company will ever be admitted.

No. III. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

Formam qudidem ipsam et faciem honesti vides, quæ, si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores excitaret sapientiæ. Cic.

THE philosopher, and the mere man of taste, differ from each other chiefly in this, that the latter is satisfied with the pleasure he receives from objects, without enquiring into the principles or causes from which that pleasure proceeds; but the philosophical enquirer, not satisfied witn the effect which objects viewed by him, produce, endeavours to discover the reasons why some of those objects give pleasure, and others disgust; why one composition is agreeable, and another the reverse. Hence have arisen the various systems with regard to the principles of beauty; and hence the rules, which, deduced from those principles, have been established by the critic.

In the course of these investigations, various theories have been invented to explain the different qualities, which when assembled together, constitute beauty, and produce that feeling which arises in the mind from the sight of a beautiful object. Some philosophers have said, that this feeling arises from the sight or examination of an object in which there is a proper mixture of uniformity and variety; others have thought, that, beside uniformity and variety, a number of other qualities enter into the composition of an object that is termed beautiful.

To engage in an examination of those different systems, or to give any opinion of my own with regard to them, would involve me in a discussion too abstruse for a paper of this kind. I shall, however, beg leave to present my readers with a quotation from a treatise, intitled, "An Inquiry into the Original of "our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue."* Speaking of the effect which the beauty of the human figure has upon our minds, the author expresses himself in the following words.

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* By Dr. Hutcheson.

"There is a farther consideration, which must not "be passed over, concerning the external beauty of "persons, which all allow to have great power over "human minds. Now, it is some apprehended mo-"rality, some natural or imagined indication of con-"comitant virtue, which gives it this powerful charm "above all other kinds of beauty. Let us consider "the characters of beauty which are commonly ad-"mired in countenances, and we shall find them to "be sweetness, mildness, majesty, dignity, vivacity, "humility, tenderness, good-nature; that is, cer-"tain airs, proportions, 'je ne sçai quois,' are natu-"ral indications of such virtues, or of abilities or dis-"positions towards them. As we observed above, of "misery or distress appearing in countenances; so, "it is certain, almost all habitual dispositions of mind "form the countenance, in such a manner as to give "some indications to the spectator. Our violent "passions are obvious, at first view, in the counte-"nance, so that sometimes no art can conceal them; "and smaller degrees of them give some less ob-"vious turns to the face, which an accurate eye will "observe."

What an important lesson may be drawn by my fair countrywomen from the observations contained in this passage! Nature has given to their sex beauty of external form greatly superior to that of the other; the power which this gives them over our hearts they well know, and they need no instructor how to exercise it; but whoever can give any prescription by which that beauty may be increased, or its decay retarded, is a useful monitor, and a benevolent friend.

Now I am inclined to think, that a prescription may be extracted from the unfashionable philosopher above quoted, which will be more effectual in heightening and preserving the beauty of the ladies, than all the pearl powder, or other cosmetics of the perfumer's shop. I hope I shall not be misunderstood, and I beg my fair readers may not think me so ill-bred, or so ignorant of the world, as to recommend the qualities mentioned in the above passage, on account of their having any intrinsic value. To recommend to the world to embrace virtue for its own sake, should be left to such antiquated fellows as the heathen philosopher from whom I have taken the motto of this number, or the modern philosopher who has borrowed much from his writings ; but I would not wish to sully my paper, or to prevent its currency in the fashionable circle, by such obsolete doctrines.

Far be it from me, therefore, so much as to hint to a fine lady, that she should sometimes stay at home, or retire to the country with, that dullest of all dull companions, a husband, because it is the duty of a wife to pay attention to her spouse ; that she should speak civilly to her servants, because it is agreeable to the fitness of things ; that people under us should be well treated ; that she should give up play, or late hours upon Sunday, because the parson says Sunday should be devoted to religion. I know well, that nothing is so unfashionable as for a husband and wife to be often together ; that it is beneath a fine lady to give attention to domestic economy, or to demean herself so far as to consider servants to be of the same species with their mistresses ; and that going to church is fit only for fools and old women. But though I do not recommend the above, or the like practices, on their own account, and in so far must differ from the philosophical gentlemen I have referred to ; yet, I think, what they recommend ought to be attended to, for the good effects it may have on female beauty. Though I am aware, that every fine lady is apt, like Lady Townly, to faint at the very description of the pleasures of the country; yet she ought to be induced to spend some of her time there, even though it should be her husband's principal place of residence; because the tranquillity, and fresh air of the country, may repair some of the devastations which a winter-campaign in town may have made upon her cheeks. Though I know also, that spending Sunday like a good Christian is the most tiresome and unfashionable of all things; yet, perhaps, some observance of the sabbath, and a little regularity on that day, by going to church, and getting early to bed, may smooth those wrinkles which the late hours of the other six are apt to produce: and though economy, or attention to a husband's affairs, is, I allow, a mean and vulgar thing in itself; yet, possibly, it should be so far attended to as to prevent that husband's total ruin; because duns, and the other impertinent concomitants of bankruptcy, are apt, from the trouble they occasion, to spoil a fine face before its time. In like manner, though I grant it is below a fine lady to cultivate the qualities of sweetness, mildness, humility, tenderness, or good-nature, because she is taught that it is her duty to do so; I would nevertheless, humbly propose to the ladies, to be good-humoured, to be mild to their domestics, nay, to be complaisant even to their husbands; because good humour, mildness and complaisance, are good for their faces. Attention to these qualities, I am inclined to believe, will do more for their beauty than the finest paint the most skilfully laid on: the culture of them will give a higher lustre to their complexion, without any danger of this colouring being rubbed off, or the natural fineness of the skin being hurt by its use.

Let every lady, therefore, consider that whenever she says or does a good-humoured thing, she adds a new beauty to her countenance; that by giving some attention to the affairs of her family, and now and then living regularly, and abstaining from the late hours of dissipation, she will keep off, somewhat longer than otherwise, the wrinkles of age: and I would hope the prescription I have given may, amidst the more important cares of pleasure, appear deserving of her attention.

This prescription must, from its nature, be confined to the ladies, beauty in perfection being their prerogative. To recommend virtue to our fine gentlemen, because vice may hurt their shapes, or spoil their faces, might appear somewhat like irony, which, on so serious a subject, I would wish to avoid. Some considerations may, however, be suggested, why even a fine gentleman may find his account in an occasional practice of virtue, without derogating from the dignity of that character which it costs him so much labour to attain; and these may perhaps be the subject of a future paper.

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No. IV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

Meliora pii docuere parentes. HOR.

THE following letter I received from an unknown correspondent. The subject of it is so important, that I shall probably take some future opportunity of giving my sentiments on it to the public: in the mean time I am persuaded it will afford matter of much serious consideration to many of my readers.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

AT the age of twenty-five I succeeded to an estate of 1500l. a year by the death of a father, by whom I was tenderly beloved, and for whose memory I still retain the most sincere regard. Not long after I married a lady, to whom I had for some time been warmly attached. As neither of us were fond of the bustle of the world, and as we found it every day become more irksome, we took the resolution of quitting it altogether; and soon after retired to a family-seat, which has been the favourite residence of my ancestors for many successive generations.

There I passed my days in as perfect happiness as any reasonable man can expect to find in this world. My affection and esteem for my wife increased daily; and as she brought me three fine children, two boys and a girl, their prattle afforded a new fund of amusement. There were, likewise, in our neighbourhood several families that might have adorned any society, with whom we lived on an easy, friendly footing, free from the restraints of ceremony, which, in the great world, may, perhaps, be necessary, but, in private life, are the bane of all social intercourse.

There is no state, however, entirely free from care and uneasiness. My solicitude about my children increased with their years. My boys, in particular, gave me a thousand anxious thoughts. Many plans of education were proposed for them, of which the advantages and disadvantages were so equally balanced, as to render the choice of any one a matter of no small perplexity.

Meantime the boys grew up; and the eldest, who was a year older than his brother, had entered his tenth year, when an uncle of my wife, who, by his services in parliament, and an assiduous attendance at court, had obtained a very considerable office under government, honoured us with a visit. He seemed much pleased with the looks, the spirit, and promising appearance of my sons; he paid me many compliments on the occasion, and I listened to him with all the pleaſure a fond parent feels in hearing the praiſes of his children.

After he had been ſome days with us, he asked me in what manner I propoſed to educate the boys, and what my views were as to their eſtabliſhment in the world? I told him all my doubts and perplexities. He enlarged on the abſurdity of the old faſhioned ſyſtem of education, as he termed it, and talked much of the folly of ſending a boy to Eton or Weſtminſter, to waſte the moſt precious years of his life in acquiring languages of little or no real uſe in the world; and begged leave to ſuggeſt a plan, which, he ſaid, had been attended with the greateſt ſucceſs in a variety of inſtances that had fallen within his own particular knowledge.

His ſcheme was to ſend my ſons for two or three years to a private ſchool in the neighbourhood of London, where they might get rid of their provincial dialect, which, he obſerved, would be alone ſufficient to diſappoint all hopes of their future advancement. He propoſed to ſend them afterwards to an academy at Paris, to acquire the French language, with every other accompliſhment neceſſary to fit them for the world. "When your eldeſt ſon," added he, "is thus qualified, it will be eaſy for me to get him appointed ſecretary to an embaſſy; and if he ſhall then poſſeſs thoſe abilities of which he has now every appearance, I make no doubt I ſhall be able to procure him a ſeat in parliament; and there will be no office in the ſtate to which he may not aſpire. As to your ſecond ſon, give him the ſame education you give his brother; and when he is of a proper age, get him a commiſſion in the army, and puſh him on in that line as faſt as poſſible."

Though I ſaw ſome objections to this ſcheme, yet, I muſt confeſs, the flattering proſpect of ambition it opened, had a conſiderable effect upon my mind; and as my wife, who had been taught to receive the opinions of her kinsman with the utmost deference, warmly seconded his proposal, I at length, though not without reluctance, gave my assent to it. When the day of departure came, I accompanied my boys part of the way; and, at taking leave of them, felt a pang I then endeavoured to conceal, and which I need not now attempt to describe.

I had the satisfaction to receive, from time to time, the most pleasing accounts of their progress; and, after they went to Paris, I was still more and more flattered with what I heard of their improvement.

At length the wished for period of their return approached: I heard of their arrival in Britain, and that, by a certain day, we might expect to see them at home. We were all impatience: my daughter, in particular, did nothing but count the hours and minutes, and hardly shut her eyes the night preceding the day on which her brothers were expected: her mother and I, though we showed it less, felt, I believe, equal anxiety.

When the day came, my girl, who had been constantly on the look-out, ran to tell me she saw a post-chaise driving to the gate. We hurried down to receive the boys. But, judge of my astonishment, when I saw two pale emaciated figures get out of the carriage, in their dress and looks resembling monkies rather than human creatures. What was still worse, their manners were more displeasing than their appearance. When my daughter ran up, with tears of joy in her eyes, to embrace her brother, he held her from him, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter at something in her dress that appeared to him ridiculous. He was joined in the laugh by his younger brother, who was pleased, however, to say, that the girl was not ill-looking, and, when taught to put on her cloaths, and to use a little rouge, would be tolerable.

Mortified as I was at this impertinence, the partiality of a parent led me to impute it, in a great measure to the levity of youth; and I still flattered myself that matters were not so bad as they appeared to be. In these hopes I sat down to dinner. But there the behaviour of the young gentlemen did not, by any means tend to lessen my chagrin: there was nothing at table they could eat: they ran out in praise of French cookery, and seemed even to be adepts in the science; they knew the component ingredients of the most fashionable ragoos and fricandeaus, and were acquainted with the names and characters of the most celebrated practitioners of the art in Paris.

To stop this inundation of absurdity, and, at the same time, to try the boys further, I introduced some topics of conversation, on which they ought to have been able to say something. But, on these subjects, they were perfectly mute; and I could plainly see their silence did not proceed from the modesty and diffidence natural to youth, but from the most perfect and profound ignorance. They soon, however, took their revenge for the restraint thus imposed on them. In their turn they began to talk of things, which to the rest of the company, were altogether unintelligible. After some conversation, the drift of which we could not discover, they got into a keen debate on the comparative merit of the "Dos de Puce," and the "Puce en Couches;" and, in the course of their argument, used words and phrases which to us were equally incomprehensible as the subject on which they were employed. Not long after my poor girl was covered with confusion, on her brother's asking her, if she did not think the "cuisse de la "reine" the prettiest thing in the world?

But, Sir, I should be happy, were I able to say, that ignorance and folly, bad as they are, were all I had to complain of. I am sorry to add, that my young men seem to have made an equal progress in vice. It was but the other day I happened to observe to the eldest, that it made me uneasy to see his brother look so very ill; to which he replied, with an air of the most easy indifference, that poor Charles had been a little unfortunate in an affair with an opera-girl at Paris: but, for my part, added he, I never ran those hazards, as I always confined my amours to women of fashion.

In short, Sir, these unfortunate youths have returned ignorant of every thing they ought to know; their minds corrupted, and their bodies debilitated, by a course of premature debauchery. I can easily see that I do not possess either their confidence or affection; and they even seem to despise me for the want of those frivolous accomplishments on which they value themselves so highly. In this situation, what is to be done? Their vanity and conceit make them incapable of listening to reason or advice; and to use the authority of a parent, would, probably, be as ineffectual for their improvement, as to me it would be unpleasant.

I have thus, Sir, laid my case before you, in hopes of being favoured with your sentiments upon it. Possibly it may be of some benefit to the public, by serving as a beacon to others in similar circumstances. As to myself, I hardly expect you will be able to point out a remedy for that affliction which preys upon the mind, and, in all likelihood, will shorten the days of

Your unfortunate, humble servant,

L. G.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VITREUS's favours have been received, and shall be duly attended to.

A letter signed A. Z. and an essay subscribed D. are under consideration.

On Wednesday next (Tuesday being appointed for the day of the national fast) will be published No. V.

No. V. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

PEDANTRY, in the common sense of the word, means an absurd ostentation of learning, and stiffness of phraseology, proceeding from a misguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men.

But I have often thought, that we might extend its signification a good deal farther: and, in general, apply it to that failing which disposes a person to obtrude upon others, subjects of conversation relating to his own business, studies, or amusement.

In this sense of the phrase, we should find pedants in every character and condition of life. Instead of a black coat and plain shirt, we should often see pedantry appear in an embroidered suit and Brussels lace; instead of being bedaubed with snuff, we should find it breathing perfumes; and, in place of a book-worm, crawling through the gloomy cloisters of an university, we should mark it in the state of a gilded butterfly, buzzing through the gay region of the drawing-room.

Robert Daisey, esq. is a pedant of this last kind. When he tells you, that his ruffles cost twenty guineas a-pair; that his buttons were the first of the kind, made by one of the most eminent artists in Birmingham; that his buckles were procured by means of a friend at Paris, and are the exact pattern of those worn by the Comte d'Artois; that the loop of his hat was of his own contrivance, and has set the fashion to half a dozen of the finest fellows in town: when he descants on all these particulars, with that smile of self complacency which sits for ever on his cheek, he is as much a pedant as his quondam tutor, who recites verses from Pindar, tells stories out of Herodotus, and talks for an hour on the energy of the Greek particles.

But Mr. Daisey is struck dumb by the approach of his brother Sir Thomas, whose pedantry goes a pitch higher, and pours out all the intelligence of France and Italy, whence the young baronet is just returned, after a tour of fifteen months over all the kingdoms of the continent. Talk of music, he cuts you short with the history of the first singer at Naples; of painting, he runs you down with a description of the gallery at Florence; of architecture, he overwhelms you with the dimensions of St. Peter's, or the great church at Antwerp; or, if you leave the province of art altogether, and introduce the name of a river or hill, he instantly deluges you with the Rhine, or makes you dizzy with the height of Etna, or Mont Blanc.

Miss will have no difficulty of owning her great aunt to be a pedant, when she talks all the time of dinner on the composition of the pudding, or the seasoning of the mince-pies; or enters into a disquisition on the figure of the damask table-cloth, with a word or two on the thrift of making one's own linen: but the young lady will be surprised when I inform her, that her own history of last Thursday's assembly, with the episode of Lady Di's feather, and the digression to the qualities of Mr. Frizzle the hair-dresser, was also a piece of downright pedantry.

Mrs. Caudle is guilty of the same weakness, when she recounts the numberless witticisms of her daughter Emmy, describes the droll figure her little Bill made yesterday at trying on his first pair of breeches, and informs that Bobby has got seven teeth, and is just cutting an eighth, though he will be but nine months old next Wednesday at six o'clock in the evening. Nor is her pedantry less disgusting, when she proceeds to enumerate the virtues and good qualities of her husband; though this last species is so uncommon, that it may, perhaps, be admitted into conversation for the sake of variety.

Muckworm is the meanest of pedants when he tells you of the scarcity of money at present, and that he is amazed how people can afford to live as they do; that for his part though, he has a tolerable fortune, he finds it exceedingly difficult to command cash for his occasions; that trade is so dead, and debts so ill paid at present, that he was obliged to sell some shares of bank-stock to make up the price of his last purchase; and had actually countermanded a service of plate, else he should have been obliged to strike several names out of the list of his weekly pensioners; and that this apology was sustained the other day by the noble company (giving you a list of three or four peers, and their families) who did him the honour to eat a bit of mutton with him. All this, however, is true. As is also another anecdote, which Muckworm forgot to mention: his first cousin dined that day with the servants, who took compassion on the lad, after he had been turned down stairs, with a refusal of twenty pounds to set him up in the trade of a shoe-maker.

There is pedantry in every disquisition, however masterly it may be, that stops the general conversation of the company. When Silius delivers that sort of lecture he is apt to get into, though it is supported by the most extensive information and the clearest discernment, it is still pedantry; and, while I admire the talents of Silius, I cannot help being uneasy at his exhibition of them. In the course of this dissertation, the farther a man proceeds, the more he seems to acquire strength and inclination for the progress. Last night after supper, Silius began upon

Protestantism, proceeded to the Irish massacre, went through the revolution, drew the character of King William, repeated anecdotes of Schomberg, and ended at a quarter past twelve, by delineating the course of the Boyne, in half a bumper of port, upon my best table; which river, happening to overflow its banks, did infinite damage to my cousin Sophy's white satin petticoat.

In short, every thing, in this sense of the word, is pedantry, which tends to destroy that equality of conversation which is necessary to the perfect ease and good humour of the company. Every one would be struck with the unpoliteness of that person's behaviour, who should help himself to a whole plate of pease or strawberries which some friend had sent him for a rarity in the beginning of the season.—Now, conversation is one of those good things of which our guests or companions are equally intitled to a share as of any other constituent part of the entertainment; and it is as essential a want of politeness to engross the one, as to monopolize the other.

Besides, it unfortunately happens, that we are very inadequate judges of the value of our own discourse, or the rate at which the dispositions of our company will incline them to hold it. The reflections we make, and the stories we tell, are to be judged of by others, who may hold a very different opinion of their acuteness or their humour. It will be prudent, therefore, to consider, that the dish we bring to this entertainment, however pleasing to our own taste, may prove but moderately palatable to those we mean to treat with it; and that to every man, as well as ourselves, (except a few very humble ones,) his own conversation is the plate of pease or strawberries.

No. VI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

Nec excitatur classico miles truci,
Nec horret iratum mare ;
Forumque vitat, et superba civium
Potentiorum limina. HOR.

GREAT talents are usually attended with a proportional desire of exerting them ; and, indeed, were it otherwise, they would be, in a great measure, useless to those who possess them, as well as to society. But, while this disposition generally leads men of high parts and high spirit to take a share in active life, by engaging in the pursuits of business or ambition, there are, amidst the variety of human character, some instances, in which persons eminently possessed of those qualities give way to a contrary disposition.

A man of an aspiring mind and nice sensibility may, from a wrong direction, or a romantic excess of spirit, find it difficult to submit to the ordinary pursuits of life. Filled with enthusiastic ideas of the glory of a general, a senator, or a statesman, he may look with indifference, or even with disgust, on the less brilliant, though, perhaps, not less useful occupations, of the physician, the lawyer, or the trader.

My friend Mr. Umphraville is a remarkable instance of great talents thus lost to himself and to society. The singular opinions which have influenced his conduct, I have often heard him attempt, with great warmth, to defend.

" In the pursuit of an ordinary profession," would he say, " a man of spirit and sensibility, while he " is subjected to disgusting occupations, finds it ne- " cessary to submit with patience, nay, often with " the appearance of satisfaction, to what he will be " apt to esteem dullness, folly, or impertinence, in

" those from whose countenance, or opinion, he
" hopes to derive success; and, while he pines in
" secret at so irksome a situation, perhaps, amidst
" the crowds with whom he converses, he may not
" find a friend to whom he can communicate his
" sorrows.

" If, on the other hand," he would add, " he betakes
" himself to retirement, it is true he cannot
" hope for an opportunity of performing splendid
" actions, or of gratifying a passion for glory; but
" if he attain not all that he wishes, he avoids much
" of what he hates. Within a certain range he will
" be master of his occupations and his company;
" his books will, in part, supply the want of society;
" and, in contemplation at least, he may often enjoy
" those pleasures from which fortune has precluded
" him.

" If the country, as will generally happen, be the
" place of his retirement, it will afford a variety of
" objects agreeable to his temper. In the prospect
" of a lofty mountain, an extensive plain, or the
" unbounded ocean, he may gratify his taste for the
" sublime; while the lonely vale, the hollow bank,
" or the shady wood, will present him a retreat
" suited to the thoughtfulness of his disposition."

Such are the sentiments which have formed the character of Mr. Umphraville, which have regulated the choice and tenor of his life.

His father, a man of generosity and expence beyond his fortune, though that had once been considerable, left him, at the age of twenty-five, full of the high sentiments natural, at these years, to a young gentleman brought up as the heir of an ancient family, and a large estate, with a very inconsiderable income to support them; for though the remaining part of the family-fortune still afforded him a rent-roll of 1000l. a-year, his clear revenue could scarcely be estimated at 300l.

Mr. Umphraville, though he wanted not a relish for polite company and elegant amusements, was more distinguished for an ardent desire of knowledge; in consequence of which he had made an uncommon progress in several branches of science. The classical writers of ancient and modern times, but especially the former, were those from whose works he felt the highest pleasure; yet he had, among other branches of learning, obtained a considerable knowledge of jurisprudence, and was a tolerable proficient in mathematics.

On these last circumstances his friends founded their hopes of his rising in the world. One part of them argued, from the progress he had made in jurisprudence, that he would prove an excellent lawyer; the other, that his turn for mathematics would be an useful qualification in a military life; and all agreed in the necessity of his following some profession in which he might have an opportunity of repairing his fortune.

Mr. Umphraville, however, had very different sentiments. Though he had studied the science of jurisprudence with pleasure, and would not have declined the application of its principles, as a member of the legislature, he felt no great inclination to load his memory with the rules of our municipal law, or to occupy himself in applying them to the uninteresting disputes of individuals: and, though he neither wanted a taste for the art, nor a passion for the glory of a soldier, he was full as little disposed to carry a pair of colours at a review, or to line the streets in procession. Nor were his objections to other plans of bettering his fortune, either at home or abroad, less unsurmountble.

In short, after deliberating on the propositions of his friends, and comparing them with his own feelings, Mr. Umphraville concluded, that, as he could not enter into the world in a way suited to his inclination and temper, the quiet and retirement of a country-life, though with a narrow fortune, would be more conducive to his happiness than the pursuit of occupations to which he felt an aversion, even should they be attended with a greater degree of success than, from that circumstance, he judged to be probable.

Agreeably to this opinion he took his resolution; and, notwithstanding the opposition of his friends, retired, a few months after his father's death, to his estate in the country, where he has lived upwards of forty years; his family, since the death of his mother, a lady of uncommon sense and virtue, who survived her husband some time, having consisted only of himself, and an unmarried sister, of a disposition similar to his own.

Neither his circumstances nor inclination led Mr. Umphraville to partake much of the jollity of his neighbours. His farm has never exceeded what he found absolutely necessary for the conveniency of his little family; and though he employed himself for a few years in extending his plantations over the neighbouring grounds, even that branch of industry he soon laid aside, from a habit of indolence, which has daily grown upon him; and since it has been dropped, his books, and sometimes his gun, with the conversation of his sister, and a few friends, who now and then visit him, entirely occupy his time.

In this situation, Mr. Umphraville has naturally contracted several peculiarities, both of manner and opinion. They are, however, of a kind which neither lessen the original politeness of the one, nor weaken the natural force and spirit of the other. In a word, though he has contracted rust, it is the rust of a great mind, which, while it throws a certain melancholy reverence, around its possessor, rather enhances than detracts from the native beauty and dignity of his character.

These particulars will suffice for introducing this gentleman to my readers, and I may afterwards take occasion to gratify such of them as wish to know somewhat more of a life and opinions with which I have long been intimately acquainted.

No. VII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY, 16.

Indocilis privata loqui. LUC.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

I AM a sort of retainer to the muses; and, though I cannot boast of much familiarity with themselves, hold a subordinate intimacy with several branches of their family. I never made verses, but I can repeat several thousands. Though I am not a writer, I am reckoned a very ready expounder of enigmas; and I have given many good hints towards the composition of some favourite rebuses and charades. I have also a very competent share of classical learning; I can construe Latin when there is an English version on the opposite column, and read the Greek character with tolerable facility; I speak a little French, and can make shift to understand the subject of an Italian opera.

With these qualifications, Sir, I am held in considerable estimation by the wits of both sexes. I am sometimes allowed to clap first at a play, and pronounce a firm encore after a fashionable song. I am consulted by several ladies before they stick their pin into the catalogue of the circulating library; and have translated to some polite companies all the mottos of your paper, except the last, which, being somewhat crabbed, I did not chuse to risk my credit by attempting. I have at last ventured to put myself into print in the *Mirror*: and send you information of a scheme I have formed for making my talents serviceable to the republic of letters.

Every one must have observed the utility of a proper selection of names to a play or a novel. The bare sounds of Monimia or Imoinda set a tender-hearted lady a crying; and a letter from Edward to Maria contains a sentiment in the very title.

Were I to illustrate this by an opposite example, as schoolmasters give exercises of bad Latin, the truth of my assertion would appear in a still stronger light.

Suppose, Sir, one had a mind to write a very pathetic story of the disastrous loves of a young lady and a young gentleman, the first of whom was called Gubbins, and the latter Gubblestones, two very respectable names in some parts of our neighbour-country. The Gubbinses, from an ancient family feud, had a mortal antipathy at the Gubblestoneses; this, however, did not prevent the attachment of the heir of the last to the heiress of the former; an attachment begun by accident, increased by acquaintance, and nourished by mutual excellence. But the hatred of the fathers was unconquerable; and old Gubbins having intercepted a letter from young Gubblestones, breathed the most horrid denunciations of vengeance against his daughter, if ever he should discover the smallest intercourse between her and the son of his enemy; and, farther, effectually to seclude any chance of an union with so hatred a name, he instantly proposed a marriage between her and a young gentleman lately returned from his travels, a Mr. Clutterbuck, who had seen her at a ball, and was deeply smitten with her beauty. On being made acquainted with this intended match, Gubblestones grew almost frantic with grief and despair. Wandering round the house where his loved Gubbins was confined, he chanced to meet Mr. Clutterbuck hasting to an interview with his destined bride. Stung with jealousy and rage, reckless of life, and regardless of the remonstrances of his rival, he drew, and attacked him with desperate fury.—Both swords were sheathed at once in the breasts of the combatants. Clutterbuck died on the spot: his antagonist lived but to be carried to the house of his implacable enemy, and breathed his last at the feet of his mistress. The dying words of Gubblestones, the succeeding phrenzy and death of Gubbins, the relenting sorrow of their parents, with the description of the tomb in which Gubbins, Gubblestones, and Clutterbuck, were laid, finish the piece, and would leave on the mind of the reader the highest degree of melancholy and distress, were it not for the unfortunate sounds which compose the names of the actors in this eventful story; yet these names, *Mr. Mirror*, are really and truly right English surnames, and have as good a title to be unfortunate as those of Mordaunt, Montague, or Howard.

Nor is it only in the sublime or the pathetic that a happy choice of names is essential to good writing. Comedy is so much beholden to this article, that I have known some with scarcely any wit or character but what was contained in the Dramatis Personæ.—Every other species of writing, in which humour or character is to be personified, is in the same predicament, and depends for great part of its applause on the knack of hitting off a lucky allusion from the name to the person. Your brother essayists have been particularly indebted to this invention for supplying them with a very necessary material in the construction of their papers. In the Spectator, I find, from an examination of my notes on the subject, there are 532 names of characters and correspondents, 394 of which are descriptive and characteristic.

Having thus shewn the importance of the art of name-making, I proceed to inform you of my plan for assisting authors in this particular, and saving them that expence of time and study which the invention of names proper for different purposes must occasion.

I have, from a long course of useful and extensive reading, joined to an uncommon strength of memory, been enabled to form a kind of dictionary of names for all sorts of subjects, pathetic, sentimental, serious, satyrical, or merry. For novelists, I have made a collection of the best-sounding English, or English-like, French, or French-like names; I say, the best sounding, sound being the only thing necessary in that department. For comic writers, and essayists of your tribe, Sir, I have made up, from the works of former authors, as well as from my own invention, a list of names, with the characters or subjects to which they allude, prefixed. A learned friend has furnished me with a parcel of signatures for political, philosophical, and religious essayists in the newspapers, among which are no fewer than eighty-six compounds beginning with Philo, which are all from four to seven syllables long, and cannot fail to have a powerful tendency towards the edification and conviction of country-readers.

For the use of serious poetry, I have a set of names, tragic, elegiac, pastoral, and legendary; for songs, satires, and epigrams, I have a parcel properly corresponding to those departments. A column is subjoined, shewing the number of feet whereof they consist, that being a requisite chiefly to be attended to, in names destined for the purposes of poetry. Some of them indeed, are so happily contrived, that, by means of an easy and natural contraction, they can be shortened, or lengthened (like a pocket-telescope), according to the structure of the line in which they are to be introduced; others, by the assistance of proper interjections, are ready made into smooth flowing hexameters, and will be found extremely useful, particularly to our writers of tragedy.

All these, Sir, the fruits of several years labour and industry, I am ready to communicate for an adequate consideration, to authors, or other persons whom they may suit. Be pleased, therefore, to inform your correspondents, that, by applying to your publisher, they may be informed, in the language of Falstaff, " where a commodity of good names is to " be bought." As for your own particular, Sir, I am ready to attend you gratis, at any time you may stand in need of my assistance; or you may write out your papers blank, and send them to me to fill up the names of the parties.

I am yours, &c.

NOMENCLATOR.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

" The editor has to return thanks to numberless correspondents for their favours lately received; he begs leave, at the same time, to acquaint them, that as many inconveniencies would arise from a particular acknowledgment of every letter, he must henceforward be excused from making it; they may, however, rest assured of the strictest attention and impartiality in regard to their communications.—As to the insertion of papers sent him, he will be allowed to suggest, that, from the nature of his publication, the acceptance or refusal of an essay is no criterion of its merit, nor of the opinion in which it is held by the editor. A performance may be improper for the MIRROR, as often on account of its rising above, as of its falling below the level of such a work, which is peculiarly circumscribed, not only in its subjects, but in the manner of treating them. The same circumstance will often render it necessary to alter or abridge the productions of correspondents; a liberty for which the editor hopes their indulgence, and which he will use with the utmost caution."

No. VIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20.

Inspicere tanquam in speculum
Vitas omnium jubeo. TER.

IT was with regret that the editor found himself under the necessity of abridging the following letter, communicated by an unknown correspondent.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,

AS I was walking one afternoon, about thirty years ago, by the Egyptian side of the Red Sea, in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, I accidentally met with a Dervise. How we forthwith commenced acquaintance; how I went with him to his hermitage; how our acquaintance improved into intimacy, and our intimacy into friendship; how we conversed about every thing, both in heaven above, and in the earth beneath; how the Dervise fell sick, and how I, having some skill in medicine, administered to his recovery; how this strengthened his former regard by the additional tie of gratitude; how, after a space, I tired of walking by the Red Sea in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, and fancied I should walk with more security and satisfaction by the side of Forth;

are circumstances, that, after you shall be more interested in my life and conversation, I may venture to lay before you.

In the mean while, suffice it to say, that my parting with the Dervise was very tender; and that, as a memorial of his friendship, he presented me with a mirror. I confess frankly, that considering the poverty of my friend, and his unaffected manner of offering it, I supposed his present of little intrinsic value. Yet, looking at it, and wishing to seem as sensible of its worth as possible, " This," " said I, may be a very useful mirror. " As it is of a convenient size, I may carry it in my pocket; and, " if I should happen to be in a public company, it " may enable me to wipe from my face any accidental dust, or to adjust the posture of my peri- " wig." For, Sir, at that time, in order to command some respect among the Mussulmen, I wore a periwig of three tails.

" That mirror," said the Dervise, looking at me with great earnestness, " is of higher value than " you suppose: and of this, by the following account " of its nature and uses, I am sure you will be fully " satisfied. Of mirrors, some are convex, and re- " present their object of a size considerably dimi- " nished: accordingly, the images they display are " extremely beautiful. A company of people repre- " sented by this mirror shall appear without spot or " blemish, like a company of lovely Sylphs. Now, " my good Christian friend, mine is not a convex " mirror. Neither is it concave: for concave mir- " rors have just an opposite effect; and, by enlarg- " ing the object they represent, would render even " the Houri in Paradise as hideous as the witch of " Endor,-or a Pagan fury. In short, it is a good " plain mirror, intended to represent things just as " they are, but with properties and varieties not to " be met with in common glass."

" Whenever," continued he, " you entertain any " doubt concerning the propriety of your conduct, " or have apprehensions that your motives are not " exactly what you conceive, or wish them to be, I " advise you forthwith to consult the mirror. You " will there see yourself without disguise ; and be " enabled, not merely to wipe from your face any " accidental dust, or to adjust your periwig of three " tails, but to rectify your conduct, and adjust your " deportment." In truth, Sir, I have made this experiment, according to the direction of the Dervise, so often, and with such small satisfaction to myself, that I am heartily sick of it. I have consulted my mirror in the act of giving alms, expecting, no doubt, to see myself charactered with the softest compassion, and, behold ! I was swollen and bloated with ostentation. Glowing with indignation, as I conceived, against the vices of mankind, and their blindness to real merit, I have looked in the mirror, and seen the redness of anger, the flushings of disappointed ambition. Very lately, a friend of mine read me an essay he had written ; he seemed to me somewhat conscious of its merit : he expected, and was intitled to some applause ; but, said I to myself, " I will administer to no man's vanity, nor expose my friend " by encouraging self-conceit ;" and so observed an obstinate unyielding silence. I looked in the mirror, and am ashamed to tell you my motive was not so pure.

But, instead of exposing my own infirmities, I will, in perfect consistency with some of the most powerful principles in our nature, and in a manner much less exceptionable to myself, explain the properties of my mirror, by the views it gives me of other men.

" Whenever," continued the Dervise, " you have " any doubt concerning the conduct of another person, take an opportunity, and, when he is least

" aware, catch a copy of his face in your mirror." It would do your heart good, Sir, if you delight in that species of moral criticism which some people denominate scandal, to see the discoveries I have made. Many a grave physician have I seen laying his head to one side, fixing his solemn eye on the far corner of a room, or poring with steady gaze on his watch, and seeming to count the beats of his patient's pulse, when, in fact, he was numbering in his own mind the guineas accruing from his circle of morning visits, or studying what fine speech he should make to my lady duchess; or, if patient were a fair patient—But here I would look no longer.

I have often carried my mirror to church; and, sitting in a snug corner, have catched the flaming orator of the pulpit in many a rare grimace, and expressive gesture; expressive, not of humility, but of pride; not of any desire to communicate instruction, but to procure applause; not to explain the gospel, but to exhibit the preacher.

" This mirror," said the Mussulman, continuing his valedictory speech, " will not only display your " acquaintance as they really are, but as they wish " to be: and, for this purpose," shewing me the way, " you have only to hold it in a particular posi- " tion." From the use of the mirror, holding it as the Dervise desired me, I confess I have received special amusement. How many persons hideously deformed have appeared most divinely beautiful; how many dull fellows have become amazing clever; how many shrivelled cheeks have suddenly claimed a youthful bloom! Yet, I must confess, how surprising soever the confession may appear, that I have found mankind, in general, very well satisfied with their talents: and, as for as regards moral and religious improvement, I recollect very few instances of persons who wished for changes in their present condition. On the contrary, I have met with other examples; and have seen persons not a little solicitous to acquire the use of some fashionable impieties and immoralities. I have seen delicate females, to say nothing of dainty gentlemen, wishing to forget their catechism; striving to overcome their reluctances, and meditating in their own minds the utterance of some fashionable piece of raillery against religion; yet, like the amen of Macbeth, I have often seen it stick in their throat.

"But," continued the Dervise, "if you hold this " mirror in a fit posture, it will not only shew you " men as they *are*, or as they *wish* to be, but with " the *talents*, with which they reckon themselves actually possessed; and in that very *character or situation* which they hold most suited to their abilities." Now this property of the Mussulman's mirror has given me more amusement than any other. By this means I have seen a whole company undergo instantaneous and strange transformation. I have seen the unwieldy burgess changed into a slender gentleman; the deep philosopher become a man of the world; the laborious merchant converted into a fox-hunter; the mechanic's wife in the guise of a countess; and the pert scrivener become a cropped ensign. I have seen those grave personages, whom you may observe daily issuing from their alleys at noon with white wigs, black coats buttoned, and inclining to gray, with a cane in one hand, and the other stationed at their side-pocket, beating the streets for political intelligence, and diving afterwards into their native lanes, or rising in a coffee-house in the full dignity of a spectacled nose; I have seen them moving in my mirror in the shape of statesmen, ministers at foreign courts, chancellors of England, judges, justices of the peace, or chief magistrates in electing boroughs.

Now, Sir, as you have engaged in the important business of instructing the public, I reckon you a much fitter person than me to be possessed of this precious mirror. By these presents, therefore, along with a paper of directions, I consign it into your hands. All that I demand of you in return, is to use this extraordinary gift in a proper and becoming manner; for, like every other excellent gift, it is liable to be misused. Therefore be circumspect; nor let any person say of you, that you make use of a false glass, or that the reflection is not just, or that the representation is partial; or, lastly, that it exhibits broken, distorted, or unnatural images. In full confidence that it will be an instrument in your hands for the most useful purposes,

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Vitreus.

No. IX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

To the Author of the Mirror.

Sir,

SOME weeks ago I was called from my retreat in the country, where I have passed the last twenty years in the enjoyment of ease and tranquillity, by an important family-concern which made it necessary for me to come to town.

Last Thursday I was solicited by an old friend to accompany him to the playhouse, to see the tragedy of King Lear; and, by way of inducement, he told me, the part of Lear was to be performed by an actor who had studied the character under the English Roscius, and was supposed to play it somewhat in the manner of that great master. As the theatre had always been my favourite amusement, I did not long withstand the entreaties of my friend; and, when I reflected that Mr. Garrick was now gone to "that "undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns," I felt a sort of tender desire to see even a copy of that great original, from whose performances I had often, in the earlier part of my life, received such exquisite pleasure.

As we understood the house was to be crowded, we went at an early hour, and seated ourselves in the middle of the pit, so as not only to see the play to advantage, but also to have a full view of the audience, which, I have often thought, is not the least pleasing part of a public entertainment. When the boxes began to fill, I felt a secret satisfaction in contemplating the beauties of the present times, and amused myself with tracing in the daughters, those features which, in the mothers and grandmothers, had charmed me so often.

My friend pointed out to me, in different parts of the house, some of the reigning toasts of our times, but so changed, that, without his assistance, I never should have been able to find them out. I looked in vain for that form, that complexion, and those numberless graces, on which I had been accustomed to gaze with admiration. But this change was not more remarkable, than the effect it had upon the beholders; and I could not help thinking the silent neglect with which those once celebrated beauties were now treated, by much too severe a punishment for that pride and haughtiness they had formerly assumed.

Whilst I was amusing myself in this manner, I observed, that some of the upper-boxes were filled with ladies, whose appearance soon convinced me that they were of an order of females more desirous of being distinguished for beauty than for virtue. I could not refrain from expressing some disgust at seeing those unfortunate creatures sitting thus openly mingled with women of the first rank and fashion. "Poh!" said my friend, "that is thought nothing "of now-a-days; and every body seems to be of the "same opinion with the celebrated Countess of Dor-"chester, mistress of King James II. who having "seated herself on the same bench with a lady of "rigid virtue, the other immediately shrunk back, "which the countess observing, said with a smile, "don't be afraid, Madam; gallantry is not catching."

As I was going to reprove my friend for talking with such levity of a matter that seemed to be of so serious a nature, the curtain drew up, and the play began. It is not my design, Sir, to trouble you with any remarks on the performance; the purpose of this letter is to request of you to take some notice of a species of indecorum, that appeared altogether new to me, and which, I confess, it hurt me to observe.

Before the end of the first act, a number of young men came in, and took their places in the upper boxes, amidst those unhappy females I have already mentioned. I concluded that these persons were as destitute of any pretension to birth and fashion, as they were void of decency of manners; but I was equally surprised and mortified to find, that many of them were of the first families of the kingdom. You, Sir, who have lived in the world, and seen the gradual and almost imperceptible progress of manners, will not, perhaps, be able to judge of my astonishment, when I beheld these very gentlemen quit their seats, and come down to pay their respects to the ladies in the lower boxes. The gross impropriety of this behaviour raised in me a degree of indignation which I could not, without difficulty, restrain. I comforted myself, however, with the hopes, that those unthinking youths would meet with such a reception from the women of honour, as would effectually check this indecency ; but I am sorry to add, that I could not discern, either in their looks or manner, those marks of disapprobation which I had made my account with perceiving. Both the old and the young, the mothers and the daughters, seemed rather pleased when these young men of rank and fortune approached them. I am persuaded, at the same time, that, were they to think but for a moment of the consequences, they would be sensible of the impropriety of their behaviour in this particular. I must, therefore intreat of you, Sir, to take the earliest opportunity in giving your sentiments on the subject. I am, &c.

A. W.

The complaints of my correspondent are not without reason. The boundaries betwixt virtue and vice cannot be too religiously maintained ; and every thing that tends to lessen, in any degree, the respect due to a woman of honour, ought ever to be guarded against with the utmost caution.

When I was in France, I observed a propriety of behaviour in the particular mentioned by Mr. A. W. that pleased me much. Even in that country, loose as we imagine the manners there to be, no body who wishes to preserve the character of a well-bred gentleman is ever seen at a place of public resort, in company with those misguided fair-ones, who, however much they may be objects of pity and compassion, have forfeited all title to respect and esteem. I would recommend to our young men to follow, in this, the example of our neighbours, whom they are so ready to imitate in less laudable instances. To consider it only in this view, there is certainly no greater breach of politeness than that which has given occasion to this letter. In other respects, the consequences are truly alarming. When every distinction is removed between the woman of virtue and the prostitute; when both are treated with equal attention and observance; are we to wonder if we find an alteration of the manners of women in general, and a proportional diminution of that delicacy which forms the distinguishing characteristic of the respectable part of the sex?

These considerations will, I hope, prove sufficient to correct this abuse in our young gentlemen. As to my fair country-women, it is ever with reluctance that I am obliged to take notice of any little impropriety into which they inadvertently fall. Let them, however, reflect, that a certain delicacy of sentiment and of manners is the chief ornament of the female character, and the best and surest guardian of female honour. That once removed, there will remain, in the opinion of the world, less difference than perhaps they may be aware of, between them and the avowedly licentious. Let them also consider, that, as it is unquestionably in their power to form and correct the manners of the men, so they are, in some sort, accountable, not for their own conduct only, but also for that of their admirers.

To the Author of the Mirror.

I DO not mean to reflect, Mr. *Mirror*; for that is your business, not mine; far less do I purpose to pun, when I told you, that it might save some reflections upon yourself, did you take the trouble to translate into good common English, those same Latin scraps, or mottos, which you sometimes hang out by way of sign-post inscription, at the top of your paper. For, consider, Sir, who will be tempted to enter a house of entertainment offered to the public, when the majority can neither read nor understand the language in which the bill of fare is drawn and held out? I am a Scotsman of a good plain stomach, who can eat and digest any thing; yet would I like to have a guess at what was to be expected before I sit down to table. Besides, the fair-sex, Mr. *Mirror*, for whom you express so much respect,—What shall they do? Believe me, then, Sir, by complying with this hint, you will not only please the ladies, but now and then save a blush in their company to some grown gentlemen, who have not the good fortune to be so learned as yourself. Amongst the rest, you will oblige one who has the honour to be

Your admirer and humble servant,
IGNORAMUS.

Edinburgh, Feb. 19, 1779.

Mr. Ignoramus (whom I take to be a wiser man than he gives himself out for) must have often observed many great personages contrive to be unintelligible in order to be respected.

E

No. X. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

——————Id arbitror
Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis. TER.

REFINEMENT, and delicacy of taste, are the productions of advanced society. They open to the mind of persons possessed of them a field of elegant enjoyment; but they may be pushed to a dangerous extreme. By that excess of sensibility to which they lead; by that vanity which they flatter; that idea of superiority which they nourish; they may unfit their possessor for the common and ordinary enjoyments of life; and, by that over-niceness which they are apt to create, they may mingle somewhat of disgust and uneasiness, even in the highest and finest pleasures.

A person of such a mind will often miss happiness where nature intended it should be found, and seek for it where it is not to be met with. Disgust and chagrin will frequently be his companions, while less cultivated minds are enjoying pleasure unmixed and unalloyed.

I have ever considered my friend Charles Fleetwood to be a remarkable instance of such a character. Mr. Fleetwood has been endowed by nature with a most feeling and tender heart. Educated to no particular profession, his natural sensibility has been increased by a life of inactivity, chiefly employed in reading, and the study of the polite arts, which has given him that excess of refinement I have described above, that injures while it captivates.

Last summer I accompanied him in an excursion into the country. Our object was partly air and exercise, and partly to pay a visit to some of our friends.

Our first visit was to a college-acquaintance, remarkable for that old-fashioned hospitality which still prevails in some parts of the country, and which too often degenerates into excess. Unfortunately for us, we found with our friend a number of his jovial companions, whose object of entertainment was very different from ours. Instead of wishing to enjoy the pleasures of the country, they expressed their satisfaction at the meeting of so many old acquaintance; because, they said, it would add to the mirth and sociality of the party. Accordingly, after a long, and somewhat noisy dinner, the table was covered with bottles and glasses: the mirth of the company rose higher at every new toast; and, though their drinking did not proceed quite the length of intoxication, the convivial festivity was drawn out, with very little intermission, till it was time to go to bed. Mr. Fleetwood's politeness prevented him from leaving the company; but I, who knew him, saw he was inwardly fretted at the manner in which his time was spent during a fine evening, in one of the most beautiful parts of the country. The mirth of the company, which was at least innocent, was lost upon him: their jokes hardly produced a smile; or, if they did, it was a forced one: even the good humour of those around him, instead of awakening his benevolence, and giving him a philanthropical pleasure, increased his chagrin; and the louder the company laughed, the graver did I think, Mr. Fleetwood's countenance became.

After having remained here two days, our time being spent pretty much in the manner I have described, we went to the house of another gentleman in the neighbourhood. A natural soberness of mind, accompanied with a habit of industry, and great attention to the management of his farm, would save us, we knew, from any thing like riot or intemperance in his family. But even here I found Mr. Fleetwood not a whit more at his ease than in the last house. Our landlord's ideas of politeness made him think it would be want of respect to his guests if he did not give them constant attendance. Breakfast, therefore, was no sooner removed, than, as he wished to visit his farm, he proposed a walk: we set out accordingly; and our whole morning was spent in crossing dirty fields; leaping ditches and hedges, and hearing our landlord discourse on drilling and horse hoeing; of broadcast and summer-fallow; of manuring, plowing, draining, &c. Mr. Fleetwood, who had scarcely ever read a theoretical book upon farming, and was totally ignorant of the practice, was teazed to death with this conversation; and returned home, covered with dirt, and worn out with fatigue. After dinner, the family economy did not allow the least approach to a debauch; and, as our landlord had exhausted his utmost stock of knowledge and conversation in remarks upon his farm, while we were not at all desirous of repeating the entertainment of the morning, we passed a tasteless, lifeless, yawning afternoon ; and, I believe, Mr. Fleetwood would have willingly exchanged the dullness of his present company for the boisterous mirth of the last he had been in.

Our next visit was to a gentleman of a liberal education, and elegant manners, who, in the earlier part of his life, had been much in the polite world. Here Mr. Fleetwood expected to find pleasure and enjoyment sufficient to atone for the disagreeable occurrences in his two former visits ; but here, too, he was disappointed. Mr. Selby, for that was our friend's name, had been several years married ; his family increasing, he had retired to the country ; and, renouncing the bustle of the world, had given himself up to domestic enjoyments : his time and attention were devoted chiefly to the care of his children. The pleasure which himself felt in humouring all their little fancies, made him forget how troublesome that indulgence might be to others. The first morning we were at his house, when Mr. Fleetwood came into the parlour to breakfast, all the places at table were occupied by the children ; it was necessary that one of them should be displaced to make room for him ; and, in the disturbance which this occasioned, a tea cup was overturned, and scalded the finger of Mr. Selby's eldest daughter, a child about seven years old, whose whimpering and complaining attracted the whole attention during breakfast. That being over, the eldest boy came forward with a book in his hand, and Mr. Selby asked Mr. Fleetwood to hear him read his lesson : Mrs. Selby joined in the request, though both looked as if they were rather conferring a favour on their guest. The eldest had no sooner finished, than the youngest boy presented himself ; upon which his father observed, that it would be doing injustice to Will not to hear him, as well as his elder brother Jack ; and in this way was my friend obliged to spend the morning, in performing the office of a schoolmaster to the children in succession.

Mr. Fleetwood liked a game at whist, and promised himself a party in the evening, free from interruption. Cards were accordingly proposed ; but Mrs. Selby observed, that her little daughter, who still complained of her scalded finger, needed amusement as much as any of the company. In place of cards, Miss Harriet insisted on the game of the goose. Down to it we sat ; and to a stranger it would have been not unamusing to see Mr. Fleetwood, in his sorrowful countenance, at the royal and pleasant game of the goose, with a child of seven years old. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on particulars. During all the time we were at Mr. Selby's, the delighted parents were indulging their fondness, while Mr. Fleetwood was repining and fretting in secret.

Having finished our intended round of visits, we turned our course homewards, and, at the first inn on our road, were joined by one Mr. Johnson, with whom I was slightly acquainted. Politeness would not allow me to reject the offer of his company; especially as I knew him to be a good-natured inoffensive man. Our road lay through a glen, romantic and picturesque, which we reached soon after sunset, in a mild and still evening. On each side were stupendous mountains ; their height ; the rude and projecting rocks, of which some of them were composed ; the gloomy caverns they seemed to contain ; and the appearance of devastation, occasioned by traces of cataracts falling from their tops, presented to our view a scene truly sublime. Mr. Fleetwood felt an unusual elevation of spirit. His soul rose within him, and was swelled with that silent awe, so well suited to his contemplative mind. In the words of the poet, he could have said,

———" Welcome kindred glooms,
" Congenial horrors, hail !"

———" Be these my theme.
" These that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
" And heavenly musing !"

Our silence had now continued for about a quarter of an hour ; and an unusual stillness prevailed around us, interrupted only by the tread of our horses, which, returning at stated intervals, assisted by the echo of the mountains, formed a hollow sound, which increased the solemnity of the scene. Mr. Johnson, tiring of this silence, and not having the least comprehension of its cause, all at once, and without warning, lifted up his voice, and began the song of " Push about the Joram." Mr. Fleetwood's soul was then wound up to its utmost height. At the sound of Mr. Johnson's voice he started, and viewed him with a look of horror, mixed with contempt. During the rest of our journey, I could hardly prevail on my friend to be civil to him ; and though he is, in every respect, a worthy and a good-natured man, and though Mr. Fleetwood and he have often met since, the former has never been able to look upon him without disgust.

Mr. Fleetwood's entertainment in this short tour has produced, in my mind, many reflections, in which I doubt not I shall be anticipated by my readers.

There are few situations in life, from which a man, who has confined his turn for enjoyment within the bounds pointed out by nature, will not receive satisfaction ; but, if we once transgress those bounds, and seeking after too much refinement, indulge a false and mistaken delicacy, there is hardly a situation in which we will not be exposed to disappointment and disgust.

Had it not been for this false, this dangerous delicacy, Mr. Fleetwood, instead of uneasiness, would have received pleasure from every visit we made, from every incident we met with.

At the first house to which we went, it was not necessary that he should have preferred the bottle to the enjoyment of a fine evening in the country; but that not being the sentiments of the company, had he, without repining, given up his taste to theirs, instead of feeling disgust at what appeared to him coarse in their enjoyments, he would have felt pleasure at the mirth and good humour which prevailed around him; and the very reflection, that different employments gave amusement to different men, would have afforded a lively and philanthropical satisfaction.

It was scarcely to be expected, that the barrenness and dryness of the conversation at our second visit, could fill up, or entirely satisfy the delicate and improved mind of Mr. Fleetwood; but had he not laid it down almost as a rule, not to be pleased with any thing, except what suited his own idea of enjoyment, he might, and ought to have received pleasure from the sight of a worthy family, spending their time innocently, happily, and usefully; usefully, both to themselves and to their country.

It was owing to the same false sensibility, that he was so much chagrined in the family of Mr. Selby. The fond indulgence of the parents did perhaps, carry their attention to their children beyond the rules of propriety; but, had it not been for this finicalness of mind in Mr. Fleetwood, had he given the natural benevolence of his heart its play, he would have received a pleasure from witnessing the happiness of two virtuous parents in their rising offspring, that would have much overbalanced any uneasiness arising from the errors in their conduct.

Neither, but for this excessive refinement, would Mr. Fleetwood have been hurt by the behaviour of Mr. Johnson. Though he might not have considered him as a man of taste, he would, nevertheless, have regarded him as a good and inoffensive man; and he would have received pleasure from the reflection, that neither their goodness nor happiness are confined to those minds which are fitted for feeling and enjoying all the pleasures of nature or of art.

A

No. XI. TUESDAY, MARCH 2.

SINCE the commencement of the late levies, I understand that not only drill serjeants have had daily access to the lobbies and parlours of many decent and peaceable houses in this metropolis, but that professors of the noble science of defence have been so constantly occupied in attending grown gentlemen, and ungrown officers, that their former scholars have found great difficulty in procuring masters to push with them, and have frequently been obliged to have recourse to the less-edifying opposition of one another.

The purpose of the serjeant's instructions, every lover of his country must approve. The last-mentioned art, that of fencing, I formerly took great delight in myself, and still account one of the healthiest of all house-exercises, insomuch that, when I am in the country, where I make it a rule to spend a certain part of every day in exercise of some kind, I generally take up my foil in rainy mornings, and push with great success against the figure of Herod, in a piece of old arras that was taken down from my grandmother's room, and is now pasted up on the wall of the laundry.

When those two sciences, however, go upon actual service, they are to be considered in different lights. That of the serjeant, as it teaches a man to stand well on his legs, to carry his body firm, and to move it alertly, is much the same as the fencing master's ; but in their last stage they depart somewhat from each other : the serjeant proposes to qualify a man for encountering his enemy in battle, the other to fit him for meeting his companion, or friend it may be, in a duel.

My readers will, I hope, give me credit for the Mirror being always a very polite paper ; I am not, therefore, at all disposed to bestow on a practice so gentleman-like as duelling, those severe reprehensions, equally trite and unjust, in which some of my predecessors have indulged themselves. During my residence abroad, I was made perfectly acquainted with the arguments drawn in its favour, from the influence it has on the manners of the gentleman, and the honour of the soldier. It is my intention only to point out those bounds within which the most punctilious valour may be contented to restrain itself ; and in this I shall be the more guarded, as I mean the present paper principally for the use of the new-raised regiments above alluded to, whose honour I dearly prize, and would preserve as scrupulously inviolate as possible. I hold such an essay peculiarly proper at this juncture, when some of them are about to embark on long voyages, in which even good-natured people, being tacked together like man and wife, are somewhat apt to grow peevish and quarrelsome.

In the first place, I will make one general observation, that, at this busy time, when our country has need of men, lives are of more value to the community than at other periods. In time of peace, so many regiments are reduced, and the duties of an officer so easily performed, that if one fall, and another be hanged for killing him, there will speedily be found two proper young men ready to mount guard, and shew a good leg on the parade, in their room. But, at present, from the great increase of the establishment, there is rather a scarcity, in proportion to the demand of men of military talents, and military figure, especially when we consider that the war is now to be carried on against so genteel a people as the French, to whom it will be necessary to shew officers of the most soldier-like appearance and address.

This patriotic consideration will tend to relax the etiquette formerly established, for every officer to fight a duel within a few weeks of the date of his commission, and that, too, without the purpose of resenting any affront, or vindicating his honour from any aspersion, but merely to shew that he could fight. Now, this practice, being unnecessary at present, as preferment goes on briskly enough by the fall of officers in the course of their duty, may very properly, and without disparagement to the valour of the British army, be dispensed with ; so, it is to be agreed and understood, that every officer in the new-raised regiments, whose commission bears date on or posterior to the 1st of January, 1778, is *ipso facto*, to be held and deemed of unquestionable courage and immaculate honour.

As to the measure of affront which may justify a challenge, it is to be remembered, that the officers of the above mentioned corps have been obliged, in levying their respective quotas, to engage in scenes of a very particular kind ; at markets, fairs, country-weddings, and city-brawls, amongst a set of men and women not remarkable for delicacy of language or politeness of behaviour. We are not, therefore, to wonder if the smooth enamel of the gentleman has received some little injury from the collision of such coarse materials ; and a certain time may fairly be allowed for unlearning the blunt manners and rough phraseology which an officer in such situations was forced to assume. Therefore the identical words which, a campaign or two hence, are to be held expiable only by blood, may, at present, be done away by an explanation ; and those which an officer must then explain and account for, at peril of a challenge, are now to be considered as mere colloquial expletives, acquired by associating with such company as frequent the places above described.

As, notwithstanding all these allowances, some duels may be expected to take place, it is proper to mention certain regulations for the conduct of the parties, in the construction of which I have paid infinitely more regard to their honour than to their safety.

In fighting with the sword, a blow, or the lie direct, can scarcely be expiated but by a thrust through the body ; but any lesser affront may be wiped off by a wound in the sword-arm ; or, if the injury be very slight, any wound will be sufficient. In all this, it is to be noted, that the receiving of such wound by either party constitutes a reparation for the affront ; as it is a rule of justice peculiar to the code of duelling, that the blood of the injured atones for the offence he has received, as well as that of the injurer for the offence he has given.

In affairs decided with pistols, the distance is, in like manner, to be regulated by the nature of the injury. For those of an atrocious sort, a distance of only twenty feet, and pistols of nine, nine and a half, or ten inch barrels, are requisite ; for slighter ones, the distance may be doubled, and a six, or even five inch barrel will serve. Regard, moreover, is to be had to the size of the persons engaged ; for every stone above eleven, the party of such weight may, with perfect honor, retire three feet.

I read, some time ago, certain addresses to the

Jockey Club, by two gentlemen who had been engaged in an affair of honor, from which it appeared that one of them had systematized the art of duelling to a wonderful degree. Among other things, he had brought his aim with a pistol to so much certainty, and made such improvements on the weapon, that he could lay a hundred guineas to ten on hitting, at a considerable distance, any part of his adversary's body. These arts, however, I by no means approve: they resemble, methinks, a loaded die, or a packed deal; and I am inclined to be of opinion, that a gentleman is no more obliged to fight against the first, than to play against the latter. They may, in the mildest construction, be compared to the sure play of a man who can take every ball at billiards; and therefore, if it shall be judged that an ordinary marksman must fight with the person possessed of them, he is, at least, intitled to odds, and must be allowed three shots to one of his antagonist.

I have thus, with some labour, and I hope strict honor, settled certain articles in the matter of duelling, for such of my readers as may have occasion for them. It is but candid, however, to own, that there have been, now and then, brilliant things done quite without the line of my directions, to wit, by not fighting at all. The Abbe ——— with whom I was disputing at Paris on this subject, concluded his arguments against duelling with a story, which, though I did not think it much to the purpose, was a tolerable story notwithstanding. I shall give it in the very words of the Abbe.

" A countryman of yours, a Captain Douglas,
" was playing at trictrac, with a very intimate
" friend, here in this very coffee-house, amidst a
" a circle of French officers who were looking on.
" Some dispute arising about a cast of the dice,
" Douglas said, in a gay thoughtless manner, " oh!

“ what a story!” A murmur arose among the by-
“ standers: and his antagonist feeling the affront,
“ as if the lie had been given him, in the violence
“ of his passion, snatched up the tables, and hit
“ Douglas a blow on the head. The instant he had
“ done it, the idea of his imprudence, and its pro-
“ bable consequences to himself and his friend,
“ rushed upon his mind: he sat, stupified with
“ shame and remorse, his eyes rivetted on the
“ ground, regardless of what the other's resent-
“ ment might prompt him to act. Douglas, after a
“ short pause, turned round to the spectators:
“ You think,” said he, “ that I am now ready to
“ cut the throat of that unfortunate young man;
“ but I know that, at this moment, he feels anguish
“ a thousand times more keen than any my sword
“ could inflict—I will embrace him—thus—and try
“ to reconcile him to himself;—but I will cut the
“ throat of that man among you who shall dare to
“ breathe a syllable against my honour.” “ Bravo!
“ Bravo!” cried an old Chevalier de St. Louis, who
“ stood immediately behind him:—The sentiment
“ of France overcame its habit, and bravo! bravo!
“ echoed from every corner of the room. Who
“ would not have cried bravo! Would not you, Sir?
“ Doubtless.” “ On other occasions, then, be go-
“ verned by the same principle.” “ Why to be
“ sure, it were often better not to fight—if one had
“ but the courage not to fight.”

I

No. XII. SATURDAY, MARCH 6.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

I AM am a plain country-gentleman, with a small fortune, and a large family. My boys, all except the youngest, I have contrived to set out into the world in tolerably promising situations. My two eldest girls are married; one to a clergyman with a very comfortable living, and a respectable character; the other to a neighbour of my own, who farms most of his own estate, and is supposed to know country-business as well as any man in this part of the kingdom. I have four other girls at home, whom I wish to make fit wives for men of equal rank with their brothers-in-law.

About three months ago, a great lady in our neighbourhood, (at least as neighbourhood is reckoned in our quarter,) happened to meet the two eldest of my unmarried daughters at the house of a gentleman, a distant relation of mine, and, as well as myself, a freeholder in our county. The girls are tolerably handsome, and I have endeavoured to make them understand the common rules of good-breeding. My Lady ——— ran out to my kinsman, who happens to have no children of his own, in praise of their beauty and politeness, and, at parting, gave them a most pressing invitation to come and spend a week with her during the approaching Christmas holidays. On my daughters' return from their kinsman's, I was not altogether pleased at hearing of this invitation; nor was I more satisfied with the very frequent quotations of my Lady ———'s sayings, and sentiments, and the descriptions of the beauty of her complexion, the elegance of her dress, and the grandeur of her equipage. I opposed, therefore, their design of paying this Christmas visit pretty warmly. Upon this the honour done them by the invitation, the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with the great Lady ; and the benefit that might accrue to my family from the influence of her Lord, were immediately rung in my ears, not only by my daughters, but also by their mother, whom they had already gained over to their side ; and, I must own to you, *Mr. Mirror*, though I would not have you think me hen-pecked, that my wife, somehow or other, contrives to carry most points in our family ; so my opposition was over-ruled, and to ——— the girls went ; but not before they had made a journey to the metropolis of our county, and brought back a portmanteau full of necessaries to qualify them for appearing decently, as my wife said, in the company they should meet there.

In about a month, for their visit was drawn out to that length, my daughters returned. But had you seen, Mr. *Mirror*, what an alteration that month had made on them ! Instead of the rosy complexions, and sparkling eyes, they had carried with them, they brought back cheeks as white as a curd, and eyes as dead as the beads in the face of a baby.

I could not help expressing my surprize at the sight ; but the younger of the two ladies immediately cut me short, by telling me, that their complexion was the only one worn at ———.

And no wonder, Sir, it should, from the description which my daughter sometimes gives us of the life people lead there. Instead of rising at seven, breakfasting at nine, dining at three, supping at eight, and getting to bed by ten, as it was their custom at home, my girls lay till twelve, breakfasted at one, dined at six, supped at eleven, and were never to bed till three in the morning. Their shapes had undergone as much alteration as their faces.—From their bosoms, (necks they called them,) which were squeezed up to their throats, their waists tapered down to a very extraordinary smallness: they resemble the upper half of an hour glass. At this, also, I marvelled; but it was the only shape worn at ———. Next day, after dinner, after a long morning preparation, they appeared with heads of such a size, that my little parlour was not of height enough to let them stand upright in it. This was the most striking metamorphosis of all. Their mother stared; I ejaculated; my other children burst out a laughing; the answer was the same as before; it was the only head worn at ——.

Nor is their behaviour less changed than their garb. Instead of joining in the good humoured cheerfulness we used to have among us before, my two fine young ladies check every approach to mirth, by calling it vulgar. One of them chid their brother the other day for laughing, and told him it was monstrously ill bred. In the evenings, when we were wont, if we had nothing else to do, to fall to Blind-man's buff, or Cross-purposes, or sometimes to play at Loo for cherry-stones, these two get a pack of cards to themselves, and sit down to play for any little money their visit has left them, at a game none of us know any thing about. It seems, indeed, the dullest of all amusements, as it consists in merely turning up the faces of the cards, and repeating their names from an ace upwards, as if the players were learning to speak, and had got only thirteen words in their vocabulary. But of this, and every other custom at ———, no body is allowed to judge but themselves. They have got a parcel of phrases, which they utter on all occasions as decisive, French, I believe, though I can scarce find any of them in the dictionary, and am unable to put them upon paper; but all of them mean something extremely fashionable, and are constantly supported by the authority of my Lady, or the Countess, his Lordship, or Sir John.

As they have learned many foreign, so have they unlearned some of the most common and best understood home phrases. When one of my neighbours was lamenting the extravagance and dissipation of a young kinsman who had spent his fortune, and lost his health in London and at Newmarket, they called it life, and said it shewed spirit in the young man. After the same rule, they lately declared, that a gentleman could not live on less than 1000l. a-year, and called the account which their mantua-maker and milliner sent me for the fineries purchased for their visit at ———, a trifle, though it amounted to 59l. 11s. 4d. exactly a fourth part of the clear income of my estate.

All this, *Mr. Mirror*, I look upon as a sort of pestilential disorder, with which my poor daughters have been infected in the course of this unfortunate visit. This consideration has induced me to treat them hitherto with lenity and indulgence, and try to effect their cure by mild methods, which indeed suit my temper (naturally of a pliant kind, as every body, except my wife, says,) better than harsh ones. Yet, I confess, I could not help being in a passion t'other day, when the disorder shewed symptoms of a more serious kind. Would you believe it, Sir, my daughter Elizabeth (since her visit, she is offended if we call her Betty) said it was fanatical to find fault with card-playing on Sunday; and her sister Sophia gravely asked my son-in-law, the clergyman, if he had not some doubts of the soul's immortality?

As certain great cities, I have heard, are never free from the plague, and at last come to look upon it as nothing terrible or extraordinary; so, I suppose, in London, or even your town, Sir, this disease always prevails, and is but little dreaded. But, in the country, it will be productive of melancholy effects indeed; if suffered to spread there, it will not only embitter our lives, and spoil our domestic happiness, as at present it does mine, but, in its most violent stages, will bring our estates to market, our daughters to ruin, and our sons to the gallows. Be so humane, therefore, *Mr. Mirror*, as to suggest some expedient for keeping it confined within those limits in which it rages at present. If no public regulation can be contrived for that purpose (though I cannot help thinking this disease of the great people merits the attention of government, as much as the distemper among the horned cattle,) try, at least, the effects of private admonition, to prevent the sound from approaching the infected; let all little men like myself, and every member of their families, be cautious of holding intercourse with the persons or families of dukes, earls, lords, nabobs, or contractors, till they have good reason to believe that such persons and their households are in a sane and healthy state, and in no danger of communicating this dreadful disorder. And, if it has left such great and noble persons any feelings of compassion, pray put them in mind of that well-known fable of the boys and the frogs, which they must have learned at school. Tell them, Sir, that though the making fools of their poor neighbours may serve them for a Christmas gambol, it is matter of serious wretchedness to those poor neighbours in the after part of their lives: "It is sport to them, "but death to us."

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

Z

No. XIII. TUESDAY, MARCH 9.

THE antiquity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, the son of Fingal, has been the subject of much dispute. The refined magnanimity and generosity of the heroes, and the tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, with regard to women, so conspicuous in those poems, are circumstances very difficult to reconcile with the rude and uncultivated age in which the poet is supposed to have lived. On the other hand, the intrinsic characters of antiquity which the poems bear; that simple state of society the poet paints; the narrow circle of objects and transactions he describes; his concise, abrupt, and figurative style; the absence of all abstract ideas, and of all modern allusions, render it difficult to assign any other æra for their production than the age of Fingal. In short, there are difficulties on both sides; and, if that remarkable refinement of manners seem inconsistent with our notions of an unimproved age, the marks of antiquity with which the poems are stamped make it very hard to suppose them a modern composition. It is not, however, my intention to examine the merits of this controversy, much less to hazard any judgment of my own. All I propose is, to suggest one consideration on the subject, which, as far as I can recollect, has hitherto escaped the partizans of either side.

The elegant author of the Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian, has very properly obviated the objections made to the uniformity of Ossian's imagery, and the too frequent repetition of the same comparisons. He has shown, that this objection proceeds from a careless and inattentive perusal of the poems; for, although the range of the poet's objects was not wide, and consequently the same object does often return, yet its appearance is changed; the image is new; it is presented to the fancy in another attitude, and clothed with different circumstances to make it suit the illustration for which it is employed. "In this," continues he, "lies Ossian's great art;" and he illustrates his remark by taking the instances of the moon and of mist, two of the principal subjects of the bard's images and allusions.

I agree with this critic in his observations, though I think he has rather erred in ascribing to art in Ossian, that wonderful diversification of the narrow circle of objects with which he was acquainted. It was not by any efforts of art or contrivance that Ossian presented the rude objects of nature under so many different aspects. He wrote from a full heart, from a rich and glowing imagination. He did not seek for, and invent images; he copied nature, and painted objects as they struck and kindled his fancy. He had nothing within the range of his view, but the great features of simple nature. The sun, the moon, the stars, the desert heath, the winding stream, the green hill, with all its roes, and the rock with its robe of mist, were the objects amidst which Ossian lived. Contemplating these, under every variety of appearance they could assume, no wonder that his warm and empassioned genius found in them a field fruitful of the most lofty and sublime imagery.

Thus the very circumstance of his having such a circumscribed range of inanimate objects to attract the attention and exercise his imagination, was the natural and necessary cause of Ossian's being able to view and to describe them, under such a variety of great and beautiful appearances. And, may we not proceed farther, and affirm, that so rich a diversification of the few appearances of simple nature, could hardly have occurred to the imagination of a poet, living in any other than the rude and early age in which the son of Fingal appeared.

In refined and polished society, where the works of art abound, the endless variety of objects that present themselves, distract and dissipate the attention. The mind is perpetually hurried from one object to another, and no time is left to dwell upon the sublime and simple appearances of nature. A poet, in such an age, has a wide and diversified circle of objects on which to exercise his imagination. He has a large and diffused stock of materials from which to draw images to embellish his work; and he does not always resort for his imagery to the diversified appearance of the objects of rude nature; he does not avoid those because his taste rejects them; but he uses them seldom, because they seldom recur to his imagination.

To seize these images belongs only to the poet of an early and simple age, where the undivided attention has leisure to brood over the few, but sublime objects which surround him. The sea and the heath, the rock and the torrent, the clouds and meteors, the thunder and lightning, the sun and moon, and stars, are, as it were, the companions with which his imagination holds converse. He personifies and addresses them: every aspect they can assume is impressed upon his mind: he contemplates and traces them through all the endless varieties of seasons; and they are the perpetual subjects of his images and allusions. He has, indeed, only a few objects around him: but for that very reason, he forms a more intimate acquaintance with their every feature, and shade, and attitude.

From this circumstance, it would seem, that the poetical productions of widely-distant periods of society, must ever bear strong marks of the age which gave them birth; and that it is not possible for a poetical genius of the one age to counterfeit and imitate the productions of the other. To the poet of a simple age, the varied objects which present themselves in cultivated society are unknown. To the poet of a refined age, the idea of imitating the productions of rude times might, perhaps, occur; but the execution would certainly be difficult, perhaps impracticable. To catch some few transient aspects of any of the great appearances of nature, may be within the reach of the genius of any age; but to perceive, and feel, and paint, all the shades of a few simple objects, and to make them correspond with a great diversity of subjects, the poet must dwell amidst them, and have them ever present to his mind.

The excellent critic whom I have already mentioned, has selected the instances of the moon and the mist, to shew how much Ossian has diversified the appearances of the few objects with which he was encircled. I shall now conclude this paper with selecting a third, that of the sun, which, I think, the bard has presented in such a variety of aspects, as could have occurred to the imagination in no other than the early and unimproved age in which Ossian is supposed to have lived.

The vanquished Frothal, struck with the generous magnanimity of Fingal, addresses him: "Terrible "art thou, O king of Morven, in battles of the "spears; but, in peace, thou art like the sun, when "he looks through a silent shower: the flowers lift "their fair heads before him, and the gales shake "their rustling wings." Of the generous open Cathmor, exposed to the dark and gloomy Cairbar, it is said: "His face was like the plain of the sun, "when it is bright: No darkness travelled over his "brow." Of Nathos: "The soul of Nathos was "generous and mild, like the hour of the setting "sun." Of young Connal, coming to seek the honour of the spear: "The youth was lovely, as "the first beam of the sun.——"O! Fithil's "son," says Cuchullin, "with feet of wind, fly over "the heath of Lena. Tell to Fingal, that Erin is

" enthralled, and bid the king of Morden hasten. " Oh! let him come like the sun in a storm, when " he shines on the hills of grass."

Nathos, anxious for the fate of Darthula: " The " soul of Nathos was sad, like the sun in the day " of mist, when his face is watery and dim."—— Oscar, surrounded with foes, foreseeing the fall of his race, and yet at times gathering hope: " At " times he was thoughtful and dark, like the sun " when he carries a cloud on his face; but he looks " afterward on the hills of Cona."———Before Bosmina sent to offer them the peace of heroes: " The " host of Erragon brightened in her presence, as a " rock before the sudden beams of the sun, when " they issue from a broken cloud, divided by the " roaring wind."——The remembrance of battles past, and the return of peace, is compared to the sun returning after a storm: Hear the battle of Lora; " the sound of its steel is long since past; so thunder on the darkened hill roars, and is no more; " the sun returns, with his silent beams: the glittering rocks, and green heads of the mountains, " smile."

Fingal in his strength darkening in the presence of war: " His arm stretches to the foe like the beam " of the sickly sun, when his side is crusted with " darkness, and he rolls his dismal course throughout the sky." A young hero, exulting in his strength, and rushing towards his foes, exclaims, " My beating soul is high! My fame is bright before me, like the streak of light on a cloud when " the broad sun comes forth, red traveller of the sky! " On another occasion, says a hero, I have met the " battle in my youth. My arm could not lift the " spear when first the danger rose; but my soul " brightened before the war as the green narrow " vale, when the sun pours his streamy beams, before he hides his head in a storm!"

But it would exceed the proper bounds of this paper, were I to bring together all the passages which might illustrate my remarks. Without, therefore, quoting the beautiful address to the sun, which finishes the second book of Temora, or that at the beginning of Carricthura, I shall conclude with laying before my readers that sublime passage at the end of Carthon, where the aged bard, thrown into melancholy by the remembrance of that hero, thus pours himself forth :

—" I feel the sun, O Malvina ! leave me to my " rest. The beam of heaven delights to shine on the " grave of Carthon ; I feel it warm around.

" O thou that rollest above, round as the shield " of my fathers ! whence are thy beams, O Sun ! " thy everlasting light ? Thou comest forth in thy " awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the " sky : The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave, but thou thyself movest alone : Who " can be a companion of thy course ? The oaks of " the mountain fall ; the mountains themselves decay " with years ; the ocean shrinks, and grows again ; " the moon herself is lost in heaven ; but thou art " for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of " thy course. When the world is dark with tempests ; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, " thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and " laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest " in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or " thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou " art, perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years " will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, " careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, " O Sun, in the strength of thy youth ! Age is dark " and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of "the moon when it shines through broken clouds; "the blast of the north is on the plain, and the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

* * *

No. XIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 13.

————————Inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ. Hor.

THERE are some weaknesses, which, as they do not strike us with the malignity of crimes, and produce their effects by imperceptible progress, we are apt to consider as venial, and make very little scruple of indulging. But the habit which apologizes for these, is a mischief of their own creation, which it behoves us early to resist. We give way to it at first, because it may be conquered at any time; and at last, excuse ourselves from the contest, because it has grown too strong to be overcome.

Of this nature is indolence, a failing, I had almost said a vice, of all others the least alarming, yet, perhaps, the most fatal. Dissipation and intemperance are often the transient effects of youthful heat, which time allays, and experience overcomes; but indolence "grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength," till it has weakened every exertion of public and private duty: yet so seducing, that its evils are unfelt, and errors unrepented of.

It is a circumstance of peculiar regret, that this should often be the propensity of delicate and amiable minds. Men unfeeling and unsusceptible, commonly beat the beaten track with activity and resolution; the occupations they pursue, and the enjoyments they feel, seldom much disappoint the expectations they have formed; but persons endowed with that nice perception of pleasure and pain which is annexed to sensibility, feel so much undescribable uneasiness in their pursuits, and frequently so little satisfaction in their attainments, that they are too often induced to sit still, without attempting the one or desiring the other.

The complaints which such persons make of their want of that success which attends men of inferior abilities, are as unjust as unavailing. It is from the use, not the possession of talents, that we get on in life: the exertion of very moderate parts outweighs the indecision of the brightest. Men possessed of the first, do things tolerably, and are satisfied; of the last, forbear doing things well, because they have ideas beyond them.

When I first resolved to publish this paper, I applied to several literary friends for their aid in carrying it on. From one gentleman in London, I had, in particular, very sanguine expectations of assistance. His genius and abilities I had early opportunities of knowing, and he is now in a situation most favourable to such productions, as he lives amidst the great and the busy world, without being much occupied either by ambition or business. His compositions at college, when I first became acquainted with him, were remarkable for elegance and ingenuity; and, as I knew he still spent much of his time in reading the best writers, ancient and modern, I made no doubt of his having attained such farther improvement of style and extension of knowledge, as would render him a very valuable contributor to the Mirror.

A few days ago, more than four months after I had sent him my letter, I received the following answer to it.

London, 1*st March*, 1779.

My dear Friend,

I AM ashamed to look on the date of this letter, and to recollect that of yours. I will not, however, add the sin of hypocrisy to my other failings, by informing you, as is often done in such cases, that hurry of business, or want of health, has prevented me from answering your letter. I will frankly confess, that I have had abundance of leisure, and been perfectly well, since I received it; I can add, though, perhaps you may not so easily believe me, that I have had as much inclination as opportunity; but the truth is, (you know my weakness that way) I have wished, resolved, and re-resolved to write, as I do by many other things, without the power of accomplishing it. That disease of indolence, which you and my other companions used to laugh at, grows stronger and stronger upon me; my symptoms, indeed, are mortal; for I begin now to lose the power of struggling against the malady, sometimes to shut my ears against self admonition, and admit of it as a lawful indulgence.

Your letter, acquainting me of the design of publishing a periodical paper, and asking my assistance in carrying it on, found me in one of the paroxysms of my disorder. The fit seemed to give way to the call of friendship. I got up from my easy chair, walked two or three turns through the room, read your letter again, looked at the Spectators, which stood, neatly bound and gilt, in the front of my book-press, called for pen, ink, and paper, and sat down in the fervour of imagination, ready to combat vice, to encourage virtue, to form the manners, and to regulate the taste of millions of my fellow-subjects. A field fruitful and unbounded lay before me; I began to speculate on the prevailing vices and reigning follies of the times, the thousand topics which might arise for declamation, satire, ridicule, and humour; the picture of manners, the shades of character, the delicacies of sentiment. I was bewildered amidst this multitude and variety of subjects, and sat dreaming over the redundancy of matter and the ease of writing, till the morning was spent, and my servant announced dinner.

I arose, satisfied with having thought much, and laid in store for writing much on subjects proper for your paper. I dined, if you will allow me the expression, in company with those thoughts, and drank half a bottle of wine after dinner to our better acquaintance. When my man took away, I returned to my study, sat down at my writing-table, folded my paper into proper margins, wrote the word MIRROR a-top, and filling my pen again drew up the curtain, and prepared to delineate the scene before me. But I found things not quite in the situation I had left them; the groupes were more confused, the figures less striking, the colours less vivid, than I had seen them before dinner. I continued, however, to look on them—I know not how long; for I was waked from a very sound nap, at half an hour past six, by Peter asking me, if I chose to drink coffee.

I was ashamed and vexed at the situation in which he found me. I drank my first dish rather out of humour with myself; but, during the second, I began to account for it from natural causes; and, before the third was finished, had resolved that study was improper after repletion, and concluded the evening with one of the three Callenders, out of the Arabian Nights Entertainment.

For all this arrear I drew, resolutely, on to-morrow, and after breakfast prepared myself accordingly. I had actually gone so far as to write three introductory sentences, all of which I burnt, and was just blacking the letter T for the beginning of a fourth, when Peter opened the door, and announced a gentleman, an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for a considerable time. After he had sat with me for more than an hour, he rose to go away; I pulled out my watch, and I will fairly own I was not sorry to find it within a few minutes of one; so I gave up the morning for lost, and invited myself to accompany my friend in some visits he proposed making. Our tour concluded in a dinner at a tavern, whence we repaired to the play, and did not part till midnight. I went to bed without much self-reproach, by considering, that intercourse with the world fits a man for reforming it.

I need not go through every day of the subsequent month, during which I remained in town, though there seldom passed one that did not remind me of what I owed to your friendship. It is enough to tell you, that, during the first fortnight, I always found some apology for delaying the execution of my purpose; and, during the last, contented myself with the prospect of the leisure I should soon enjoy in the country, to which I was invited by a relation, to spend some time with him previous to his coming to town for the winter. I arrived at his house about the middle of December. I looked on his fields, his walks, and his woods, which the extreme mildness of the season had still left in the garb of Thomson's philosophic melancholy, as scenes full of inspiration, in which genius might try her wings, and wisdom meditate, without interruption. But I am obliged to own, that though I have walked there many a time; though my fancy was warmed with the scene, and shot out into a thousand excursions over the regions of romance, of melancholy, of sentiment, of humour, of criticism, and of science, she returned, like the first messenger of Noah, without having found a resting-place; and I have, at last strolled back to the house, where I sat listless in my chamber, with the irksome consciousness of some unperformed resolution, from which I was glad to be relieved by a summons to billiards, or a call to dinner.

Thus have I returned to town, as unprofitable in the moments of solitude and retirement, as in those of business or society. Do not smile at the word *business:* what would be idleness to you, is to me very serious employment; besides, you know very well, that to be idle, is often to be least at leisure. I am now almost hardy enough to lay aside altogether my resolution of writing in your paper; but I find that resolution a sort of bond against me, till you are good enough to cancel it, by saying you do not expect me to write. I have made a more than ordinary effort to give you this sincere account of my attempt to assist you. I have at least the consolation of thinking, that you will not need my assistance. Believe me, with all my failings,

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

P. S. I have just now learned by accident, that my nephew, a lad of fifteen, who is come to town from Harrow-school, and lives at present with me, having seen one of your numbers about a week ago, has already written, and intends transmitting you, a political essay, signed Aristides, a pastoral, subscribed X. Y. and an acrostic on Miss E. M. without a signature.

V

No. XV. TUESDAY, MARCH 16.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant. Hor.

HOWEVER widely the thinking part of mankind may have differed as to the proper mode of conducting education, they have always been unanimous in their opinion of its importance. The outward effects of it are observed by the most inattentive. They know, that the clown and the dancing-master are the same from the hand of nature; and, although a a little farther reflection is requisite to perceive the effects of culture on the internal senses, it cannot be disputed, that the mind, like the body, when arrived at firmness and maturity, retains the impressions it received in a more pliant and tender age.

The greatest part of mankind, born to labour for their subsistence, are fixed in habits of industry by the iron hand of necessity. They have little time or opportunity for the cultivation of the understanding; the errors and immoralities in their conduct, that flow from the want of those sentiments which education is intended to produce, will, on that account, meet with indulgence from every benevolent mind. But those who are placed in a conspicuous station, whose vices become more complicated and destructive, by the abuse of knowledge, and the misapplication of improved talents, have no title to the same indulgence. Their guilt is heightened by the rank and fortune which, protect them from punishment, and which, in some degree, preserve them from that infamy their conduct has merited.

I hold it, then, incontrovertible, that the higher the rank, the more urgent is the necessity for storing the mind with the principles, and directing the passions to the practice of public and private virtue. Perhaps it might not be impossible to form plans of education, to lay down rules, and contrive institutions, for the instruction of youth of all ranks, that would have a general influence upon manners. But this is an attempt too arduous for a private hand ; it can be expected only from the great council of the nation, when they shall be pleased to apply their experienced wisdom and penetration to so material an object, which, in some future period, may be found not less deserving their attention than those important debates in which they are frequently engaged, which they conduct with an elegance, a decorum, and a public spirit, becoming the incorrupted, disinterested, virtuous representatives of a great and flourishing people.

While in expectation of this, perhaps distant, æra, I hope it will not be unacceptable to my readers to suggest some hints that may be useful in the education of the gentleman, to try if it be not possible to form an alliance between the virtues and the graces, the man and the citizen, and produce a being less dishonourable to the species than the courtier of Lord Chesterfield, and more useful to society than the savage of Rosseau.

The sagacious Locke, toward the end of the last century, gave to the public some thoughts on education, the general merit of which leave room to regret that he did not find time, as he seems once to have intended, to revise what he had written, and give a complete treatise on the subject. But with all the veneration I feel for that great man, and all the respect that is due to him, I cannot help being of opinion, that some of his observations have laid the foundation of that defective system of education, the fatal consequences of which are so well described by my correspondent in the letter published in my fourth number. Mr. Locke, sensible of the labyrinth with which the pedantry of the learned had surrounded all the avenues to science, successfully employed the strength of his genius to trace knowledge to her source, and point out the direct road to succeeding generations. Disgusted with the schoolmen, he, from a prejudice to which even great minds are liable, seems to have contracted a dislike to every thing they taught, and even to the languages in which they wrote. He scruples not to speak of grammar as unnecessary to the perfect knowledge either of the dead or living languages, and to affirm, that a part of the years thrown away in the study of Greek and Latin, would be better employed in learning the trades of gardeners and turners; as if it were a fitter and more useful recreation for a gentleman to plant potatoes, and to make chess-boards, and snuff-boxes, than to study the beauties of Cicero and Homer.

It will be allowed by all, that the great purpose of education is to form the man and the citizen, that he may be virtuous, happy in himself, and useful to society. To attain this end, his education should begin, as it were, from his birth, and be continued till he arrive at firmness and maturity of mind, as well as of body. Sincerity, truth, justice, and humanity, are to be cultivated from the first dawnings of memory and observation. As the powers of these increase, the genius and disposition unfold themselves; it then becomes necessary to check, in the bud, every propensity to folly or to vice; to root out every mean, selfish, and ungenerous sentiment; to warm and animate the heart in the pursuit of virtue and honour. The experience of ages has hitherto discovered no surer method of giving right impressions to young minds, than by frequently exhibiting to them those bright examples which history affords, and, by that means, inspiring them with those sentiments of public and private virtue which breathe in the writings of the sages of antiquity.

In this view, I have ever considered the acquisition of the dead languages as a most important branch in the education of a gentleman. Not to mention that the slowness with which he acquires them, prevents his memory from being loaded with facts faster than his growing reason can compare and distinguish, he beomes acquainted by degrees with the virtuous characters of ancient times; he admires their justice, temperance, fortitude, and public spirit, and burns with a desire to imitate them. The impressions these have made, and the restraints to which he has been accustomed, serve as a check to the many tumultuous passions which the ideas of religion alone would, at that age, be unable to controul. Every victory he obtains over himself serve as a new guard to virtue. When he errs, he becomes sensible of his weakness, which, at the same time that it teaches him moderation, and forgiveness to others, shews the necessity of keeping a stricter watch over his own actions. During these combats, his reasoning faculties expand, his judgment strengthens, and, while he becomes acquainted with the corruptions of the world, he fixes himself in the practice of virtue.

A man thus educated, enters upon the theatre of the world with many and great advantages. Accustomed to reflection, acquainted with human nature, the strength of virtue, and depravity of vice, he can trace actions to their source, and be enabled, in the affairs of life, to avail himself of the wisdom and experience of past ages.

Very different is the modern plan of education followed by many, especially with the children of persons in superior rank. They are introduced into the world almost from their very infancy. In place of having their minds stored with the bright examples of antiquity, or those of modern times, the first knowledge they acquire is of the vices with which they are surrounded; and they learn what mankind are, without ever knowing what they ought to be. Possessed of no sentiment of virtue, of no social affection, they indulge, to the utmost of their ability, the gratification of every selfish appetite, without any other restraint than what self-interest dictates. In men thus educated, youth is not the season of virtue ; they have contracted the cold indifference and all the vices of age, long before they arrive at manhood. If they attain to the great offices of the state, they become ministers as void of knowledge as of principle ; equally regardless of the national honour as of their own, their system of government (if it can be called a system) looks not beyond the present moment, and any apparent exertions for the public good are meant only as props to support themselves in office. In the field, at the head of armies, indifferent as to the fate of their fellow-soldiers, or of their country, they make their power the minister of their pleasures. If the wisdom of their sovereign should, happily for himself and his country, shut them out from his councils, should they be confined to a private station, finding no entertainment in their own breasts, as void of friends as incapable of friendship, they sink reflection in a life of dissipation.

If the probable consequences of those different modes of education be such as I have mentioned, there can be little doubt to which the preference belongs, even though that which is preferred should be less conducive than its opposite to those elegant accomplishments which decorate society. But, upon examination, I believe even this objection will vanish ; for, although I willingly admit, that a certain degree of pedantry is inseparable from the learning of the divine, the physician, or the lawyer, which a late commerce with the world is unable to wear off, yet learning is, in no respect, inconsistent, either with that graceful ease and elegance of address peculiar to men of fashion, or with what, in modern phrase, is called knowledge of the world. The man of superior accomplishments will, indeed, be indifferent about many things which are the chief objects of attention to the modern fine gentleman. To conform to all the minute changes of the mode, to be admired for the gaudiness of his equipage, to boast of his success in intrigue, or publish favours he never received, will, to him, appear frivolous and dishonourable.

As many of the bad effects of the present system of education may be attributed to a premature introduction into the world, I shall conclude this paper by reminding those parents and guardians who are so anxious to bring their children and pupils early into public life, that one of the finest gentlemen, the brightest geniuses, the most useful and best informed citizens of which antiquity has left us an example, did not think himself qualified to appear in public till the age of twenty-six, and continued his studies, for some years after, under the eminent teachers of Greece and Rome.

H

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No. XVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 20.

O prima vera gioventu de l'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;
Tu torni ben, ma teco
No tornano i sereni
E fortunati di de le mie gioie. GUARINI.

THE effects of the return of Spring have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind, as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carrol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd.

I know not if it be from a singular, or a censurable disposition, that I have often felt in my own mind something very different from this gaiety, supposed to be the inseparable attendant of the vernal scene. Amidst the returning verdure of the earth, the mildness of the air, and the sky, I have found a still and quiet melancholy take possession of my soul, which the beauty of the landscape, and the melody of the birds, rather soothed than overcame.

Perhaps some reason may be given why this sort of feeling should prevail over the mind, in those moments of deeper pensiveness to which every thinking mind is liable, more at this time of the year than at any other. Spring, as the renewal of verdure and of vegetation, becomes naturally the season of remembrance. We are surrounded with objects new only in their revival, but which we acknowledge as our acquaintance in the years that are past. Winter, which stopped the progression of nature, removed them from us for a while, and we meet, like friends long parted, with emotions rather of tenderness than of gaiety.

The train of ideas once awaked, memory follows over a very extensive field. And, in such a disposition of mind, objects of cheerfulness and delight are, from those very qualities, the most adapted to inspire that milder sort of sadness which, in the language of our native bard, is " pleasant and mournful to the soul." They will inspire this, not only from the recollection of the past, but from the prospect of the future; as an anxious parent, amidst the sportive gaiety of the child, often thinks of the cares of manhood and the sorrows of age.

This effect will, at least, be commonly felt by persons who have lived long enough to see, and had reflection enough to observe, the vicissitudes of life.

Even those who have never experienced severe calamities, will find, in the review of their years, a thousand instances of fallacious promises and disappointed hopes. The dream of childhood, and the project of youth, have vanished to give place to sensations of a very different kind. In the peace and beauty of the rural scene which Spring first unfolds to us, we are apt to recal the former state, with an exaggerated idea of its happiness, and to feel the present with increased dissatisfaction.

But the pencil of memory stops not with the representation of ourselves ; it traces also the companions and friends of our early days, and marks the changes which they have undergone. It is a dizzy sort of recollection to think over the names of our school-fellows, and to consider how very few of them the maze of accidents, and the sweep of time, have left within our reach. This, however, is less pointed than the reflection on the fate of those whom affinity or friendship linked to our side; whom distance of place, premature death, or (sometimes not a less painful consideration) estrangement or affection, has disjoined from us for ever.

I am not sure if the disposition to reflections of this sort be altogether a safe or a proper one. I am aware, that, if too much indulged, or allowed to become habitual, it may disqualify the mind for the more active and bustling scenes of life, and unfit it for the enjoyments of ordinary society ; but, in a certain degree, I am persuaded it may be found useful. We are all of us too little inclined to look into our own minds, all apt to put too high a value on the things of this life. But a man under the impressions I have described, will be led to look into himself, and will see the vanity of setting his heart upon external enjoyment. He will feel nothing of that unsocial spirit which gloomy and ascetic severities inspire ; but the gentle, and not unpleasing melancholy that will be diffused over his soul, will fill it with a calm and sweet benevolence, will elevate him much above any mean or selfish passion. It will teach him to look upon the rest of the world as his brethren, travelling the same road, and subject to the like calamities with himself; it will prompt his wish to alleviate and assuage the bitterness of their sufferings, and extinguish in his heart every sentiment of malevolence or of envy.

Amidst the tide of pleasure which flows on a mind of little sensibility, there may be much social joy, without any social affection; but, in a heart of the mould I allude to above, though the joy may be less, there will, I believe, be more happiness and more virtue.

It is rarely from the precepts of the moralist, or the mere sense of duty, that we acquire the virtues of gentleness, disinterestedness, benevolence and humanity. The feelings must be won, as well as the reason convinced, before men change their conduct. To them the world addresses itself, and is heard; it offers pleasure to the present hour; and the promise of satisfaction in the future is too often preached in vain. But he who can feel that luxury of pensive tenderness, of which I have given some faint sketches in this paper, will not easily be won from the pride of virtue, and the dignity of thought, to the inordinate gratifications of vice, or the intemperate amusements of folly.

No. XVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 23.

Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo. **Hor.**

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,

AS I am persuaded that you will not think it without the province of a work such as yours, to throw your eye sometimes upon the inferior ranks of life, where there is any error that calls loud for amendment, I will make no apology for sending you the following narrative.

I was married, about five years ago, to a young man in a good way of business as a grocer, whose character, for sobriety, and diligence in his trade, was such as to give me the assurance of a very comfortable establishment in the mean time, and, in case Providence should bless us with children, the prospect of making a tolerable provision for them. For three years after our marriage there never was a happier couple. Our shop was so well frequented, as to require the constant attendance of both of us; and, as it was my greatest pleasure, to see the cheerful activity of my husband, and the obliging attention which he shewed to every customer, he has often, during that happy time, declared to me, that the sight of my face behind the counter (though, indeed, Sir, my looks are but homely) made him think his humble condition far more blest than that of the wealthiest of our neighbours, whose possessions deprived them of the high satisfaction of purchasing, by their daily labour, the comfort and happiness of a beloved object.

In the evenings, after our small repast, which, if the day had been more than usually busy, we sometimes ventured to finish with a glass or two of punch, while my husband was constantly engaged with his books and accounts, it was my employment to sit by his side knitting, and, at the same time, to tend the cradle of our first child, a girl, who is now a fine prattling creature of four years of age, and begins already to give me some little assistance in the care of her younger brother and sister.

Such was the picture of our little family, in which we once enjoyed all that happiness that virtuous industry, and the most perfect affection, can bestow. But those pleasing days, Mr. *Mirror*, are now at an end.

The sources of unhappiness in my situation are very different from those of other unfortunate married persons. It is not of my husband's idleness or extravagance, his ill-nature or his avarice, that I have to complain; neither are we unhappy from any decrease of affection, or disagreement in our opinions. But I will not, Sir, keep you longer in suspense. In short, it is my misfortune that my husband is become a man of taste.

The first symptom of this malady, for it is now become a disease indeed, manifested itself, as I have said, about two years ago, when it was my husband's ill luck to receive one day from a customer, in payment of a pound of sugar, a crooked piece of silver, which he, at first, mistook for a shilling, but found, on examination, to have some strange characters upon it, which neither of us could make any thing of. An acquaintance coming in, who, it seems, had some knowledge of those matters, declared it at once to be a very curious coin of Alexander the Third; and, affirming that he knew a virtuoso who would be extremely glad to be possessed of it, bid him half a guinea for it upon the spot. My poor husband, who knew as little of Alexander the Third as of Alexander the Great, or his other namesake the *Coppersmith*, was nevertheless persuaded, from the extent of the offer, and of the opinion he had of his friend's discernment, that he was possessed of a very valuable curiosity; and in this he was fully confirmed, when, on shewing it to the virtuoso above-mentioned, he was immediately offered triple the sum. This too was rejected, and the crooked coin was now judged inestimable. It would tire your patience, Mr. *Mirror*, to describe minutely the progress of my husband's delirium. The neighbours soon heard of our acquisition, and flocked to be indulged with a sight of it. Others who had valuable curiosities of the same kind, but who were prudent enough not to reckon them quite beyond all price, were, by much entreaty, prevailed on by my husband to exchange them for guineas, half guineas, and crown pieces; so that, in about a month's time, he could boast of being possessed of twenty pieces, all of inestimable value, which cost him only the trifling sum of 18l. 12s. 6d.

But the malady did not rest here; it is a dreadful thing, Mr. *Mirror*, to get a taste. It ranges from "heaven above, to the earth beneath, and to the "waters under the earth." Every production of nature, or of art, remarkable either for beauty or deformity, but particularly, if either scarce or old, is now the object of my husband's avidity. The profits of our business, once considerable, but now daily diminishing, are expended, not only on coins, but on shells, lumps of different-coloured stones, dried butterflies, old pictures, ragged books, and worm-eaten parchments.

Our house, which it was once my highest pleasure to keep in order, it would be now equally vain to attempt cleaning as the ark of Noah. The children's bed is supplied by an Indian canoe; and the poor little creatures sleep three of them in a hammock, slung up to the roof between a stuffed crocodile and the skeleton of a calf with two heads. Even the commodities of our shop have been turned out to make room for trash and vermin. Kites, owls, and bats, are perched upon the top of our shelves ; and, it was but yesterday, that, putting my hand into a glass jar that used to contain pickles, I laid hold of a large tarantula in place of a mangoe.

In the bitterness of my soul, Mr. *Mirror*, I have been often tempted to revenge myself on the objects of my husband's phrenzy, by burning, smashing, and destroying them without mercy ; but, besides that such violent procedure might have effects too dreadful upon a brain which, I fear, is already much unsettled, I could not take such a course, without being guilty of a fraud to our creditors, several of whom will, I believe, sooner or later, find it their only means of reimbursement, to take back each man his own monsters.

Meantime, Sir, as my husband constantly peruses your paper, (one instance of his taste which I cannot object to) I have some small hopes that a good effect may be produced by giving him a fair view of himself in your moral looking-glass. If such should be the happy consequence of your publishing this letter, you shall have the sincerest thanks of a grateful heart, from your now disconsolate humble servant,

REBECCA PRUNE.

I cannot help expressing my suspicion that Mrs. Rebecca Prune has got somebody to write her letter. If she wrote it herself, I am afraid it may be thought that the grocer's wife, who is so knowing in what she describes, and can joke so learnedly on her spouse's ignorance of the three Alexanders, has not much reason to complain of her husband being a man of taste.

Her case, however, is truly distressful, and, in the particular species of her husband's disorder, rather uncommon. The taste of a man in his station, generally looks for some reputation from his neighbours and the world, and walks out of doors to shew itself to both.

I remember, a good many years ago, to have visited the villa of a citizen of Bath, who had made a considerable fortune by the profession of a toyman in that city. It was curious to observe how much he had carried the ideas of his trade into his house and grounds, if such might be called a kind of Gothic building, of about 18 feet by 12, and an inclosure, somewhat short of an acre. The first had only a few closets within ; but it made a most gallant and warlike show without. It had turrets about the size of the king at nine pins, and battlements like the side-crust of a Christmas goose-pye. To complete the appearance of a castle, we entered by a draw-bridge, which, in construction and dimensions, exactly resembled the lid of a travelling trunk. To the right of the house was a puddle, which, however, was dignified with a harbour, defended by two redoubts, under cover of which lay a vessel of the size of an ordinary bathing tub, mounting a parcel of old tooth-pick-cases, fitted up into guns, and manned with some of the toyman's little family of play-thing figures, with red jackets, and striped trowsers, whom he had impressed into the service. The place where this vessel lay, a fat little man, whom I met on the shore, who seemed an intimate acquaintance of the proprietor, informed me was called Spithead, and the ship's name, he told me, pointing to the picture on her stern, was the Victory.

This gentleman afterwards conducted me, not without some fear, across a Chinese bridge, to a pagoda, in which it was necessary to assume the posture of devotion, as there was not room to stand upright. On the sides of the great serpentine walk, as he termed it, by which we returned from this edifice, I found a device, which my Cicerone looked upon as a master-stroke of genius. The ground was shaped into the figures of the different suits of cards; so that here was the heart walk, the diamond walk, the club walk, and the spade walk; the last of which had the additional advantage of being sure to produce a pun. On my observing how pleasant and ingenious all this was, my conductor answered, "Ay, ay, let him "alone for that; he has given them a little of every "thing, you see; and so he may, Sir, for he can "very well afford it."

I believe we must rest the matter here. In this land of freedom, there is no restraining the liberty of being ridiculous; I would only intreat Mr. Prune, and, indeed, many of his betters, to have some regard for their wives and families, and not to make fools of themselves, till, like the Bath toyman, they can very well afford it.

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No. XVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 27.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodan aut Mytelenen. Hor.

NOTHING is more amusing to a traveller than to observe the different characters of the inhabitants of the countries through which he passes; and to find, upon crossing a river or a mountain, has marked a difference in the manners, the sentiments, and the opinions of the people, as in their appearance, their dress, or their language. Thus, the easy vivacity of the French, is as opposite to the dignified gravity of the Spaniard, on the one hand, as it is to the phlegmatic dulness of the German on the other. But, though all allow that every nation has some striking feature, some distinguishing characteristic, philosophers are not agreed as to the causes of that distinction. Montesquieu has exerted all the powers of his genius to prove, that difference of climate is the chief, or only the cause of the difference of national characters; and it is not surprising that the opinion of so great a man should have gained much ground. None of his followers has carried the matter farther than the author of Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains, whose chief object seems to have been to show, that the climate of America is of such a nature, that, from its baneful influence, even the human species has degenerated in that quarter of the globe.

I must confess, however, that I have often doubted as to the justness of this opinion; and, though I do not mean to deny that climate has an influence on man, as well as on other animals, I cannot help thinking that Montesquieu, and the writers who have adopted his system, have attributed by far too much to it.

It must be allowed that man is less affected by the influence of climate than any other animal. But, of all the human race, an American savage seems to approach the nearest, in the general condition of his life, to the brute creation, and, of consequence, ought to be most subject to the power of climate. And yet, if we compare an Indian with an European peasant, or manufacturer, we shall be apt to think, that the former, considered as an individual, holds a higher rank in the scale of being than the latter.

The savage, quitting his cabin, goes to the assembly of his tribe, and there delivers his sentiments on the affairs of his little nation with a spirit, a force, and an energy, that might do honour to an European orator. Thence he goes to make war upon his foes; and, in the field, discovers a sagacity in his stratagems, a boldness in his designs, a perseverance in his operations, joined with a patience of fatigue and of suffering, that have long been objects of admiration, and which filled the inhabitants of the old world, when they first beheld them, with wonder and astonishment. How superior such a being to one occupied, day after day, in turning the head of a pin, or forming the shape of a button, and possessing not one idea beyond the business in which he is immediately employed?

It may perhaps be objected, that no fair comparison can be made where the state of society is so different, the necessary effect of civilization being to introduce a distinction of ranks, and to sink the lower orders of men far beneath that station to which by nature they are intitled. But, allowing this observation to be just, we shall find, upon comparing the savage of America with the savage of Europe, as described by Cæsar and Tacitus, that the former is at least equal to the latter, in all the virtues above enumerated.

We need not, however, go so far for instances, to show, that other causes act more powerfully than climate, in forming the manners, and fixing the characters of men. London and Paris are, at present, the first cities in Europe, in point of opulence, and number of inhabitants; and in no other part of the western world are the polite and elegant arts cultivated to such advantage. But the inhabitants of those cities differ essentially in manners, sentiments, and opinions; while, at the same time, they breathe an air so very much alike, that it is impossible to impute that difference, in any considerable degree, to difference of climate; and, perhaps, it may not be a difficult task to point out various other causes, which may enable us to account sufficiently for the distinction between the national character of the two people.

In France, the power of the great nobles was sooner reduced within bounds than in England; and, in proportion as their power fell, that of the monarch rose. But, no sooner was the authority of the crown established on a firm basis, than the court became an object of the first attention and importance. Every man of genius, of distinction, and of rank, hastened thither, in hopes of meeting with that encouragement which his talents merited, or of being able to display, on the only proper theatre, those advantages which he possessed, either in reality, or in his own imagination.

Thus Paris, the seat of the court, became the centre of all that was great and noble, elegant and polite. The manners every day became more and more polished; and no man who did not possess the talents necessary to make himself agreeable, could expect to rise in the world, however great his abilities might otherwise be. The pleasures of society were cultivated with care and assiduity; and nothing tended more to promote them than that free intercourse which soon came to take place between the sexes. All men studied to acquire those graces and accomplishments by which alone they could hope to recommend themselves to the ladies, whose influence pervaded every branch of government, and every department of the state.

In England on the other hand, the crown gained little by the fall of the nobility. The high prerogative exerted by the princes of the Tudor race, was of short duration. A third order soon arose, that, for a time, trampled alike on the throne and the nobles. And, even after the constitution was at length happily settled, the sovereign remained so limited in power and in revenue, that his court never required a degree of influence or splendor at all comparable to that of the French monarch. London had become so great and opulent by its extensive commerce, that the residence of the court could add little to that consideration in which it was already held. This circumstance had a powerful effect on the manners. What was looked upon as a virtue at Paris, was in London considered as a vice. There industry and frugality were so essentially requisite, that every elegant accomplishment was rejected as incompatible with those great commercial virtues.

The dark and gloomy spirit of fanaticism which prevailed so universally in England during the last century, served as an additional barrier against the progress of politeness and elegance of manners.— Add to this, that the English, (owing perhaps to the superior degree of liberty they enjoy, and to their high independent spirit,) have ever been more attached to a country-life than any civilized people in Europe; and this last circumstance, slight as it may appear, has, perhaps, had as powerful an influence as any I have mentioned. A man who lives in retirement, may be sincere, open, honourable above dissimulation, and free from disguise; but he never can possess that ease of behaviour, and that elegance of manners, which nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the world, and the habit of mingling in society, and of conversing with persons of different ranks and different characters, can bestow.

Let us not, however, repine at the superiority of our neighbours in this respect. It is, perhaps, impossible to possess, at once, the useful and the agreeable qualities in an eminent degree; and, if ease and politeness be only attainable at the expence of sincerity in the men, and chastity in the women, I flatter myself, there are few of my readers who would not think the purchase made at too high a price.

I have, of late, remarked, with regret, an affectation of the manners of France, and a disposition in some of the higher ranks to introduce into this island that species of gallantry which has so long prevailed in that nation. But, happily, neither the habits, the dispositions, the genius of our people, nor that mixture of ranks which our constitution necessarily produces, will admit of it. In France, they contrive to throw over their greatest excesses a veil so delicate and so fine, as in some measure to hide the deformity of vice, and even at times to bestow upon it the semblance of virtue. But, with us, less delicate and less refined, vice appears in its native colours, without concealment and without disguise; and, were the gallantry of Paris transplanted into this soil, it would soon degenerate into gross debauchery. At present my countrywomen are equally respected for their virtue, as admired for their beauty; and I trust it will be long before they cease to be so.

No. XIX. TUESDAY, MARCH 30.

MY friend Mr. Umphraville's early retirement, and long residence in the country, have given him many peculiarities, to which, had he continued longer in the world, and had a free intercourse with mankind, he would probably not have been subject. These give to his manner an apparent hardness, which, in reality, is widely different from his natural disposition.

As he passes much time in study and solitude, and is naturally of a thoughtful cast, the subjects of which he reads, and the opinions which he forms, make a strong and deep impression on his mind; they become, as it were, friends and companions from whom he is unwilling to be separated. Hence he commonly shows a disposition to take a lead in, and give the tone to conversation, and delivers his opinions too much in the manner of a lecture. And, though his curiosity and love of information concur with that politeness which he is ever studious to observe, to make him listen with patience and attention to the opinions of others; yet, it must be confessed, that he is apt to deliver his own with an uncommon degree of warmth, and I have very seldom found him disposed to surrender them.

I find, however, nothing disagreeable in this peculiarity of my friend. The natural strength of his understanding, the extent of his knowledge, and that degree of taste which he has derived from a strong conception of the sublime, the tender, and the beautiful, assisted by an extensive acquaintance with the elegant writers, both of ancient and modern times, render his conversation, in many respects, both instructive and entertaining; and that singularity of opinion, which is the natural consequence of his want of opportunities of comparing his own ideas with those of others, affords me an additional pleasure. But, above all, I am delighted with the goodness of heart which breaks forth in every sentiment he delivers.

Mr. Umphraville's sister, who is often present, and sometimes takes a part in those conversations, is of a character at once amiable and respectable.

In her earlier days, she spent much of her time in the perusal of novels and romances; but, though she still retains a partiality for the few works of that kind which are possessed of merit, her reading is now chiefly confined to works of a graver cast.

Miss Umphraville, though she has not so much learning, possesses, perhaps, no less ability as a woman than her brother does as a man; and, having less peculiarity in her way of thinking, has, consequently, a knowledge better fitted for common life. It is pleasing to observe how Miss Umphraville, while she always appears to act an under part, and, sometimes, indeed, not to act a part at all, yet watches, with a tender concern, over the singularities of her brother's disposition; and, without betraying the smallest consciousness of her power, generally contrives to direct him in the most material parts of his conduct.

Mr. Umphraville is the best master, and the best landlord that ever lived. The rents of his estate have undergone scarce any alteration since he came to the possession of it; and his tenants too are nearly the same. The ancient possessors have never been removed from motives of interest, or without some very particular reason; and the few new ones he has chosen to introduce are, for the most part, persons who have been servants in his family, whose fidelity and attachment he has rewarded by a small farm at a low rent.

I have had many a pleasant conversation, about sunset in a summer evening, with those venerable grayheaded villagers. Their knowledge of country affairs, the sagacity of their remarks, and the manner acquired by a residence in Mr. Umphraville's family, with which they are accustomed to deliver them, have afforded me much entertainment.

It is delightful to hear them run out in praises of their landlord. They have told me there is not a person in his neighbourhood who stands in need of his assistance, who has not felt the influence of his generosity; which, they say, endears him to the whole country. Yet, such is the effect of that reserved and particular manner which my friend has contracted, that, while his good qualities have procured him great esteem, and the disinterestedness of his disposition, with the opinion entertained of his honour and integrity, has always prevented him from falling into disputes or quarrels with his neighbours, there is scarcely one of them with whom he lives on terms of familiarity.

Mr. Umphraville, in the earlier part of his life, had an attachment to an amiable young lady. Their situation at that time might have made an avowal of his passion equally fatal to both ; and, though it was not without a severe struggle, Mr. Umphraville had firmness enough to suppress the declaration of an attachment he was unable to subdue. The lady, some time after, married ; since that period, Mr. Umphraville has never seen her, or been known so much as once to mention her name ; but, I am credibly informed, that, by his interest, her eldest son has obtained high preferment in the army. The only favour which Mr. Umphraville ever asked from any great man was for this young gentleman ; but neither the lady herself, nor any of her family, know by whose influence his advancement has been procured.

Though it is possible, that, if Mr. Umphraville had married at an early period of life, his mind even in a state of retirement, would have retained a polish, and escaped many of those peculiarities it has now contracted ; yet, I own, I am rather inclined to believe his remaining single a fortunate circumstance. Nor have my fair readers any reason to be offended at the remark ; great talents, even in a generous and benevolent mind, are sometimes attended with a certain want of pliability, which is ill suited to the cordialities of domestic life. A man of such a disposition as Mr. Umphraville has now acquired, might consider the delicacy, the vivacity, and the fine shades of female character as frivolous, and beneath attention ; or, at least, might be unable, for any length of time, to receive pleasure from those indulgences, which minds of a softer mould may regard as the great and amiable perfection of what Mr. Pope calls

> "The last best work of Heaven."

With all those respectable talents which Mr. Umphraville possesses, with all that generosity of sentiment, and goodness of heart so conspicuous in every thing he says or does, which so strongly endear him to his friends, I am apt to think, that, in the very intimate connection of the married life, a woman of delicacy and sensibility might often feel herself hurt by the peculiarities of character to which he is subject.

The situation of a wife is, in this respect, very different from that of a sister. Miss Umphraville's observation of her brother's peculiarities, neither lessens her esteem, nor her affection for him; these peculiarities serve only to increase her attention to him, and to make her more solicitous to prevent their effects. But in that still closer connection which subsists between husband and wife, while the perception of his weakness might not have lessened the wife's affection, it might have given her a distress which a sister will not be apt to feel: a sister may observe the weaknesses of a brother without a blush, and endeavour to correct them without being hurt; a wife might be able to do neither.

These views which I have given of Mr. Umphraville, and his family, may, perhaps, appear tedious to my readers. In giving this detail, I am afraid I have not sufficiently remembered, that, as they have not the same intimate acquaintance with that gentleman which I have, they will not feel the same interest in what relates to him.

L. S

No. XXI. SATURDAY, APRIL 3.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? VIRG.

WHILE so many subjects of contention occupy the votaries of business and ambition, and prove the source of discord, envy, jealousy, and rivalship, among mankind, one would be apt to imagine, that the pursuits and employments of studious and literary men would be carried on with calmness, good temper, and tranquillity. The philosophic sage, retired from the world, who has truth for the object of his inquiries, might be willing, it were natural to suppose, to give up his own system, when he found it at variance with truth, and would never quarrel with another for adopting a different one; and the man of elegance and taste, who has literary entertainment in view, would not, one should think, find fault with the like amusements of other men, or dispute, with rancour or heat upon mere matters of taste. But the fact has been otherwise: the disputes among the learned have, in every age, been carried on with the utmost virulence; and men, pretending to taste, have railed at each other with unparalleled abuse. Possibly the abstraction from the world, in which the philosopher lives, may render him more impatient of contradiction than those who mix oftener with common societies; and perhaps that fineness and delicacy of perception which the man of taste acquires, may be more liable to irritation than the coarser feelings of minds less cultivated and improved.

I have been led into these remarks by a conversation at which I happened lately to be present. Last week, having left with my editor materials for my next paper, I went to the country for a few days, to pay a visit to a friend, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Sylvester. Sylvester, when a young man, had retired to the country, and having succeeded to a paternal estate, which was sufficient for all his wants, had lived almost constantly at home. His time was spent chiefly in study, and he had published some performances which did honour to his genius and his knowledge. During all this time, Sylvester was the regular correspondent of a gentleman whom I shall here call Alcander, whose taste and pursuits were in many respects similar to his own. Alcander, though he was not an author like Sylvester, had from nature a very delicate taste, which had been much improved by culture. From a variety of accidents, the two friends had not met for a great number of years; but, while I was at Sylvester's house, he received a letter from Alcander, notifying that gentleman's being on his way to visit him; and soon after he arrived accordingly.

It is not easy to describe the pleasure which the two friends felt at meeting. After the first salutations, their discourse took a literary turn. I was delighted as well as instructed with the remarks which were made upon men and books, by two persons of extensive information and accomplished taste; and the warmth with which they made them, added a relish to their observations. The conversation lasted till it was very late, when my host and his friend retired to their apartments, much pleased with each other, and in full expectation of additional entertainment from a continuation of such intercourse at the return of a new day.

Next morning after breakfast, their literary discourse was resumed. It turned on a comparison of the different genius and merit of the French and English authors. Sylvester said, he thought there was a power of reasoning, a strength of genius, and a depth of reflection, in the English authors, of which the French, in general, were incapable; and that, in his opinion, the preference lay greatly on the side of the writers of our own country. Alcander begged leave to differ from him; he admitted, there was an appearance of depth in many of the English authors, but he said it was false and hollow. He maintained, that the seeking after something profound, had led into many useless metaphysical disquisitions, in which the writer had no real merit, nor could the reader find any real advantage. But the French authors, he said, excelled in remarks on life and character, which, as they were founded on actual observation, might be attended with much utility, and, as they were expressed in the liveliest manner, could not fail to give the highest entertainment. Alcander, in the course of his argument, endeavoured to illustrate it by a comparison of some of the most distinguished authors of both countries. Sylvester, finding those writers, whom he had studied with attention, and imitated with success, so warmly attacked, replied with some heat, as if he thought it tended to the disparagement of his own compositions. Sylvester said something about French frivolity; and Alcander replied with a sarcasm on metaphysical absurdity.

Finding the conversation take this unlucky turn, I endeavoured to change the subject; and from the comparison of the English and French authors, took occasion to mention that period of English literature, which has been frequently termed the Augustan age of England, when that constellation of wits appeared which illuminated the reign of Queen Anne.

But this subject of conversation was as unfortunate as the former. Sylvester is a professed admirer of Swift, to whom his attachment is perhaps heightened by a little toryism in his political principles. Alcander is a keen whig, and as great an admirer of Addison. As the conversation had grown rather warm on a general comparison of the authors of one country with those of another, so its warmth was much greater when the comparison was made of two particular favourite authors. Sylvester talked of the strength, the dignity, the forcible observation, and the wit of Swift: Alcander of the ease, the gracefulness, the native and agreeable humour of Addison. From remarks upon their writings, they went to their characters. Sylvester spoke in praise of openness and spirit, and threw out something against envy, jealousy, and meanness. Alcander inveighed against pride and ill-nature, and pronounced an eulogium on elegance, philanthropy, and gentleness of manners. Sylvester spoke as if he thought no man of a candid and generous mind could be a lover of Addison; Alcander, as if none but a severe and ill-tempered one could endure Swift.

The spirits of the two friends were now heated to a violent degree, and not a little rankled at each other. I endeavoured again to give the discourse a new direction, and, as if accidentally, introduced something about the Epistles of Phalaris. I knew both gentlemen were masters of the dispute upon that subject, which has so much divided the learned, and thought a dry question of this sort could not possibly interest them too much. But in this I was mistaken. Sylvester and Alcander took different sides upon this subject, as they had done upon the former, and supported their opinions with no less warmth than before. Each of them catched fire from every thing his opponent said, as if neither could think well of the judgment of that man who was of an opinion different from his own.

With this last debate the conversation ended. At our meeting next day, a formal politeness took place between Sylvester and Alcander, very different from that openness and cordiality of manner which they showed at their first meeting. The last, soon after, took his departure; and, I believe, neither of them felt that respect for each other's understanding, nor that warmth of affection, which they entertained before this visit.

Alas! the two friends did not consider that it was their being too much alike, their being engaged in similar employments, that changed their friendship into this coldness. Both attached to the same pursuits, and accustomed to indulge them chiefly in seclusion and solitude, they had been too little accustomed to bear contradiction. This impatience of contradiction had not been corrected in either by attention to the feelings or views of others; and the warmth which each felt in supporting his own particular opinion, prevented him from giving the proper indulgence to a diversity of opinion in the other.

S

No. XXI. TUESDAY, APRIL 6.

THIS day's paper I devote to correspondents. The first of the two letters it contains was left one night at the house of my editor, by a slender person in a slouched hat and a wide surtout.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

I AM a young man, a lover of literature, and have sometimes had the satisfaction of seeing performances of my own in print, several of my essays having been favourably received by the publishers of the magazines. I have a great desire of becoming a correspondent of the *Mirror;* but one circumstance a good deal embarrasses me; that is, the fear of detection in conveying my letters. This has frequently prevented me from sending an essay to other periodical publications, till the time proper for its appearance was past; and so I have lost it altogether. I have often set out with my paper in my pocket, passed and repassed the cross, looked at the faces of different chairmen and porters, been at the foot of the stairs leading up to the penny-post office; yet, from the effects of an insuperable bashfulness, returned home without being delivered of my burden.

During the publication of the Edinburgh Magazine and Review, this inconvenience was remedied, by the placing of a box near the printing-house, into which any letter or parcel might be dropped with very little chance of discovery. I would recommend to you, Sir, a similar contrivance. We see on the eves of some of our public buildings the mouths of certain animals cut out in stone, through which the water from the roof descends to some convenient part of the street beneath. One of these, reversed so as to gape upwards instead of downwards, would exactly answer the purpose wanted; and besides tending to the ease and convenience of your correspondents, would have a pretty allusion to the Lion's mouth in the Guardian. If I might venture to point out a place for it, I would suggest that narrow passage at the back of Mr. Creech's shop, vulgarly called the Crames, as both centrical and secret.

I am, SIR, &c.

Y. Z.

Beside a general desire of obliging all my readers and correspondents, I have really a fellow-feeling for this young gentleman's modesty, having experienced the very embarrassment he describes in bringing forth to the world the fruits of my first boyish commerce with the muses. I, therefore, immediately communicated his proposal to Mr. Creech, who sent out one of his young men to examine the spot proposed by Mr. Z. for the station of this literary conductor. The lad who is a reader of plays, reported to us, on his return, that "There is a kind of local "sympathy," which makes it not altogether adviseable to erect such a machine in that place at present. The hint, however, shall be duly attended to, when the magistrates (who, I am told, have, for some time, had such a scheme in view) set about putting the New Church, and its environs, on a more respectable footing.

The second letter was brought by a spruce footman, who, upon being asked whence he came, replied. from Mrs. Meekly's.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

THE world has, at different periods, been afflicted with diseases peculiar to the times in which they appeared, and the faculty have, with great ingenuity, contrived certain generic names by which they might be distinguished, it being a quality of great use and comfort in a physician to be able to tell precisely of what disorder his patient is likely to die. The nervous seems to be the ailment in greatest vogue at present, a species of disease, which I am apt to consider as not the less terrible for being less mortal than many others. I speak not from personal experience, *Mr. Mirror*; my own constitution, thank God! is pretty robust; but I have the misfortune to be afflicted with a nervous wife.

It is impossible to enumerate a twentieth part of the symptoms of this lamentable disorder, or of the circumstances by which its paroxysms are excited or increased. Its dependence on the natural phænomena of the wind and weather, on the temperature of the air, whether hot or cold, moist or dry, might be accounted for; and my wife would then be in no worse situation than the lady in a red cap and green jacket, whose figure I have seen in the little Dutch barometers known by the name of baby-houses. But, beside feeling the impression of those particulars, her disorder is brought on by incidents still more frequent, and less easy to be foreseen, than even the occasional changes in our atmosphere. A person running hastily up or down stairs, shutting a door roughly, placing the tongs on the left side of the grate, and the poker on the right, setting the China figures on the mantlepiece a little awry, or allowing the tassel of the bell-string to swing but for a moment; any of those little accidents has an immediate and irresistible effect on the nervous system of my wife, and produces symptoms, sometimes of languor, sometimes of irritation, which I her husband, my three children by a former marriage, and the other members of our family, equally feel and regret. The above causes of her distemper, a very attentive and diligent discharge of our several duties might possibly prevent; but even our involuntary actions are apt to produce effects of a similar or more violent nature. It was but the other day she told my boy Dick he eat his pudding so voraciously, as almost to make her faint, and remonstrated against my sneezing in the manner I did, which, she said, tore her poor nerves in pieces.

One thing I have observed peculiar to this disorder, which those conversant with the nature of sympathetic affections may be able to explain. It is not always produced by exactly similar causes, if such causes exist in dissimilar situations. I have known my wife squeezed for hours in a side-box, dance a whole night at a ball, have my Lord —— talking as fast and as loud to her as was possible there, and her nose assailed by the stink of a whole row of flambeaux, at going in and coming out, without feeling her nerves in the smallest degree affected; yet, the very day after, at home, she could not bear my chair, or the chair of one of the children, to come within several feet of hers; walking up stairs perfectly overcame her; none of us durst talk but in whispers; and the smell of my buttered roll made her sick to death.

As I reckon your paper a paper of record for singular cases, and intolerable grievances of every sort, I send the above for your insertion, stating it according to its nature, in terms as physically descriptive as my little acquaintance with the healing art can supply.

I am, &c.
JOSEPH MEEKLY.

This correspondent, as far as his wife's case falls within the department of the physician, I must refer to my very learned friends Doctors Cullen and Monro, who, upon being properly attended, will give him, I am persuaded, as sound advice as it is in the power of medical skill to suggest. In point of prudence, to which only my prescriptions apply, I can advise nothing so proper for Mr. Meekly himself, as to imitate the conduct of the husband of that little lady he describes, the mistress of the Dutch baby-house; between whom and his wife, though there subsists a very intimate connection, there is yet a contract of a particular kind: whenever the gentleman is at home, the lady is abroad, and *vice versa*. In their house, indeed, I do not observe any children; from which I conclude, that they have all been sent to the academy and the boarding-school.

No. XXII. SATURDAY, APRIL 10.

Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. HORAT.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

YOUR *Mirror*, it seems, possesses uncommon virtues, and you generously hold it out to the public, that we may dress our characters at it. I trust it is, at least, a faithful glass, and will give a just representation of those lurking imperfections or excellencies which we distinguish with difficulty, or sometimes altogether overlook. I struggle, therefore, to get forward in the crowd, and to set before your moral *Mirror* a personage who has long embarrassed me.

The observation of character, when I first looked beyond a college for happiness, formed not only my amusement, but, for some years, my favourite study. I had been so fortunate as early to imbibe strict notions of morality and religion, and to arrive at manhood in perfect ignorance of vicious pleasure. My heart was, therefore, led to place its hopes of happiness in love and friendship; but books had taught me to dread misplacing my affections. On this account, anxious to gratify the "soif d'aimer" that engrossed me, I bent the whole of my little talents to discern the characters of my acquaintance; and, blending sentiments of religion with high notions of moral excellence, and the refined intercourse of cultivated minds, I fondly hoped, that, where I once formed an attachment, it would last for ever.

In this state of mind I became acquainted with Cleone. She was young and beautiful, but without that dimpling play of features which indicates, in some women, a mind of extreme sensibility. Her eye bespoke good sense, and was sometimes lighted up with vivacity, but never sparkled with the keenness of unrestrained joy, nor melted with the suffusion of indulged sorrow. Her manner and address had no tendency to familiarity; it was genteel rather than graceful. Her voice in conversation was suited to her manner; it possessed those level tones which never offend, but seldom give pleasure, and seldomer emotion.

Her conversation was plain and sensible. Never attempting wit or humour, she contented herself with expressing, in correct and unaffected language, just sentiments on manners, and on works of taste: and the genius she displayed in compositions becoming her sex, and the propriety of her own conduct, did honour to her criticisms. She sung with uncommon excellence. Her voice seemed to unfold itself in singing, to suit every musical expression, and to assume every tone of passion she wished to utter. I never felt the power of simple melody in agitating, affecting, and pleasing, more strongly than from her performance.

In company she was attentive, "prevenante," but not insinuating; and, though she seemed to court the society of men of letters and taste, and to profess having intimate friendships with some individuals among them, I never could perceive that she was subject to the common weakness of making a parade of this kind of intercourse.

Most people would suppose that I had found in Cleone the friend I was seeking; for both of us knew we could never be nearer than friends to each other, and she treated me with some distinction. I found it, however, impossible to know her so well as to place in her the complete confidence essential to friendship. The minutest attention to every circumstance in her appearance and behaviour, and studying her for years in all the little varieties of situation that an intimate acquaintance gave access to observe, proved unequal to discover with certainty the genuine character of her disposition or temper. No caprice betrayed her: no predominant shade could be marked in her tears, in her laugh, or in her smiles. Sometimes, however, I have thought she breathed a softness of soul that tempted me to believe her generous; but, when I considered a little, the inner recesses of her heart appeared still shut against the observer; and I well knew, that even poignant sensibility is not inconsistent with predominant selfishness.

When contemplating Cleone, I have often thought of that beautiful trait in the description of Petrarch's Laura: "Il lampeggiar dell' angelico riso."* These flashes of affection breaking from the soul, alone display the truth, generosity, and tenderness, that deserve a friend. These gleams from the heart show us all its intricacies, its weakness and its vigour, and expose it naked and undisguised to the spectator. A single minute will, in this way, give more knowledge of a character, and justly, therefore, attract more confidence, than twenty years experience of refinement of taste and propriety of conduct.

I am willing to believe it was some error in edution which had wrapt up Cleone's character in so much obscurity, and not any natural defect that rendered it prudent to be invisible. If there is an error of this kind, I hope your MIRROR will expose it, and prevent it from robbing superior minds of their best reward—the confidence of each other.

In the present state of society, we have few opportunities of exhibiting our true characters by our actions; and the habits of the world soon throw upon our manners a veil that is impenetrable to others, and nearly so to ourselves. Hence the only period when we can form friendships is a few years in youth; for there is a reserve in the deportment, and a certain selfishness in the occupations of manhood, unfavourable to the forming of warm attachments. It is, therefore, fatal to the very source of friendship, if, when yet children, we are to be prematurely bedaubed with the varnish of the world. And yet, I fear, this is the necessary effect of modern education.

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* The lightning of her angel smile.

In place of cherishing the amiable simplicity and frankness of children, every emanation of the heart is checked by the constant restraints, dissimulation, and frivolous forms of fashionable address, with which we harrass them. Hence they are nearly the same at fourteen as at five and twenty, when, after a youth spent in joyless dissipation, they enter life, slaves to selfish appetites and reigning prejudices, and devoid of that virtuous energy of soul which strong attachments, and the habits of deserved confidence, inspire. Even those who, like Cleone, possess minds superior to the common mould, though they cultivate their talents with success, and, in some measure, educate themselves anew, find it impossible to get rid entirely of that artificial manner, and those habits of restraint, with which they had been so early imbued.

Thus, like French taylors and dancing-masters, pretending to add grace and ornament to nature, we constrain, distort, and incumber her; whereas the education of a polished age should, like the drapery of a fine statue or portrait, confer decency, propriety, and elegance, and gracefully veil, but by no means conceal, the beautiful forms of nature.

LÆLIUS.

No. XXIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 13.

———Et isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum. HOR.

I WAS lately applied to by a friend, in behalf of a gentleman, who, he said, had been unfortunate in life, to whom he was desirous of doing a particular piece of service, in which he thought my assistance might be useful: "Poor fellow?" said he, "I wish "to serve him, because I always knew him, dissi"pated and thoughtless as he was, to be a good"hearted man, guilty of many imprudent things, "indeed, but without meaning any harm! In short, "no one's enemy but his own."

I afterwards learned more particularly the circumstances of this gentleman's life and conversation, which I will take the liberty of laying before my readers, in order to show them what they are to understand by the terms used by my friend, terms which I believe, he was no wise singular in using.

The person whose interests he espoused, was heir to a very considerable estate. He lost his father when an infant; and being, unfortunately, an only son, was too much the darling of his mother ever to be contradicted. During his childhood he was not suffered to play with his equals, because he was to be the king of all sports, and to be allowed a sovereign and arbitrary dominion over the persons and properties of his play-fellows. At school he was attended by a servant, who helped him to thrash boys who were too strong to be thrashed by himself, and had a tutor at home, who translated the Latin which was too hard for him to translate. At college he began to assume the man, by treating at taverns, making parties to the country, filling his tutor drunk, and hiring blackguards to break the windows of the professor with whom he was boarded. He took in succession the degrees of a wag, a pickle, and a lad of mettle. For a while, having made an elopement with his mother's maid, and fathered three children of other people, he got the appellation of a dissipated dog: but, at last, betaking himself entirely to the bottle, and growing red faced and fat, he obtained the denomination of an honest fellow; which title he continued to enjoy as long as he had money to pay, or, indeed, much longer, while he had credit to score, for his reckoning.

During this last part of his progress, he married a poor girl, whom her father, from a mistaken idea of his fortune, forced to sacrifice herself to his wishes. After a very short space, he grew too indifferent about her to use her ill, and broke her heart with the best-natured neglect in the world. Of two children whom he had by her, one died at nurse soon after the death of its mother; the eldest, a boy of spirit like his father, after twice running away from school, was at last sent a-board a Guinea-man, and was knocked on the head by a sailor, in a quarrel about a negro wench, on the coast of Africa.

Generosity, however, was a part of his character which he never forfeited. Beside lending money genteelly to many worthless companions, and becoming surety for every man who asked him, he did some truly charitable actions to very deserving objects. These were told to his honour; and people who had met with refusals from more considerate men, spoke of such actions as the genuine test of feeling and humanity. They misinterpreted scripture for indulgence to his errors on account of his charity, and extolled the goodness of his heart in every company where he was mentioned. Even while his mother, during her last illness, was obliged to accept of money from her physician, because she could not obtain payment of her jointure, and while, after her decease, his two sisters were dunning him every day, without effect, for the small annuity left them by their father, he was called a good-hearted man by three-fourths of his acquaintance; and when, after having pawned their cloaths, rather than distress him, those sisters commenced a law-suit to force him to do them justice, the same impartial judges pronounced them hard-hearted and unnatural; nay, the story is still told to their prejudice, though they now prevent their brother from starving, out of the profits of a little shop which they were then obliged to set up for their support.

The abuse of the terms used by my friend, in regard to the character of this unfortunate man, would be sufficiently striking from the relation I have given, without the necessity of my offering any comment on it. Yet the misapplication of them is a thousand times repeated by people who have known and felt instances equally glaring of such injustice. It may seem invidious to lessen the praises of any praiseworthy quality; but it is essential to the interests of virtue, that insensibility should not be allowed to assume the title of good-nature, nor profusion to usurp the honours of generosity.

The effect of such misplaced and ill-founded indulgence is hurtful in a double degree. It encourages the evil which it forbears to censure, and discourages the good qualities which are found in men of decent and sober characters. If we look into the private histories of unfortunate families, we will find most of their calamities to have proceeded from a neglect of the useful duties of sobriety, œconomy, and attention to domestic concerns, which, though they shine not in the eye of the world, nay, are often subjected to its obloquy, are yet the surest guardians of virtue, of honour, and of independence.

" Be just before you are generous," is a good old proverb, which the profligate hero of a much admired comedy is made to ridicule, in a well-turned, and even a sentimental period. But what right have those squanderers of their own and other men's fortunes to assume the merit of generosity? Is parting with that money, which they value so little, generosity? Let them restrain their dissipation, their riot, their debauchery, when they are told that these bring ruin on the persons and families of the honest and the industrious; let them sacrifice one pleasure to humanity, and then tell us of their generosity and their feeling. A transient instance, in which the prodigal relieved want with his purse, or the thoughtless debauchee promoted merit by his interest, no more deserves the appellation of generosity, than the rashness of a drunkard is intitled to the praises of valour, or the freaks of a madman to the laurels of genius.

In the character of a man considered as a being of any respect at all, we immediately see a relation to his friends, his neighbours, and his country. His duties only confer real dignity, and, what may not be so easily allowed, but is equally true, can bestow real pleasure. I know not an animal more insignificant, or less happy, than a man without any ties of affection, or any exercise of duty.. He must be very forlorn, or very despicable, indeed, to whom it is possible to apply the phrase used by my friend, in characterizing the person whose story I have related above, and to say, that he is no one's enemy but his own.

V

No. XXIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 17.

Non satis est pulchra esse pœmata ; dulcia sunto. HOR.

NATURE is for ever before us. We can, as often as we please, contemplate the variety of her productions, and feel the power of her beauty. We may feast our imaginations with the verdure of waving groves, the diversified colours of an evening sky, or the windings of a limpid river. We may dwell with rapture on those more sublime exhibitions of nature, the raging tempest, the billowy deep, or the stupendous precipice, that lift the soul with delightful amazement, and seem almost to suspend her exertions. These beautiful and vast appearances are so capable of affording pleasure, that they become favourite subjects with the poet and the painter ; they charm us in description, or they glow upon canvass. Indeed, the imitations of eminent artists have been held on an equal footing, in regard to the pleasure they yield, with the works of nature herself, and have sometimes been deemed superior. This subject deserves attention ; how it happens, that the descriptions of the poet, and the imitations of the painter, seem to communicate more delight than the things they describe or imitate.

In estimating the respective merits of nature and of art, it will readily be admitted, that the preference, in every single object, is due to the former. Take the simplest blossom that blows, observe its tints or its structure, and you will own them unrivalled. What pencil, how animated soever, can equal the glories of the sky at sun-set ? or, can the representations of moonlight, even by Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare, be more exquisitely finished than the real scenery of a moonlight night ?

If the poet and painter are capable of yielding superior pleasure, in their exhibitions, to what we receive from the works of their great original, it is in the manner of grouping their objects, and by their skill in arrangement. In particular, they give uncommon delight, by attending not merely to unity of design, but to unity, if I may be allowed the expression, in the feelings they would excite. In the works of nature, unless she has been ornamented and reformed by the taste of an ingenious improver, intentions of this sort are very seldom apparent. Objects that are gay, melancholy, solemn, tranquil, impetuous, and, fantastic, are thrown together, without any regard to the influences of arrangement, or to the consistency of their effects on the mind. The elegant artist, on the contrary, though his works be adorned with unbounded variety, suggests only those objects that excite similar or kindred emotions, and excludes every thing of an opposite, or even of a different tendency. If the scene he describes be solemn, no lively nor fantastic image can have admission : but if, in a sprightly mood, he displays scenes of festivity, every pensive and gloomy thought is debarred. Thus the figures he delineates have one undivided direction ; they make one great and entire impression.

To illustrate this remark, let us observe the conduct of Milton in his two celebrated poems, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso.

In the Allegro, meaning to excite a cheerful mood, he suggests a variety of objects ; for variety, by giving considerable exercise to the mind, and by not suffering it to rest long on the same appearance, occasions brisk and exhilarating emotions. Accordingly, the poet shews us, at one glance, and, as t were, with a single dash of his pen,

> Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray,

Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

The objects themselves are cheerful; for, besides having brooks, meadows, and flowers, we have the whistling plowman, the singing milk-maid, the mower whetting his scythe, and the shepherd piping beneath a shade. These images, so numerous, so various, and so cheerful, are animated by lively contrasts: We have the mountains opposed to the meadows, "Shallow brooks and rivers wide." Add to this, that the charms of the landscape are heightened by the bloom of a smiling season; and that the light poured upon the whole is the delightful radiance of a summer morning.

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames of amber light,
The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight.

Every image is lively; every thing different is withheld; all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion.

Let us now observe the conduct of his Il Penseroso. This poem is, in every respect, an exact counterpart to the former. And the intention of the poet being to promote a serious and solemn mood, he removes every thing lively: "Hence vain deluding joys." He quits society; he chuses silence, and opportunities for deep reflection; "Some still removed place will fit." The objects are few. In the quotation, beginning with "Russet lawns," there are eight leading images; in the following, of equal length, there is only one:

To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way ; .
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

The sounds that can be, in any respect, agreeable to him, must correspond with his present humour : Not the song of the milk-maid, but that of the nightingale ; not the whistling plowman, but the sound of the curfeu. His images succeed one another slowly, without any rapid or abrupt transitions, without any enlivening contrasts ; and he will have no other light for his landscape than that of the moon : Or, if he cannot enjoy the scene without doors, he will have no other light within than that of dying embers, or of a solitary lamp at midnight. The time, and the place he chuses for his retreat, are perfectly suited to his employment ; for he is engaged in deep meditation, and in considering

What worlds or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind.

Every image is solemn ; every thing different is withheld : here, as before, all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion. It is owing, in a great measure, to this attention in the writer, ,to preserve unity and consistency of sentiment, that, notwithstanding considerable imperfections in the language and versification, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso have so many admirers.

The skill of the poet and the painter, in forming their works so as to excite kindred and united emotions, deserves the greater attention, that persons of true taste are not so much affected, even in contemplating the beauties of nature with the mere perception of external object, as with the general influences of their union and correspondence. It is not that particular tree, or that cavern, or that cascade, which affords them all their enjoyment; they derive their chief pleasure from the united effect of the tree, the cavern, and the cascade. A person of sensibility will be less able, perhaps, than another, to give an exact account of the different parts of an exquisite landscape, of its length, width, and the number of objects it contains. Yet the general effect possesses him altogether, and produces in his mind very uncommon sensations. The impulse, however, is tender, and cannot be described. Indeed, it is the power of producing these sensations that gives the stamp of genuine excellence, in particular, the works of the poet. Verses may be polished, and glow with excellent imagery; but unless, like the poems of Parnel, or the lesser poems of Milton, they please by their enchanting influence on the heart, and by exciting feelings that are consistent, or of a similar tendency, they are never truly delightful. Horace, I think, expresses this sentiment, when he says, in the words of my motto,

> Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata; dulcia sunto:

and an attention to this circumstance is so important, that, along with some other exertions, it enables the poet and painter, at least, to rival the works of nature.

No. XXV. TUESDAY, APRIL 20.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

SOME time ago I troubled you with a letter, giving an account of a particular sort of grievance felt by the families of men of small fortunes, from their acquaintance with those of great ones. I am emboldened by the favorable reception of my first letter to write you a second upon the same subject.

You will remember, Sir, my account of a visit which my daughters paid to a great lady in our neighbourhood, and of the effects which that visit had upon them. I was beginning to hope that time, and the sobriety of manners which home exhibited, would restore them to their former situation, when unfortunately, a circumstance happened, still more fatal to me than their expedition to ———. This, Sir, was the honour of a visit from the great lady in return.

I was just returning from the superintendance of my plows in a field I have lately inclosed, when I was met, on the green before my door, by a gentleman (for such I took him to be) mounted upon a very handsome gelding, who asked me, by the appellation of honest friend, if this was not Mr. Homespun's; and, in the same breath, whether the ladies were at home? I told him, my name was Homespun, the house was mine, and my wife and daughters were, I believed, within. Upon this, the young man, pulling off his hat, and begging my pardon for calling me honest, said he was dispatched by Lady ———, with her compliments to Mrs. and Misses Homespun, and that, if convenient, she intended herself the honour of dining with them, on her return from B—— Park, (the seat of another great and rich lady in our neighbourhood.)

I confess, Mr. *Mirror*, I was struck somewhat of a heap with the message; and it would not, in all probability, have received an immediate answer, had it not been overheard by my eldest daughter, who had come to the window on the appearance of a stranger. "Mr. Papillot," said she immediately, "I rejoice to see you; I hope your lady, and all the "family, are well." "Very much at your service, ma'am," he replied, with a low bow; "my lady "sent me before, with the offer of her best compliments, and that, if convenient"—and so forth, repeating his words to me. "She does us infinite honour," said my young madam, "let her "ladyship know how happy her visit will make us; "but, in the mean time, Mr. Papillot, give your "horse to one of the servants, and come in and "have a glass of something after your ride." "I "am afraid," answered he, (pulling out his right hand watch, for, would you believe it, Sir, the fellow had one in each fob;) "I shall hardly have time "to meet my lady at the place she appointed me." On a second invitation, however, he dismounted, and went into the house, leaving his horse to the care of the servants; but the servants, as my daughter very well knew, were all in the field at work; so I, who have a liking for a good horse, and cannot bear to see him neglected, had the honour of putting Mr. Papillot's in the stable myself.

After about an hour's stay, for the gentleman seemed to forget his hurry within doors, Mr. Papillot departed. My daughters, I mean the two polite ones, observed how handsome he was; and added another observation, that it was only to particular friends my lady sent messages by him, who was her own body-servant, and not accustomed to such offices. My wife seemed highly pleased with this last remark; I was about to be angry; but on such occasions it is not my way to say much; I generally shrug up my shoulders in silence; yet, as I said before, Mr. *Mirror*, I would not have you think me hen-peck'd.

By this time, every domestic about my house, male and female, were called from their several employments to assist in the preparations for her ladyship's reception. It would tire you to enumerate the various shifts that were made, by purchasing, borrowing, &c. to furnish out a dinner suitable to the occasion. My grey little poney, which I keep for sending to market, broke his wind in the cause, and has never been good for any thing since.

Nor was there less ado in making ourselves and our attendants fit to appear before such company. The female part of the family managed the matter pretty easily, women, I observe, having a natural talent that way. My wife took upon herself the charge of appareling me for the occasion. A laced suit which I had worn at my marriage was got up for the purpose; but the breeches burst a seam at the very attempt of pulling them on, and the sleeves of the coat were also impracticable; so she was forced to content herself with clothing me in my Sunday's coat and breeches, with the laced waistcoat of the above-mentioned suit, slit in the back, to set them off a little. My gardener, who has been accustomed, indeed, to serve in many capacities, had his head cropped, curled, and powdered, for the part of butler; one of the best looking plow-boys had a yellow cape clapped to his Sunday's coat to make him pass for a servant in livery; and we borrowed my son-in-law the parson's man for a third hand.

All this was accomplished, though not without some tumult and disorder, before the arrival of the great lady. She gave us, indeed, more time for the purpose than we looked for, as it was near six o'clock before she arrived. But this was productive of a misfortune on the other hand; the dinner my poor wife had bustled, sweated, and scolded for, was so overboiled, over-stewed, and over-roasted, that it needed the appetite of so late an hour to make it go well down even with me, who am not very nice in these matters: luckily her ladyship, as I am told, never eats much, for fear of spoiling her shape, now that small waists have come into fashion again.

The dinner, however, though spoiled in the cooking, was not thrown away, as her ladyship's train made shift to eat the greatest part of it. When I say her train, I do not mean her servants only, of which there were half a dozen in livery, beside the illustrious Mr. Papillot, and her ladyship's maid, gentlewoman I should say, who had a table to themselves. Her parlour-attendants were equally numerous, consisting of two ladies and six gentlemen, who had accompanied her ladyship in this excursion, and did us the honour of coming to eat and drink with us, and bringing their servants to do the same, though we had never seen or heard of them before.

During the progress of this entertainment, there were several little embarrassments which might appear ridiculous in description, but were matters of serious distress to us. Soup was spilled, dishes overturned, and glasses broken, by the awkwardness of our attendants; and things were not a bit mended by my wife's solicitude (who, to do her justice, had all her eyes about her) to correct them.

From the time of her ladyship's arrival, it was impossible that dinner could be over before it was dark; this, with the consideration of the bad road she had to pass through in her way to the next house she meant to visit, produced an invitation from my wife and daughters to pass the night with us, which, after a few words of apology for the trouble she gave us, and a few more of the honour we received, was agreed to. This gave rise to a new scene of preparation, rather more difficult than that before dinner. My wife and I were dislodged from our own apartment, to make room for our noble guest. Our four daughters were crammed in by us, and slept on the floor, that their rooms might be left for the two ladies and four of the gentlemen who were entitled to the greatest degree of respect; for the remaining two, we found beds at my son-in-law's. My two eldest daughters had, indeed, little time to sleep, being closetted the greatest part of the night with their right honourable visitor. My offices were turned topsy turvy for the accommodation of the servants of my guests, and my own horses turned into the fields, that their's might occupy my stable.

All these are hardships of their kind, Mr. *Mirror*, which the honour that accompanies them seems to me not fully to compensate; but these are slight grievances, in comparison with what I have to complain of as the effects of this visit. The malady of my two eldest daughters is not only returned with increased violence upon them, but has now communicated itself to every other branch of my family. My wife, formerly a decent discreet woman, who liked her own way, indeed, but was a notable manager, now talks of this and that piece of expence as necessary to the rank of a gentlewoman, and has lately dropped some broad hints that a winter in town is necessary to the accomplishment of one. My two younger daughters have got the *heads* that formerly belonged to their elder sisters, to each of whom, unfortunately, the great lady presented a set of feathers, for which new heads were essentially requisite.

The inside of all of them has undergone a very striking metamorphosis from this one night's instruction of their visitor. There is, it seems, a fashion in morality, as well as in dress; and the present mode is not quite so strait-laced as the stays are. My two fine ladies talked, a few mornings ago, of such a gentleman's connection with Miss C——, and such another's arrangement with Lady G——, with all the ease in the world; yet these words, I find, being interpreted, mean nothing less than fornication and adultery. I sometimes remonstrate warmly, especially when I have my son-in-law to back me, against these new-fangled freedoms; but another doctrine they have learned is, that a father and a parson may preach as they please, but are to be followed only according to the inclination of their audience. Indeed I could not help observing, that my Lady ——— never mentioned her absent lord, (who, I understand, is seldom of her parties,) except sometimes to let us know how much she differed in opinion from him.

This contempt of authority, and affectation of fashion, has gone a step lower in my household. My gardener has tied his hair behind, and stolen my flour to powder it ever since he saw Mr. Papillot; and yesterday he gave me warning that he should leave me next term, if I did not take him into the house, and provide another hand for the work in the garden. I found a great hoyden, who washes my daughters' linens, sitting, the other afternoon, dressed in one of their cast fly-caps, entertaining this same oaf of a gardener, and the wives of two of my farm-servants, with tea, forsooth; and when I quarrelled her for it, she replied, that Mrs. Dimity, my Lady ———'s gentlewoman, told her all the maids at ——— had tea, and saw company, of an afternoon.

But I am resolved on a reformation, Mr. *Mirror*, and shall let my wife and daughters know, that I will be master of my own house and my own expences, and will neither be made a fool nor a beggar, though it were after the manner of the greatest lord in Christendom. Yet I confess I am always for trying gentle methods first. I beg, therefore, that you will insert this in your next paper, and add to it some exhortations of your own to prevail on them, if possible, to give over a behaviour, which, I think, under favour, is rather improper even in great folks, but is certainly ruinous to little ones.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

Mr. Homespun's relation, too valuable to be shortened, leaves me not room at present for any observations. But I have seen the change of manners among some of my countrywomen, for several years past, with the most sensible regret; and I intend soon to devote a paper to a serious remonstrance with them on the subject.

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No. XXVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 24.

NOTHING can give a truer picture of the manners of any particular age, or point out more strongly those circumstances which distinguish it from others, than the change that takes place in the rules established as to the external conduct of men in society, or in what may be called the system of politeness.

It were absurd to say, that, from a man's external conduct, we are always to judge of the feelings of his mind; but, certainly, when there are rules laid down for men's external behaviour to one another, we may conclude, that there are some general feelings prevalent among the people which dictate those rules, and make a deviation from them be considered as improper. When at any time, therefore, an alteration in those general rules takes place, it is reasonable to suppose that the change has been produced by some alteration in the feelings, and in the ideas of propriety and impropriety of the people.

Whoever considers the rules of external behaviour established about a century ago, must be convinced, that much less attention was then paid by men of high rank to the feelings of those beneath them, than in the present age. In that æra a man used to measure out his complaisance to others according to the degree of rank in which they stood, compared with his own. A peer had a certain manner of address and salutation to a peer of equal rank, a different one to a peer of an inferior order, and, to a commoner, the mode of address was diversified according to the antiquity of his family, or the extent of his possessions; so that a stranger who happened to be present at the levee of a great man, could, with tolerable certainty, by examining his features, or attending to the lowness of his bow, judge of the different degrees of dignity among his visitors.

Were it the purpose of the present paper, this might be traced back to a very remote period. By the Earl of Northumberland's household book, begun in the year 1512, it appears, that my lord's board-end, that is to say, the end of the table where he and his principal guests were seated, was served with a different and more delicate sort of viands, than those allotted to the lower end. "It is thought good," says that curious record, "that no pluvers be bought "at no time but only in Christmas, and principal "feasts, and my lord to be served therewith, and his "board-end, and no other."*

In this country, and in a period nearer our own times, we have heard of a Highland chieftain, who died not half a century ago, remarkable for his hospitality, and for having his table constantly crowded with a number of guests; possessing a high idea of the dignity of his family, and warmly attached to ancient manners, he was in use very nicely to discriminate, by his behaviour to them, the ranks of the different persons he entertained. The head of the table was occupied by himself, and the rest of the company sat nearer or more remote from him according to their respective ranks. All, indeed, were allowed to partake of the same food; but, when the liquor was produced, which was at that time, and perhaps still is in some parts of Scotland, accounted the principal part of a feast, a different sort of beverage was assigned to the guests, according to their different dignities. The landlord himself, and his family, or near relations, drank wine of the best kind; to persons next in degree, was allotted wine of an inferior sort; and to guests of a still lower rank, were allowed only those liquors which were the natural produce of the country. This distinction was agreeable to the rules of politeness at that time established: the entertainer did not feel any thing disagreeable in making it; nor did any of the entertained think themselves intitled to take this treatment amiss.

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* The line of distinction was marked by a large Salt-Seller placed in the middle of the table, above which, at "my lord's "board-end," sat the distinguished guests, and below it those of an inferior class.

It must be admitted, that a behaviour of this sort would not be consonant to the rules of politeness established in the present age. A man of good breeding now considers the same degree of attention to be due to every man in the rank of a gentleman, be his fortune or the antiquity of his family what it may; nay, a man of real politeness will feel it rather more incumbent on him to be attentive and complaisant to his inferiors in these respects, than to his equals. The idea which in modern times is entertained of politeness, points out such a conduct. It is founded on this, that a man of a cultivated mind is taught to feel a greater degree of pleasure in attending to the ease and happiness of people with whom he mixes in society, than in studying his own. On this account, he gives up what would be agreeable to his own taste, because he finds more satisfaction in humouring the taste of others. Thus, a gentleman, now-a-days, takes the lowest place at his own table; and, if there be any delicacy there, it is set apart for his guests. The entertainer finds a much more sensible pleasure in bestowing it on them, than in taking it to himself.

From the same cause, if a gentleman be in company with another not so opulent as himself, or however worthy, not possessed of the same degree of those adventitious honours which are held in esteem by the world, politeness will teach the former to pay peculiar attention and observation to the latter. Men, even of the highest minds, when they are first introduced into company with their superiors in rank or fortune, are apt to feel a certain degree of awkwardness and uneasiness which it requires some time and habit to wear off. A man of fortune or of rank, if possessed of a sensible mind, and real politeness, will feel, and be at particular pains to remove this. Hence he will be led to be rather more attentive to those, who, in the eyes of the multitude, are reckoned his inferiors, than to others who are more upon a footing with him.

It is not proposed, in this paper to enquire what are the causes of the difference of men's ideas, as to the rules of politeness in this and the former age. It is sufficient to observe, and the reflection is a very pleasant one, that the modern rules of good breeding must give us a higher idea of the humanity and refinement of this age than of the former; and, though the mode of behaviour above mentioned may not be universally observed in practice, yet it is hoped it will not be disputed that it is consonant to the rules which are now pretty generally established.

It ought, however, to be observed, that, when we speak, even at this day, of good-breeding, of politeness, of complaisance, these expressions are always confined to our behaviour towards those who are considered to be in the rank of gentlemen; but no system of politeness or of complaisance is established, at least in this country, for our behaviour to those of a lower station. The rules of good breeding do not extend to them; and he may be esteemed the best bred man in the world who is a very brute to his servants and dependents.

This I cannot help considering as a matter of regret; and it were to be wished that the same humanity and refinement which recommends an equal attention to all in the rank of gentlemen, would extend some degree of that attention to those who are in stations below them.

It will require but little observation to be satisfied that all men, in whatever situation, are endowed with the same feelings, (though education or example may give them a different modification) and that one in the lowest rank of life may be sensible of a piece of insolence, or an affront, as well as one in the highest. Nay, it ought to be considered, that the greater the disproportion of rank, the affront will be the more sensibly felt; the greater the distance from which it comes, and the more unable the person affronted to revenge it, by so much the heavier will it fall.

It is not meant that, in our transactions with men of a very low station, and who, from their circumstances and the wants of society, must be employed in servile labour, we are to behave, in all respects, as to those who are in the rank of gentlemen. The thing is impossible, and such men do not expect it. But, in all our intercourse with them, we ought to consider that they are men possessed of like feelings with ourselves, which nature has given them, and no situation can or ught to eradicate. When we employ them in the labour of life, it ought to be our study to demand that labour in the manner easiest to them; and we should never forget, that gentleness is part of the wages we owe them for their service.

Yet how many men, in other respects of the best and most respectable characters, are, from inadvertency, or the force of habit, deaf to those considerations; and, indeed, the thing has been so little attended to, that in this, which has been called a polite age, complaisance to servants and dependents is not, as I have already observed, at least in this country, considered as making any part of politeness.

But there is another set of persons still more exposed to be treated roughly than even domestic servants, and these are the waiters at inns and taverns. Between a master and servant a certain connection subsists, which prevents the former from using the latter very ill. The servant, if he is good for any thing, naturally forms an attachment to his master and to his interest, which produces a mutual intercourse of kindness between them. But no connection of this sort can be formed with the temporary attendants above mentioned. Hence the monstrous abuse which such persons frequently suffer; every traveller, and every man who enters a tavern, thinks he is intitled to vent his own ill humour upon them, and vollies of curses are too often the only language they meet with.

Having mentioned the waiters in inns and taverns, I cannot avoid taking particular notice of the treatment to which those of the female sex, who are employed in places of that sort, are often exposed. Their situation is, indeed, peculiarly unfortunate. If a girl in an inn happens to be handsome, and a parcel of young thoughtless fellows cast their eyes upon her, she is immediately made the subject of taunt and merriment; coarse and indecent jokes are often uttered in her hearing, and conversation shocking to modest ears is frequently addressed to her. The poor girl, all the while, is at a loss how to behave; if she venture on a spirited answer, the probable consequence will be to raise the mirth of the facetious company, and to expose her to a repetition of insults. If, guided by the feelings of modesty, she avoid the presence of the impertinent guests, she is complained of for neglecting her duty; she loses the little perquisite which, otherwise, she would be intitled to; perhaps disobliges her mistress, and loses her place. Whoever attends but for a moment to the case of a poor girl so situated, if he be not lost to all sense of virtue, must feel his heart relent at the cruelty of taking advantage of such a situation. But the misfortune is, that we seldom attend to such cases at all ; we sometimes think of the fatigues and sufferings incident to the bodies of our inferiors ; but we scarcely ever allow any sense of pain to their minds.

Among the French, whom we mimic in much false politeness, without learning from them, as we might do, much of the true, the observances of good-breeding are not confined merely to gentlemen, but extend to persons of the lowest ranks. Thus, a Frenchman hardly ever addresses his servant, without calling him Monsieur, and the meanest woman in a country village is addressed by the appellation of Madame. The accosting, in this manner, people of so very low a rank, in the same terms with those so much their superiors, may perhaps appear extravagant ; but the practice shews how much that refined and elegant people are attentive to the feelings of the meanest, when they have extended the rules and ceremonial of politeness even to them.

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No. XXVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 27.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clamorous sorrow.

LEE's THEODOSIUS.

A VERY amiable and much respected friend of mine, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wentworth, had lately the misfortune of losing a wife, who was not only peculiarly beautiful, but whose soul was the mansion of every virtue, and of every elegant accomplishment. She was suddenly cut off in the flower of her age, after having lived twelve years with the best and most affectionate of husbands. A perfect similarity of temper and disposition, a kindred delicacy of taste and sentiment, had linked their hearts together in early youth, and each succeeding year seemed but to add new strength to their affection. Though possessed of an affluent fortune, they preferred the tranquillity of the country to all the gay pleasures of the capital. In the cultivation of their estate, in cherishing the virtuous industry of its inhabitants, in ornamenting a beautiful seat, in the society of one another, in the innocent prattle of their little children, and in the company of a few friends, Mr. Wentworth and his Amelia found every wish gratified, and their happiness complete.

My readers will judge, then, what must have been Mr. Wentworth's feelings when Amelia was thus suddenly torn from him, in the very prime of her life, and in the midst of her felicity. I dreaded the effects of it upon a mind of his nice and delicate sensibility; and, receiving a letter from his brother, requesting me to come to them, I hastened thither, to endeavour, by my presence, to assuage his grief, and prevent those fatal consequences, of which I was so apprehensive.

As I approached the house, the sight of all the well-known scenes brought fresh into my mind the remembrance of Amelia; and I felt myself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter. When my carriage stopped at the gate, I trembled, and would have given the world to go back. A heart-felt sorrow sat on the countenance of every servant; and I walked into the house, without a word being uttered. In the hall I was met by the old butler, who has grown gray-headed in the family, and he hastened to conduct me up stairs. As I walked up, I commanded firmness enough to say, " Well, William, how is Mr. Wentworth ?" The old man, turning about with a look that pierced my heart, said, "Oh, Sir, our excellent lady!"——Here his grief overwhelmed him; and it was with difficulty he was able to open to me the door of the apartment.

Mr. Wentworth ran and embraced me with the warmest affection, and, after a few moments, assumed a firmness, and even an ease, that surprised me. His brother, with a sister of Amelia's, and some other friends that were in the room, appeared more overpowered than my friend himself, who, by the fortitude of his behaviour, seemed rather to moderate the grief of those around him, than to demand their compassion for himself. By his gentle and kind attentions, he seemed anxious to relieve their sorrow, and, by a sort of concerted tranquillity, strove to prevent their discovering any symptoms of the bitter anguish which preyed upon his mind. His countenance was pale, and his eyes betrayed that his heart was ill at ease; but it was that silent and majestic sorrow which commands our reverence and our admiration.

Next morning after breakfast I chanced to take up a volume of Metastatio, that lay amongst other books upon a table; and, as I was turning over the leaves, a slip of paper, with something written on it, dropped upon the floor. Mr. Wentworth picked it up; and, as he looked at it, I saw the tears start into his eyes, and, fetching a deep sigh, he uttered, in a low and broken voice, "My poor Amelia!"—It was a translation of a favourite passage which she had been attempting, but had left unfinished. As if uneasy lest I had perceived his emotion, he carelessly threw his arm over my shoulder, and reading aloud a few lines of the page which I held open in my hand, he went into some remarks on the poetry of that elegant author. Some time after, I observed him take up the book, and carefully replacing the slip of paper where it had been, put the volume in his pocket.

Mr. Wentworth proposed that we should walk out, and that he himself would accompany us. As we stepped through the hall, one of my friend's youngest boys came running up, and catching his papa by the hand, cried out with joy, that, "Mamma's Rover "was returned." This was a spaniel, who had been the favourite of Amelia, and had followed her in all her walks; but, after her death, had been sent to the house of a villager, to be out of the immediate sight of the family. Having somehow made its escape from thence, the dog had that morning found his way home; and, as soon as he saw Mr. Wentworth, leaped upon him with an excess of fondness. I saw my friend's lips and cheeks quiver. He catched his little Frank in his arms; and, for a few moments, hid his face in his neck.

As we traversed his delightful grounds, many different scenes naturally recalled the remembrance of Amelia. My friend, indeed, in order to avoid some of her favourite walks, had conducted us to an unusual road; but what corner could be found, that did not bear the trace of her hand? Her elegant taste had marked the peculiar beauty of each different scene, and had brought it forth to view with such a happy delicacy of art, as to make it seem the work of nature alone. As we crossed certain paths in the woods, and passed by some rustic buildings, I could sometimes discern an emotion in my friend's countenance; but he instantly stifled it with a firmness and dignity that made me careful not to seem to observe it.

Towards night, Mr. Wentworth having stolen out of the room, his brother and I stepped out to a terrace behind the house. It was the dusk of the evening, the air was mild and serene, and the moon was rising in all her brightness from the cloud of the east. The fineness of the night made us extend our walk, and we strayed into a hollow valley, whose sides are covered with trees overhanging a brook that pours itself along over broken rocks. We approached a rustic grotto placed in a sequestered corner under a half-impending rock. My companion stopped, " This," said he, " was one of Amelia's walks, and " that grotto was her favourite evening retreat. The " last night she ever walked out, and the very " evening she caught that fatal fever, I was with my " brother and her, while we sat and read to each " other in that very place." While he spoke, we perceived a man steal out of the grotto, and avoiding us, take his way by a path through a thicket of trees on the other side. " It is my brother," said young Wentworth ; " he has been here in his Amelia's favourite grove, indulging that grief he so " carefully conceals from us."

We returned to the house, and found Mr. Wentworth with the rest of the company. He forced on some conversation, and even affected a degree of gentle pleasantry during the whole evening.

Such, in short, is the noble deportment of my friend, that, in place of finding it necessary to temper and moderate his grief, I must avoid seeming to perceive it, and dare scarcely appear even to think of the heavy calamity which has befallen him. I too well know what he feels ; but the more I know this, the more does the dignity of his recollection and fortitude excite my admiration, and command my silent attention and respect.

How very different is this dignified and reserved sorrow from that weak and teasing grief which disgusts, by its sighs and tears, and clamorous lamentions ? How much does such noble fortitude of deportment call forth our regard and reverence ? How much is a character, in other respects estimable, degraded by a contrary demeanour ? How much does the excessive, the importunate, and unmanly grief of Cicero, diminish the very high respect which we should otherwise entertain for the exalted character of that illustrious Roman ?

Writers on practical morality have described and analized the passion of grief, and have pretended to prescribe remedies for restoring the mind to tranquillity; but, I believe, little benefit has been derived from any thing they have advised. To tell a person in grief, that time will relieve him, is truly applying no remedy; and, to bid him reflect how many others there may be who are more wretched, is a very inefficacious one. The truth is, that the excess of this, as well as of other passions, must be prevented rather than cured. It must be obviated, by our attaining that evenness and equality of temper, which can arise only from an improved understanding, and an habitual intercourse with refined society. These will not, indeed, exempt us from the pangs of sorrow, but will enable us to bear them with a noble grace and propriety, and will render the presence of our friends (which is the only remedy) a very effectual cure.

This is well explained by a philosopher, who is no less eloquent than he is profound. He justly observes, that we naturally on all occasions, endeavour to bring down our own passions to that pitch which those about us can correspond with. We view ourselves in the light in which we think they view us, and seek to suit our behaviour to what we think their feelings can go along with. With an intimate friend, acquainted with every circumstance of our situation, we can, in some measure, give way to our grief, but are more calm than when by ourselves. Before a common acquaintance, we assume a greater sedateness. Before a mixed assembly, we affect a still more considerable degree of composure. Thus, by the company of our friends at first, and afterwards, by mingling with society, we come to suit our deportment to what we think they will approve of; we gradually abate the violence of our passion, and restore our mind to its wonted tranquillity.

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No. XXVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 1.

Currit ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens. HOR.

" AND did you not blush for our countrymen?" said Mr. Umphraville to Colonel Plumb, as the latter was describing the sack of an Indian city, and the plunder of its miserable inhabitants, with the death of a Raja who had gallantly defended it.

" Not at all, Sir," answered the Colonel coolly; ' our countrymen did no more than their duty; and, " were we to decline performing it on such occa- " sions, we should be of little service to our country " in India."

Mr. Umphraville made no answer to this defence; but a silent indignation, which sat upon his countenance, implied a stronger disapprobation of it than the most laboured reply he could have offered.

For the same reason which induced him to avoid any farther discussion of the subject, my friend endeavoured to give the conversation a different turn. He led the Colonel into a description of the country of India; and, as that gentleman described in very lively colours the beauty of its appearance, the number of its people, and the variety and richness of its productions, Mr. Umphraville listened to this part of his discourse with an uncommon degree of pleasure and attention.

But, after the Colonel's departure, (for this conversation happened during one of my excursions to Mr. Umphraville's, where Colonel Plumb had been on a visit,) the former part of the conversation recurred immediately to my friend's memory, and produced the following reflections.

" I know not," said he, " a more mortifying proof " of human weakness, than that power which situa-

" tion and habit acquire over principle and feeling, " even in men of the best natural dispositions.

" The gentleman who has just left us, has derived " from nature a more than ordinary degree of good " sense. Nor does she seem to have been less libe- " ral to him in the affections of the heart than in the " powers of the understanding.

" Since his return to this country, Colonel Plumb " has acted the part of an affectionate and generous " relation, of an attentive and useful friend ; he has " been an indulgent landlord, a patron of the indus- " trious, and a support to the indigent. In a word, " he has proved a worthy and useful member of so- " ciety, on whom fortune seems not to have mis- " placed her favours.

" Yet, with all the excellent dispositions of which " these are proofs,—placed as a soldier of fortune in " India ; inflamed with the ambition of amassing " wealth ; corrupted by the contagious example of " others governed by the same passion, and engaged " in the same pursuit ; Colonel Plumb appears to " have been little under the influence either of jus- " tice or humanity ; he seems to have viewed the " unhappy people of that country merely as the in- " struments, which, in one way or other, were to " furnish himself and his countrymen with that wealth " they had gone so far in quest of.

" If these circumstances could operate so strongly " on such a man as Colonel Plumb, we have little " reason to wonder that they should have carried " others of our countrymen to still more lamentable " excesses ; that they should have filled that unhap- " py country with scenes of misery and oppression, " of which the recital fills us with equal shame and " indignation. Yet such examples as that of the " Colonel should perhaps dispose us, in place of vio- " lently declaiming against the conduct of individuals, " to investigate the causes by which it is produced.

" The conquests of a commercial people, have
" always, I believe, proved uncommonly destruc-
" tive ; and this might naturally have been expected
" of those made by our countrymen in India, under
" the direction of a mercantile society, conducted by
" its members in a distant country, in a climate fatal
" to European constitutions, which they visit only for
" the purpose of suddenly amassing riches, and from
" which they are anxious to return as soon as that
" purpose is accomplished.

" How far such a company, whose original connec-
" tion with India was merely the prosecution of their
" private commerce, should have ever been allowed
" to assume, and should still continue to possess, the
" unnatural character of sovereigns and conquerors,
" and to conduct the government of a great empire,
" is a point which may, perhaps, merit the attention
" of the legislature as much as many of the more
" minute inquiries in which they have of late been
" engaged.

" I have often thought how much our superior
" knowledge in the art of government might enable
" us to change the condition of that unfortunate coun-
" try for the better. I have pleased myself with
" fondly picturing out the progress of such a plan ;
" with fancying I saw the followers of Mahomet lay
" aside their ferocity and ambition ; the peaceful di-
" sciples of Brahma, happy in the security of a good
" government, and in the enjoyment of those inno-
" cent and simple manners which mark the influence
" of a fruitful climate, and a beneficent religion.—
" But, alas !" continued Mr. Umphraville, with a
sigh, " such reformations are more easily effected
" by me in my elbow-chair, than by those who con-
" duct the great and complicated machine of govern-
" ment.

" I wish," added he, " it may be only the contract-
" ed view of things natural to a retired old man,

" which leads me to fear that, in this country, the " period of such reformations is nearly past; when " I observe, that almost all men regulate their con- " duct, and form the minds of the rising generation " by this maxim,

Quærenda pecunia prima est,
Virtus post Nummos;

" I cannot but apprehend, from the prevalence of so " mean and so corrupt a principle, the same na- " tional corruption which the Roman poet ascribes " to it.

" In the lower ranks, the desire of gain, as it is the " source of industry, may be held equally conducive to " private happiness and public prosperity; but those " who, by birth or education, are destined for nobler " pursuits, should be actuated by more generous pas- " sions. If from luxury, and the love of vain expence, " they also shall give way to this desire of wealth; " if it shall extinguish the sentiments of public vir- " tue, and the passion for true glory, natural to that " order of the state; the spring of private and of " national honour must have lost its force, and there " will remain nothing to withstand the general cor- " ruption of manners, and the public disorder and " debility which are its inseparable attendants. If " our country has not already reached this point of " degeneracy, she seems, at least, as far as a spec- " tator of her manners can judge, to be too fast ap- " proaching it."

Somewhat in this manner did Mr. Umphraville express himself. Living retired in the country, conversing with few and ignorant of the opinions of the many; attached to ideas of family, and not very fond of the mercantile interest; disposed to give praise to former times, and not to think highly of the present; in his apprehension of facts he is often mistaken, and the conclusions he draws from those facts are often erroneous. In the present instance, the view which I have presented of his opinions, may throw further light upon his character; it gives a striking picture both of the candour of his mind, and of the generosity of his sentiments. His opinions, though erroneous, may be useful; they may remind those, who, endued, like Colonel Plumb, with good dispositions, are in danger of being seduced by circumstances and situation, that our own interest or ambition is never to be pursued but in consistency with the sacred obligations of justice, humanity, and benevolence; and they may afford a very pleasing source of reflection to others, who, in trying situations, have maintained their virtue and their character untainted.

O

No. XXIX. TUESDAY, MAY 4.

Conciliat animos comitas affabilitasque sermonis. Cic.

POLITENESS, or the external shew of humanity, has been strongly recommended by some, and has been treated with excessive ridicule by others. It has sometimes been represented, very improperly, as constituting the sum of merit: and thus affectation and grimace have been substituted in place of virtue. There are, on the other hand, persons who cover their own rudeness, and justify gross rusticity, by calling their conduct honest bluntness, and by defaming complacent manners, as fawning or hypocritical. Shakespeare, in his King Lear, sketches this character with his usual ability.

This is some fellow
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth,
And they will take it so; if not, he's plain.

To extol polished external manners as constituting the whole duty of man, or declaim against them as utterly inconsistent with truth, and the respect we owe to ourselves, are extremes equally to be avoided. Let no one believe that the show of humanity is equal to the reality: nor let any one, from the desire of pleasing, depart from the line of truth, or stoop to mean condescension. But to presume favourably of all men; to consider them as worthy of our regard till we have evidence of the contrary; to be inclined to render them services; and to entertain confidence in their inclinations to follow a similar conduct; constitute a temper, which every man, for his own peace, and for the peace of society, ought to improve and exhibit. Now, this is the temper essential to polished manners; and the external show of civilities is a banner held forth, announcing to all men, that we hold them in due respect. and are disposed to oblige them. Besides, it will often occur, that we may have the strongest conviction of worth in another person; that we may be disposed, from gratitude or esteem, to render him suitable services; and yet may have no opportunity of testifying, by those actions, which are their genuine expressions, either that conviction, or that disposition. Hence external courtesies and civilities are substituted, with great propriety, as signs and representatives of those actions which we are desirous, and have not the power of performing. They are to be held as pledges of our esteem and affection.

" But the man of courtly manners often puts on a
" placid and smiling semblance, while his heart ran-

" kles with malignant passion."—When this is done with an intention to deceive or ensnare mankind, the conduct is perfidious, and ought to be branded with infamy. In that case, the law of courtesy is " more " honoured in the breach than in the observance." But there may be another situation, when the show of courtesy assumed, while the heart is ill at ease moved by disagreeable unkindly feelings, would be unjustly censured.—From a feeble constitution of body, bad health, or some untoward accident or disappointment, you lose your wonted serenity. Influenced by your present humour, even to those who have no concern in the accident that hath befallen you, and who would really be inclined to relieve you from your uneasiness, you become reserved and splenetic. You know the impropriety of such a demeanour, and endeavour to beget in your bosom a very different disposition. Your passions, however, are stubborn; images of wrong and of disappointment have taken strong hold of your fancy; and your present disagreeable and painful state of mind cannot easily be removed. Meanwhile, however, you disguise the appearance; you are careful to let no fretful expression be uttered, nor any malignant thought lour in your aspect; you perform external acts of civility, and assume the tones and the language of the most perfect composure. You thus war with your own spirit; and, by force of commanding the external symptoms, you will gain a complete victory. You will actually establish in your mind that good humour and humanity, which, a little before, were only yours in appearance. Now, in this discipline, there is nothing criminal.—In this discipline, there is a great deal of merit. It will not only correct and alter our present humours, but may influence our habits and dispositions.

A contrary practice may be attended, if not with dangerous, at least with disagreeable consequences.

..........Sir Gregory Blunt was the eldest son of a respectable family. His fortune and his ancestry intitled him, as he and his friends apprehended, to appear in any shape that he pleased. He owed, and would owe, no man a shilling ; but other men might be indebted to him. He received from nature, and still possesses, good abilities, and humane dispositions. He is a man, too, of inflexible honour. Yet Sir Gregory has an unbending cast of mind, that cannot easily be fashioned into soft compliance and condescension. He never, even at an early period, had any pretensions to winning ways, or agreeable assiduities. Nor had he any talent for acquiring personal graces and accomplishments. In every thing that confers the easy and engaging air of a gentleman, he was excelled by his companions. Sir Gregory had sense enough to perceive his own incapacity ; vanity enough to be hurt with the preferences shewn to young men less able or honest, but more complaisant than himself ; and pride enough to cast away all pretensions to that smoothness of demeanour in which he could never excel. Thus, he assumed a bluntness and roughness of manners, better suited to the natural cast of his temper. He would be plain ; he hated all your smiling and fawning attentions ; he would speak what he thought ; he would praise no man, even though he thought him deserving, because he scorned to appear a flatterer ; and he would promise no man good offices, not even though he meant to perform them, because he abhorred ostentation. Accordingly, in his address, he is often abrupt, with an approach to rudeness, which, if it does not offend, disconcerts : and he will not return a civility, because he is not in the humour. He thus indulges a propensity which he ought to have corrected ; and, slave to a surly vanity, he thinks he acts upon principle.

Now, this habit not only renders him disagreeable to persons of polished manners, but may be attended with consequences of a more serious nature. Sir Gregory does not perceive, that, while he thinks he is plain, he only affects to be plain; that he often stifles a kindly feeling, for fear of seeming complaisant; that "he constrains the garb quite from his nature;" and, that he disguises his appearance as much at least by excessive bluntness, as he would by shewing some complaisance. Thus, he is hardly intitled, notwithstanding his pretensions, to the praise even of honest plainness. Besides, his character, in other respects, is so eminent, and his rank so distinguished, that, of course, he has many admirers: and thus all the young men of his neighbourhood are becoming as boisterous and as rough as himself. Even some of his female acquaintance are likely to suffer by the contagion of his example. Their desire of pleasing has taken an improper direction; they seem less studious of those delicate proprieties and observances so essential to female excellence; they also will not appear otherwise than what they are; and thus they will not only appear, but become a great deal worse. For, as the shew of humanity and good humour may, in some instances, promote a gentle temper, and render us good humoured; so the affectation and shew of honest plainness may lead us to be plain without honesty, and sincere without good intention. Those who affect timidity may, in time, become cowards; and those who affect roughness may, in time, grow inhuman.

To the Author of the Mirror.

Sir,

I HAVE long had a *tendre* for a young lady, who is very beautiful, but a little capricious. I think myself unfortunate enough not to be in her good graces; but some of my friends tell me I am a simpleton, and don't understand her. Pray be so kind as to inform me, Mr. *Mirror*, what sort of rudeness amounts to encouragement. When a lady calls a man impertinent, does she wish him to be somewhat more assuming? When she never looks his way, may he reckon himself a favourite? Or, if she tells every body, that Mr. Such-a-one is her aversion, is Mr. Such-a-one to take it for granted that she is downright fond of him?

Yours, respectfully,
MODESTUS.

V

No. XXX. SATURDAY, MAY 8.

IT has sometimes been a matter of speculation, whether or not there be a sex in the soul; that there is one in manners, I never heard disputed; the same applause which we involuntary bestow upon honour, courage, and spirit, in men, we as naturally confer upon chastity, modesty, and gentleness, in women.

It was formerly one of those national boasts which are always allowable, and sometimes useful, that the ladies of Scotland possessed a purity of conduct, and delicacy of manners, beyond those of most other countries. Free from the bad effects of overgrown fortunes, and of the dissipated society of an overgrown capital, their beauty was natural, and their minds were uncorrupted.

Though I am inclined to believe that this is still the case, in general; yet, from my own observation, and the complaints of several correspondents, I am sorry to be obliged to conclude, that there begins to appear among us a very different style of manners. Perhaps our frequent communication with the metropolis of our sister kingdom is one great cause of this.

Formerly a London journey was attended with some difficulty and danger, and posting thither was an atchievement as masculine as a fox-chace. Now the goodness of the roads, and the convenience of the vehicles, render it a matter of only a few days moderate exercise for a lady ; " Facilis descensus Averni :" our wives and daughters are carried thither to see the world ; and we are not to wonder if some of them bring back only that knowledge of it which the most ignorant can acquire, and the most forgetful retain. That knowledge is communicated, to a certain circle, on their return : the imitation is as rapid as it is easy ; they emulate the English, who before have copied the French ; the dress, the phrase, and the *morale* of Paris, is transplanted first to London, and thence to Edinburgh ; and even the sequestered regions of the country are sometimes visited in this northern progress of politeness.

And here I cannot help observing, that the imitation is often so clumsy, as to leave out all the agreeable, and retain all the offensive. In the translation of the manners, as in the translation of the language of our neighbours, we are apt to lose the finesses, the " petits agrements," which (I talk like a man of the world) give zest and value to the whole.

It will be said, perhaps, that there is often a levity of behaviour without any criminality of conduct ; that the lady who talks always loud, and sometimes free, goes much abroad, or keeps a croud of company at home, rattles in a public place with a circle of young fellows, or flirts in a corner with a single one ; does all this without the smallest bad intention, merely as she puts on a cap, and sticks it with feathers, because she has seen it done by others whose rank and fashion intitle them to her imitation. Now, granting that most of those ladies have all the purity of heart that is contended for, are there no disagreeable consequences, I would ask, from the appearance of evil, exclusive of its reality? Decorum is at least the ensign, if not the outguard of virtue: the want of it, if it does not weaken the garrison, will, at least, embolden the assailants; and a woman's virtue is of so delicate a nature, that, to be impregnable is not enough, without the reputation of being so.

But, though female virtue, in the singular, means chastity, there are many other endowments, without which a woman's character is reproachable, though it is not infamous. The mild demeanour, the modest deportment, are valued not only as they denote internal purity and innocence, but as forming in themselves the most amiable and engaging part of the female character. There was, of old, a stiff constrained manner, which the moderns finding unpleasant, agreed to explode, and, in the common rage of reformation, substituted the very opposite extreme in its stead; to banish preciseness, they called in levity, and ceremony gave way to something like rudeness. But fashion may alter the form, not the essence of things; and, though we may lend our laugh, or even our applause, to the woman whose figure and conversation comes flying out upon us in this fashionable forwardness of manner; yet, I believe, there is scarce a votary of the mode who would wish his sister, his wife, or even his mistress, (I use the word in its modest sense,) to possess it.

I have hitherto pointed my observations chiefly at the appearance of our ladies to the world, which, besides its being more immediately the object of public censorship, a variety of strictures lately sent me by my correspondents naturally led me to consider. I am afraid, however, the same innovation begins to appear in our domestic, as in our public life, that the case of my friend Mr. Homespun, is far from being singular. Some of those whose rank and station are such as to enforce example, and regulate opinion, think it an honourable distinction to be able to lead, from the sober track which the maxims of their mothers and grandmothers had marked out for them, such young ladies as chance, relationship, or neighbourhood, has placed within the reach of their influence. The state of diffidence and dependence, in which a young woman used to find herself happy under the protection of her parents or guardians, they teach their pupils to consider as incompatible with sense or spirit. With them obedience and subordination are terms of contempt; even the natural restraints of time are disregarded; childhood is immaturely forced into youth, and youth assumes the confidence and self-government of age; domestic duties are held to be slavish, and domestic enjoyments insipid.

There is an appearance of brilliancy in the pleasures of high life and fashion, which naturally dazzles and seduces the young and inexperienced. But, let them not believe that the scale of fortune is the standard of happiness, or the whirl of pleasure which their patronesses describe productive of the satisfaction which they affect to enjoy in it. Could they trace its course through a month, a week, or a day, of that life which they enjoy, they will find it commonly expire in langour, or end in disappointment. They would see the daughters of fashion in a state the most painful of any, obliged to cover hatred with the smile of friendship, and anguish with the appearance of gaiety; they would see the mistress of the feast, or the directress of the rout, at the table, or in the drawing-room, in the very scene of her pride, torn with those jarring passions which——but I will not talk like a moralist——which make duchesses mean, and the finest women in the world ugly. I do them no injustice; for I state this at the time of possession; its value in reflection I forbear to estimate.

If I dared to contrast this with a picture of domestic pleasure; were I to exhibit a family virtuous and happy, where affection takes place of duty, and obedience is enjoyed, not exacted; where the happiness of every individual is reflected upon the society, and a certain tender solicitude about each other, gives a more delicate sense of pleasure than any enjoyment merely selfish can produce; could I paint them in their little circles of business or of amusement, of sentiment, or of gaiety,—I am persuaded the scene would be too venerable for the most irreverent to deride, and its happiness too apparent for the most dissipated to deny. Yet to be the child or mother of such a family, is often foregone for the miserable vanity of aping some woman, weak as she is worthless, despised in the midst of flattery, and wretched in the very centre of dissipation.

I have limited this remonstrance to motives merely temporal, because I am informed, some of our high-bred females deny the reality of any other. This refinement of infidelity is one of those new acquirements which, till of late, were altogether unknown to the ladies of this country, and which I hope very, very few of them are yet possessed of. I mean not to dispute the solidity of their system, as I am persuaded they have studied the subject deeply, and under very able and learned masters. I would only take the liberty of hinting the purpose for which, I have been told, by some fashionable men, such doctrines have frequently been taught. It seems, it is understood by the younger class of our philosophers, that a woman never thinks herself quite alone, till she has put God out of the way, as well as her husband.

V

No. XXXI. TUESDAY, MAY 11.

Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cleanthum. VIRG.

THERE is hardly any species of writing more difficult than that of drawing characters; and hence it is that so few authors have excelled in it. Among those writers who have confined themselves merely to this sort of composition, Theophrastus holds the first place among the ancients, and La Bruyer among the moderns. But, beside those who have professedly confined themselves to the delineation of character, every historian who relates events, and who describes the disposition and qualities of the persons engaged in them, is to be considered as a writer of characters.

There are two methods by which a character may be delineated, and different authors have, more or less, adopted the one or the other. A character may either be given by describing the internal feelings of the mind, and by relating the qualities with which the person is endowed; or, without mentioning in general the internal qualities which he possesses, an account may be given of his external conduct, of his behaviour on this or that occasion, and how he was affected by this or that event.

An author who draws characters in the first manner, employs those words that denote the general qualities of the mind; and by means of these he gives a description and view of the character. He passes over the particular circumstances of behaviour and conduct which lead to the general conclusion with regard to the character, and gives the conclusion itself.

But an author who draws characters in the other manner above alluded to, instead of giving the general conclusion deduced from the observation of particular circumstances of conduct, gives a view of the particulars themselves, and of the external conduct of the person whose character he wishes to represent, leaving his readers to form their own conclusion from that view which he has given. Of the two authors I have mentioned, each excels in one of those opposite manners. In every instance I can recollect, excepting the extravagant picture of the absent man, La Bruyer lays before his readers the internal feelings of the character he wishes to represent; while Theophrastus gives the action which the internal feelings produce.

Of these different modes of delineating characters, each has its peculiar advantages. The best method of giving a full and comprehensive view of the different parts of a character, may be by a general enumeration of the qualities of mind with which the person is endowed. At the same time, however, it is, perhaps, impossible, to mark the nice and delicate shades of character, without bringing the image more fully before the eye, and placing the person in that situation which calls him forth into action.

In these two different manners, there are faults into which authors, following the one or the other, are apt to fall, and which they should studiously endeavour to avoid. An author who gives the internal qualities of the character, should guard against being too general: he who gives views of the conduct, and represents the actions themselves, should avoid being too particular. When the internal qualities of the mind are described, they may be expressed in such vague and general terms, as to lay before the reader no marked distinguishing feature; when, again, in the views which are given of the conduct, the detail is too particular, the author is apt to tire by becoming tedious, or to disgust by being trifling or familiar, or by approaching to vulgarity. Some of our most celebrated historians have committed errors of the first sort; when, at the end of a reign, or at the exit of a hero, they draw the character of the king, or great man, and tell their readers, that the person they are taking leave of was brave, generous, just, humane; or the tyrant they have been declaiming against, was cruel, haughty, jealous, deceitful; these general qualities are so little distinguishing, that they may be applied, almost, to any very good, or very bad man, in the history. When, on the other hand, an author, in order to give a particular view of the person of whom he writes, tells his readers, what such person did before, and what after dinner; what before, and what after he slept; if his vivacity prevent him from appearing tedious, he will at least be in danger of displeasing by the appearance of vulgarity or affectation.

It may be proper here to observe, that, in making a right choice of the different manners in which a character may be drawn, much depends upon the subject, or design of the author; one method may be more suited to one kind of composition than to another. Thus the author who confines himself merely to drawing characters, the historian who draws a character arising only from, or illustrating the events he records, or the novelist who delineates characters by feigned circumstances and situations, have each their several objects, and different manners may be properly adopted by each of them. Writers, such as Theophrastus and La Bruyer, take for their object a character governed by some one passion, absorbing all others, and influencing the man in every thing; the miser, the epicure, the drunkard, &c. The business of the historian is more difficult and more extensive; he takes the complicated characters in real life; he must give a view of every distinguishing characteristic of the personage, the good and the bad, the fierce and the gentle, all the strange diversities which life presents.

Novel writers ought, like the professed writers of character, to have it generally in view to illustrate some one distinguishing feature or passion of the mind; but then they have it in their power, by the assistance of story, and by inventing circumstances and situation, to exhibit its leading features in every possible point of view. The great error, indeed, into which novel writers commonly fall is, that they attend more to the story and to the circumstances they relate, than to giving new and just views of the character of the person they present. Their general method is to affix names to certain personages, whom they introduce to their readers, whom they lead through dangers and distresses, or exhibit in circumstances of ridicule, without having it in view to illustrate any one predominant or leading principle of the human heart; without making their readers one bit better acquainted with the characteristic features of those persons at the end of the story than at the beginning. Hence there are so few novels which give lasting pleasure, or can bear to be perused oftener than once. From the surprize or interest occasioned by the novelty of the events, they may carry their readers once through them; but, as they do not illustrate any of the principles of the mind, or give any interesting views of character, they raise no desire for a second perusal, and ever after lie neglected on the shelf.

How very different from these are the novels, which, in place of relying upon the mere force of incident, bring the characters of their personages fully before us, paint all their shades and attitudes, and, by making us, as it were, intimately acquainted with them, deeply engage our hearts in every circumstance which can affect them? This happy talent of delineating with truth and delicacy all the features and nice tints of human character, never fails to delight, and will often atone for many defects. It is this which renders Richardson so interesting, in spite of his immeasurable tediousness ; it is this which will render Fielding ever delightful, notwithstanding the indelicate coarseness with which he too often offends us.

No. XXXII. SATURDAY, MAY 15.

HAPPINESS has been compared, by one of my predecessors, to a game ; and he has prescribed certain rules to be followed by the players. These, indeed, are more necessary than one might suppose at first sight ; this game, like most others, being as often lost by bad play, as by ill-luck. The circumstances I am placed in, some of which I communicated to my readers in my introductory paper, make me often a sort of looker-on at this game ; and, like all lookers-on, I think I discover blunders in the play of my neighbours, who frequently lose the advantages their fortune lays open to them.

To chase the allusion a little farther, it is seldom that opportunities occur of brilliant strokes or deep calculation. With most of us, the ordinary little stake is all that is played for ; and he who goes on observing the common rules of the game, and keeping his temper in the reverses of it, will find himself a gainer at last. In plainer language, happiness, with the bulk of men, may be said to consist in the power of enjoying the ordinary pleasures of life, and in not being too easily hurt by the little disquietudes of it. There is a certain fineness of soul, and delicacy of sentiment, with which few situations accord, to which many seeming harmless ones give the greatest uneasiness. The art, " desipere in loco," (by which I understand being able not only to trifle, upon occasion, ourselves, but also to bear the foolery of others) is a qualification extremely useful for smoothing a man's way through the world.

I have been led into this train of thinking, by some circumstances in a visit I had lately the pleasure of receiving from my friend Mr. Umphraville, with whom I made my readers acquainted in some former numbers. A particular piece of business occurred, which made it expedient for him to come to town; and though he was, at first extremely averse from the journey, having never liked great towns, and now relishing them less than ever, yet the remonstrances of his man of business, aided by very urgent requests from me, at length overcame him. He set out, therefore, attended by his old family servant John, whom I had not failed to remember in my invitation to his master.

At the first stage on the road, John told me, his master looked sad, eat little, and spoke less. Though the landlord ushered in dinner in person, and gave his guest a very minute description of his manner of feeding his mutton, Mr. Umphraville remained a hearer only, and shewed no inclination to have him sit down and partake of his own dishes; and, though he desired him, indeed, to taste the wine, of which he brought in a bottle after dinner, he told him, at the same time, to let the ostler know he should want his horses as soon as possible. The landlord left the room, and told John, who was eating his dinner, somewhat more deliberately, in the kitchen, that his master seemed a melancholy kind of a gentleman, not half so good-humoured as his neighbour Mr. Jolly.

John, who is interested both in the happiness and honour of his master, endeavoured to mend matters in the evening, by introducing the hostess very particularly to Mr. Umphraville; and, indeed, venturing to invite her to sup with him. Umphraville was too shy, or too civil, to decline the lady's company, and John valued himself on having procured him so agreeable a companion.....His master complained to me since he came to town, of the oppression of this landlady's company; and declared his resolution of not stopping at the George on his way home.

The morning after his arrival at my house, while we were sitting together, talking of old stories, and old friends, with all the finer feelings about us, John entered, with a look of much satisfaction, announcing the name of Mr. Bearskin. This gentleman is a first cousin of Umphraville's, who resides in town, and whom he had not seen these six years. He was bred a mercer, but afterwards extended his dealings with his capital, and has been concerned in several great mercantile transactions. While Umphraville, with all his genius, and all his accomplishments, was barely preserving his estate from ruin at home, this man, by dint of industry and application, and partly from the want of genius and accomplishments, has amassed a fortune greater than the richest of his cousin's ancestors was ever possessed of. He holds Umphraville in some respect, however, as the representative of his mother's family, from which he derives all his gentility, his father having sprung nobody knows whence, and lived nobody knows how, till he appeared behind the counter of a woollen draper, to whose shop and business he succeeded.

My friend, though he could have excused his visit at this time, received him with politeness. He introduced him to me as his near relation: on which the other, who mixes the flippant civility of his former profession with somewhat of the monied confidence of his present one, made me a handsome compliment, and congratulated Mr. Umphraville on the possession of such a friend. He concluded, however, with a distant insinuation of his house's being a more natural home for his cousin when in town than that of any other person. This led to a description of that house, its rooms and and its furniture, in which he made no inconsiderable eulogium on his own taste, the taste of his wife, and the taste of the times. Umphraville blushed, bit his lips, complained of the heat of the room, changed his seat, in short suffered torture all the way from the cellar to the garret.

Mr. Bearskin closed this description of his house with an expression of his and his wife's earnest desire to see their cousin there. Umphraville declared his intention of calling to enquire after Mrs. Bearskin and the young folks, mentioning, at the same time, the shortness of his proposed stay in town, and the hurry his business would necessarily keep him in while he remained. But this declaration by no means satisfied his kinsman; he insisted on his spending a day with them so warmly, that the other was at last overcome, and the third day after was fixed on for that purpose, which Mr. Bearskin informed us would be the more agreeable to all parties, as he should then have an opportunity of introducing us to his London correspondent, a man of great fortune, who had just arrived here on a jaunt to see the country, and had promised him the favour of eating a bit of mutton with him on that day. I would have excused myself from being of the party; but not having, any more than Umphraville, a talent at refusal, was like him, overpowered by the solicitations of his cousin.

The history of that dinner I may possibly give my readers hereafter, in a separate paper, a dinner, now-a-days, being a matter of consequence, and not to be managed in an episode. The time between was devoted by Mr. Umphraville to business, in which he was pleased commonly to ask my advice, and to communicate his opinions. The last I found generally unfavourable both of men and things; my friend carries the "prisca fides" too much about with him to be perfectly pleased in his dealings with people of business. When we returned home in the evening, he seemed to feel a relief in having got out of the reach of the world, and muttered expressions, not to mention the inflexions of his countenance, which, if fairly set down on paper, would almost amount to calling his banker a Jew, his lawyer not a gentleman, and his agent a pettifogger. He was, however, very ready to clap up a truce with his ideas when in company with these several personages ; and though he thought he saw them taking advantages, of which I am persuaded they were perfectly innocent, he was contented to turn his face another way and pass on. A man of Umphraville's disposition, is willing to suffer all the penalties of silliness, but that of being thought silly.

No. XXXIII. TUESDAY, MAY 18.

AMONG the many advantages arising from cultivated sentiment, one of the first and most truly valuable, is that delicate complacency of mind which leads us to consult the feelings of those with whom we live, by shewing a disposition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency.

They must, indeed, have attended little to what passes in the world, who do not know the importance of this disposition ; who have not observed, that the want of it often poisons the domestic happiness of families, whose felicity every other circumstance concurs to promote.

Among the letters lately received from my correspondents, are two, which, as they afford a lively picture of the bad consequences resulting from the neglect of this complacency, I shall here lay before my readers. The first is from a lady, who writes as follows:

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

MY father was a merchant of some eminence, who gave me a good education, and a fortune of several thousand pounds. With these advantages, a tolerable person, and I think not an unamiable temper, I was not long arrived at womanhood before I found myself possessed of many admirers. Among others was Mr. Gold, a gentleman of a very respectable character, who had some connections in trade with my father; to him, being a young man of a good figure, and of very open and obliging manners, I soon gave the preference, and we were accordingly married with the universal approbation of my friends.

We have now lived together above three years, and I have brought him two boys and a girl, all very fine children. I go little abroad, attend to nothing so much as the œconomy of our family, am as obliging as possible to all my husband's friends, and study in every particular to be a kind and dutiful wife. Mr. Gold's reputation and success in business daily increases, and he is, in the main, a kind and attentive husband; yet I find him so particular in his temper, and so often out of humour about trifles, that, in spite of all those comfortable circumstances, I am perfectly unhappy.

At one time he finds fault with the dishes at table; at another with the choice of my maid servants; sometimes he is displeased with the trimming of my gown, sometimes with the shape of my cloak, or the figure of my head dress; and should I chance to give an opinion on any subject which is not perfectly to his mind, he probably looks out of humour at the time, and is sure to chide me about it when we are by ourselves.

It is of no consequence whether I have been right or wrong in any of those particulars. If I say a word in defence of my choice or opinion, it is sure to make matters worse, and I am only called a fool for my pains ; or, if I express my wonder that he should give himself uneasiness about such trifles, he answers, sullenly, that, to be sure, every thing is a trifle in which I chuse to disoblige him.

It was but the other day, as we were just going out to dine at a friend's house, he told me my gown was extremely ugly. I answered, his observation surprised me, for it was garnet, and I had taken it off on hearing him say he wondered I never chose one of that colour. Upon this he flew in a passion, said it was very odd I should charge my bad taste upon him ; he never made any such observation, for the colour was his aversion. The dispute at last grew so warm, that I threw myself down on a settee, unable to continue it, while he flung out of the room, ordered away the coach from the door, and wrote an apology to his friend for our not waiting upon him.

We dined in our different apartments ; and though, I believe, we were equally sorry for what had passed, and Mr. Gold, when we met at supper, asked my pardon for having contradicted me so roughly ; yet we had not sat half an hour together, when he told me, that, after all, I was certainly mistaken, in saying he had recommended a garnet colour ; and when I very coolly assured him I was not, he renewed the dispute with as much keenness as ever. We parted in the same bad humour we had done before dinner, and I have hardly had a pleasant look from him since.

In a word, Mr. Gold will allow me to have no mind but his; and, unless I can see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and taste with his palate, (none of which I can very easily bring myself to do, as you must know all of them are somewhat particular) I see no prospect of our situation changing for the better; and what makes our present one doubly provoking, is, that, but for this unfortunate weakness, Mr. Gold, who is, in other respects, a very worthy man, would make one of the best of husbands.

Pray tell me, Sir, what I should do in this situation, or take your own way of letting my husband see his weakness, the reformation of which would be the greatest of all earthly blessings to

Yours, &c.

SUSANNAH GOLD.

I was thinking how I should answer this letter, or in what way I could be useful to my correspondent, when I received the following, the insertion of which is, I believe, the best reply I can make to it.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

I WAS bred a merchant; by my success in trade I am now in affluent circumstances, and have reason to think that I am so with an unblemished character.

Some years ago, I married the daughter of a respectable citizen, who brought a comfortable addition to my fortune; and, as she had been virtuously educated, and seemed cheerful and good tempered, as I was myself naturally of a domestic turn, and resolved to make a good husband, I thought we bade fair for being happy in each other.

But, though I must do my spouse the justice to say, that she is discreet and prudent, attentive to the affairs of her family, a careful and fond mother to her children, and, in many respects, an affectionate and dutiful wife; yet one foible in her temper destroys the effect of all these good qualities. She is so much attached to her own opinion in every trifle, so impatient of contradiction in them, and with all so ready to dispute mine, that, if I disapprove of her taste or sentiments in any one particular, or seem dissatisfied when she disapproves of my taste or sentiments, it is the certain source of a quarrel; and while we perfectly agree as to our general plan of life, and every essential circumstance of our domestic economy, this silly fancy, that I must eat, dress, think, and speak, precisely as she would have me, while she will not accommodate herself to me in the most trifling of these particulars, give me perpetual uneasiness; and, with almost every thing I could wish, a genteel income, a good reputation, a fine family, and a virtuous wife, whom I sincerely esteem, I have the mortification to find myself absolutely unhappy.

I am sure this foible of my poor wife's will appear to you, Mr. *Mirror*, in its proper light; your making it appear so to her, may be the means of alleviating our mutual distress; for, to tell you the truth, I believe, she is almost as great a sufferer as I am. I hope you will gratify me in this desire; by doing so you may be of general service, and will particularly oblige

Your constant reader, and
Obedient humble servant,
NATHANIEL GOLD.

On comparing these two letters, it is evident, that, from the want of that complacency mentioned in the beginning of this paper, the very sensibility of temper, and strength of affection, which, under its influence, would have made this good couple happy, has had a quite contrary effect. The source of the disquiet they complain of, is nothing else than the want of that respect for taste, feelings, and opinions of each other, which constitutes the disposition I have recommended above, and which, so far from being inconsistent with a reasonable desire of reforming each other in these particulars, is the most probable means of accomplishing it.

Nor is the case of Mr. and Mrs. Gold singular in this respect. By much the greatest part of domestic quarrels originate from the want of this pliancy of disposition, which people seem, very absurdly, to suppose may be dispensed with in trifles. I have known a man who would have parted with half his estate to serve a friend, to whom he would not have yielded a hair's breadth in an argument. But the lesser virtues must be attended to as well was the greater; the manners as well as the duties of life. They form a sort of Pocket Coin, which, though it does not enter into great and important transactions, is absolutely necessary for common and ordinary intercourse.

K

No. XXXIV. SATURDAY, MAY 22.

IN compliance with a promise I made my readers at the close of last Saturday's paper, (at least it was that sort of promise which a man keeps when the thing suits his inclination,) I proceed to give them an account of that dinner to which my friend Mr. Umphraville and I were invited by his cousin Mr. Bearskin.

On our way to the house, I perceived certain symptoms of dissatisfaction, which my friend could not help bringing forth, though he durst not impute them to the right cause, as I have heard of men beating their wives at home, to revenge themselves for the crosses they have met with abroad. He complained of the moistness of the weather, and the dirtiness, of the street; was quite fatigued with the length of the way, (Mr. Bearskin's house being fashionably eccentric,) and almost cursed the taylor for the tightness of a suit of cloaths, which he had bespoke on his arrival in town, and had now put on for the first time. His chagrin, I believe, was increased by his having just learned from his lawyer, that the business he came to town about, could not be finished at the time he expected, but would probably last a week longer.

When we entered Mr. Bearskin's drawing-room, we found his wife sitting with her three daughters ready to receive us. It was easy to see, by the air of the lady, that she was perfectly mistress of the house, and that her husband was only a secondary person there. He seemed, however, contented with his situation, and an admirer of his wife; a sort of lap-dog husband (of whom I have seen many) who looks sleek, runs about briskly, and though he now and then gets a kick from his mistress, is as ready to play over his tricks again as ever.

Mr. Bearskin, after many expressions of his happiness in seeing his cousin in his new house, proposed walking us down stairs again, to begin shewing it from the ground-story upwards. Umphraville, though I saw him sweating at the idea, was ready to follow his conductor, when we were saved by the interposition of the lady, who uttered a "Psha! Mr. Bear-" skin," with so significant a look, that her husband instantly dropped his design, saying, "to be sure " there was not much worth seeing, though he could " have wished to have shewn his cousin his study, " which he thought was tolerably clever." "I " thought, Papa," said the eldest of the Misses, "it " was not quite in order yet."—" Why, not altoge-

" ther," replied her father; " I have not been able " to get up my heads, as Pope has lost an ear, and " Homer the left side of his beard, by the careless" ness of a packer; and I want about three feet and " a half of folios for my lowest shelf."—" I don't " care if there was not a folio in the world," rejoined Miss. " Child!" said her mother, in a tone of rebuke.—Miss bridled up, and was silent;—I smiled; Umphraville walked to the window, and wiped his forehead.

Bearskin now pulled out his watch, and telling the hour, said, he wondered his friend Mr. Blubber was not come, as he was generally punctual to a minute. While he spoke, a loud rap at the door announced the expected company; and presently Mr. Blubber, his wife, a son, and two daughters, entered the room. The first had on an old-fashioned pompadour coat, with gold buttons, and very voluminous sleeves, his head adorned by a large major wig, with curls as white and as stiff as if they had been cast in plaster of Paris; but the females, and heir of the family, were dressed in the very height of the mode. Bearskin introduced the old gentleman to his cousin Mr. Umphraville:——" Mr. Blubber, Sir, a very particu" lar friend of mine, and (turning to me with a whis" per) worth fourscore thousand pounds, if he's worth " a farthing." Blubber said, he feared they had kept us waiting; but that his wife and daughters had got under the hands of the hair-dresser, and he verily thought would never have had done with him. The ladies were too busy to reply to this accusation; they had got into a committee of enquiry on Mr. Edward Blubber's waistcoat, which had been tamboured, it seems, by his sisters, and was universally declared to be monstrous handsome. The young man himself seemed to be highly delighted with the reflection of it in a mirror that stood opposite to him. " Isn't it " vastly pretty, Sir," said one of the young ladies to Umphraville? "Ma'am," said he, starting from a reverie, in which I saw, by his countenance, he was meditating on the young gentleman and his waistcoat in no very favourable manner.——I read her countenance, too: she thought Umphraville just the fool he did her brother.

Dinner was now announced, and the company, after some ceremonial, got into their places at table, in the centre of which stood a sumptuous epargne, filled, as Bearskin informed us, with the produce of his farm. This joke, which, I suppose, was as regular as the grace before dinner, was explained to the ignorant to mean, that the sweet-meats came from a plantation in one of the West-India islands, in which he had a concern. The epargne itself now produced another dissertation from the ladies, and, like the waistcoat, was also pronounced monstrous handsome. Blubber, taking his eye half off a plate of salmon, to which he had just been helped, observed, that it would come to a handsome price too:—"sixty ounces, "I'll warrant it," said he, "but, as the plate-tax is "now repealed, it will cost but the interest a-keeping."—"La! Papa," said Miss Blubber, "you "are always thinking of the money things cost."—"Yes," added her brother, "Tables of interest are "an excellent accompaniment for a desert."—At this speech all the ladies laughed very loud. Blubber said, he was an impudent dog, but seemed to relish his son's wit notwithstanding. Umphraville looked sternly at him; and, had not a glance of his waistcoat set him down as something beneath a man's anger, I do not know what consequences might have followed. During the rest of the entertainment, I could see the fumes of fool and coxcomb on every morsel that Umphraville swallowed, though Mrs. Bearskin, next whom he sat, was at great pains to help him to the nice bits of every thing within her reach.

When dinner was over, Mr. Blubber mentioned his design of making a tour through the Highlands, to visit Stirling, Taymouth, and Dunkeld; and applying to our landlord for some description of these places, was by him referred to Mr. Umphraville and me. Mr. Umphraville was not in a communicative mood; so I was obliged to assure Mr. Blubber, who talked with much uncertainty and apprehension of these matters, that he would find beds and bed-cloaths, meat for himself, and corn for his horses, at the several places above mentioned; that he had no dangerous seas to cross in getting at them; and that there were no highwaymen upon the road.

After this there was a considerable interval of silence, and we were in danger of getting once more upon Mr. Edwards's fine waistcoat, when Mr. Bearskin, informing the company, that his cousin was a great lover of music, called on his daughter, Miss Polly, for a song, with which, after some of the usual apologies, she complied; and, in compliment to Mr. Umphraville's taste, who she was sure must like Italian music, she sung, or rather squalled a song of Sachini's, in which there was scarce one bar in tune from beginning to end. Miss Blubber said, in her usual phraseology, that it was a monstrous sweet air—Her brother swore it was divinely sung.—Umphraville gulped down a falsehood with a very bad grace, and said, Miss would be a good singer with a little more practice....A compliment which was not more distant from truth on one side, than from Miss's expectations on the other, and I could plainly perceive, did not set him forward in the favour of the family.

" My father is a judge of singing too," said Mr. Edward Blubber; " what is your opinion of the song, " Sir?"—" My opinion is," said he, " that your " Italianos always set me asleep; English ears " should have English songs, I think."—" Then sup- " pose one of the ladies should give us an English

" song," said I. " 'Tis a good motion," said Mr. Bearskin, " I second it; Miss Betsy Blubber sings " an excellent English song."—Miss Betsy denied stoutly that she ever sung at all; but evidence being produced against her, she, at last, said she would try if she could make out, " The Maid's Choice." " Ay, " ay, Betsy," said her father, " a very good song; " I have heard it before."

————" If I could but find,
I care not for fortune—Umh!—a man to my mind."

Miss Betsy began the song accordingly, and to make up for her want of voice, accompanied it with a great deal of action. Either from the accident of his being placed opposite to her, or from a sly application to his state as an old bachelor, she chose to personify the maid's choice in the figure of Umphraville, and pointed the description of the song particularly at him. Umphraville, with all his dignity, his abilities, and his knowledge, felt himself uneasy and ridiculous under the silly allusion of a ballad; he blushed, attempted to laugh, blushed again, and still looked with that awkward importance which only the more attracted the ridicule of the fools around him. Not long after the ladies retired; and no persuasion of his cousin could induce him to stay the evening, or even to enter the drawing-room where they were assembled at tea.

" Thank Heaven!" said Umphraville, when the door was shut, and we had got fairly into the street. " Amen!" I replied, smiling, " for our good dinner " and excellent wine!"——" How the devil, Charles," said he, " do you contrive to bear all this nonsense " with the composure you do?"—" Why, I have " often told you, my friend, that our earth is not a " planet fitted up only for the reception of wise men. " Your Blubbers and Bearskins are necessary parts

" of the system; they deserve the enjoyments they are capable of feeling;—and I am not sure if he who suffers from his own superiority does not deserve his sufferings."

I

No. XXXV. TUESDAY, MAY 25.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

TILL I arrived at the age of twenty, my time was divided between my books, and the society of a few friends, whom a similarity of pursuits and dispositions recommended to me. About that period, finding that the habits of reserve and retirement had acquired a power over me, which my situation, as heir to a considerable fortune, would render inconvenient, I was prevailed upon, partly by a sense of this, partly by the importunity of my relations, to make an effort for acquiring a more general acquaintance, and fashionable deportment. As I was conscious of an inclination to oblige, and a quick sense of propriety, two qualities which I esteemed the ground of good-breeding; as my wit was tolerably ready, and my figure not disadvantageous, I own to you that I entertained some hopes of success.

I was, however, unsuccessful. The novelty of the scenes in which I found myself engaged, the multiplicity of observances and attention requisite upon points which I had always regarded as below my notice, embarrassed and confounded me. The feelings to which I had trusted for my direction, served only to make me awkward, and fearful of offending. My obsequious services in the drawing-room passed unrewarded; and my observations, when I ventured to mingle, either in the chat of the women, being delivered with timidity and hesitation, were overlooked or neglected. Some of the more elderly and discreet among the former seemed to pity me; and I could not help remarking, that they often, as if they had meant the hint for me, talked of the advantage to be derived from the perusal of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. To this author, then, as soon as I learned his subject, I had recourse, as to a guide that would point out my way, and support me in my journey. But, how much was I astonished, when, through a veil of wit, ridicule, elegant expression, and lively illustration, I discerned a studied system of frivolity, meanness, flattery, and dissimulation, inculcated as the surest and most eligible road to eminence and popularity!

Young as I am, Mr. MIRROR, and heedless as I may consequently be supposed, I cannot think that this work is a code proper for being held up to us as the regulator of our conduct. The talents insisted on with peculiar emphasis, the accomplishments most earnestly recommended, are such as, in our days, if they ought to be treated of at all, should be mentioned only to put us on our guard against them. If riches naturally tend to render trifles of importance; if they direct our attention too much toward exterior accomplishments; if they propagate the courtly and complying spirit too extensively at any rate, we certainly, in this country, so wealthy and luxurious, have no need of exhortation to cultivate or acquire those qualifications. The habits that may arrest for a little time the progress of this corruption, ought now to be insisted on. Independence, fortitude, stubborn integrity, and pride that disdains the shadow of servility; these are the virtues which a tutor should inculcate; these the blessings which a fond father should supplicate from Heaven for his offspring.

It is, throughout, the error of his lordship's system, to consider talents and accomplishments, according to the use that may be made of them, rather than their intrinsic worth. In his catechism, applause is rectitude, and success is morality. That, in our days, a person may rise to eminence by trivial accomplishments, and become popular by flattery and dissimulation, may, perhaps, be true. But, from this it surely does not follow, that these are the means which an honourable character should employ. There is a dignity in the mind, which cultivates those arts alone that are valuable, which courts those characters alone that are worthy, which disdains to conceal its own sentiments, or minister to the foibles of others; there is, I say, a conscious dignity and satisfaction in these feelings, which neither applause, nor power, nor popularity, without them, can ever bestow.

Many of his lordship's distinctions are too nice for my faculties. I cannot, for my part, discern the difference between feigned confidence and insincerity; between the conduct that conveys the approbation of a sentiment, or the flattery of a foible, and the words that declare it. I should think the man whose countenance was open, and his thoughts concealed, a hypocrite; I should term him, who could treat his friends as if they were at the same time to be his enemies, a monster of ingratitude and duplicity. It is dangerous to trifle thus upon the borders of virtue. By teaching us that it may insensibly be blended with vice, that their respective limits are not in every case evident and certain, our veneration for it is diminished. Its chief safeguard is a jealous sensibility, that startles at the colour or shadow of deceit. When this barrier has been insulted, can any other be opposed at which conscience will arise and proclaim, thus far, and no farther, shalt thou advance?

The love of general applause, recommended by his lordship, as the great principle of conduct, is a folly and a weakness. He that directs himself by this compass, cannot hope to steer through life with steadiness and consistency. He must surrender his own character, and assume the hue of every company he enters. To court the approbation of any one, is, in a tacit manner, to do homage to his judgment or his feelings. He that extends his courtship of it beyond the praise-worthy, violates the exclusive privilege of virtue, and must seek it by unworthy arts.

On the other hand, though I am by no means a friend to rash and unguarded censure, yet I cannot help considering the conduct of him who will censure nothing, who will speak his sentiments of no character with freedom, who palliates every error, and apologizes for every failing, as more nearly allied to meanness, timidity, and a time-serving temper, than it is connected with candour, or favourable to the cause of virtue.

Nor can I persuade myself that his lordship's system will be attended with general success. The real character is the only one that can be maintained at all times, and in all dispositions. Professions of friendship and regard will lead to expectations of service that cannot be answered. The sentiments delivered in one company, the manners assumed upon one occasion, will be remembered, and contrasted with those that are presented on another. Suspicion, once awakened, will penetrate the darkest cloud which art can throw around a person in the common intercourse of life.

Let us consider, too, were this system generally adopted, what a dull insipid scene must society become? No distinction, no natural expression, of character; no confidence in professions of any kind; no assurance of sincerity; no secret sympathy, nor delightful correspondence of feeling. All the sallies of wit, all the graces of polite manners, would but ill supply the want of these pleasures, the purest and most elegant which human life affords.

EUGENIUS.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

AS you treat much of politeness, I wish you would take notice of a particular sort of incivility, from which one suffers, without being thought intitled to complain. I mean that of never contradicting one at all.

I have come lately from my father's in the country, where I was reckoned a girl of tolerable parts, to reside for some time at my aunt's in town. Here is a visitor, Mr. Dapperwit, a good-looking young man, with white teeth, a fine complexion, his cheeks dimpled, and rather a little full and large at bottom; in short, the civilest, most complying sort of face you can imagine. As I had often taken notice of his behaviour, I was resolved to minute down his discourse the other evening at tea. The conversation began about the weather, my aunt observing, that the seasons were wonderfully altered in her memory. "Certainly, my lady," said Mr. Dapperwit, "amazingly altered indeed."—"Now I have heard my "father say, (said I) that is a vulgar error; for that it "appears from registers kept for the purpose, that "the state of the weather, though it may be different in certain seasons, months, or weeks, preserves "a wonderful equilibrium in general."—"Why, to "be sure, Miss, I believe, in general, as you say; "—but, talking of the weather, I hope your ladyship caught no cold at the play t'other night; we "were so awkwardly situated in getting out."—"Not "in the least, Sir; I was greatly obliged to your "services there."—"You were well entertained, I "hope, my lady."—"Very well, indeed: I laughed "exceedingly; there is a great deal of wit in "Shakespeare's comedies; 'tis a pity there is so "much of low life in them."—"Your ladyship's cri-

" ticism is extremely just; every body must be struck
" with it."—" Why now, I think, (said I again) that
" what you call low life, is nature, which I would
" not lose for all the rest of the play."—" Oh!
" doubtless, Miss; for nature Skakespeare is inimitable; every body must allow that."—" What do
" you think, Sir, (said my cousin Betsy, who is a
" piece of a poetess herself) of that monody you
" were so kind as to send us yesterday?"—" I never
" deliver my opinion, Ma'am, before so able a judge,
" till I am first informed of hers."—" I think it the
" most beautiful poem, Sir, I have read of a great
" while."—" Your opinion, Ma'am, flatters me extremely, as it agrees exactly with my own; they
" are, I think, incontestibly the sweetest lines."—
" Sweet they may be, (here I broke in): I allow
" them merit in the versification; but that is only
" one; and, with me, by no means the chief, requisite in a poem; they want force altogether."—
" Nay, as to the matter of force, indeed it must be
" owned."—" Yes, Sir, and unity, and propriety,
" and a thousand other things; but, if my cousin
" will be kind enough to fetch the poem from her
" dressing-room, we will be judged by you, Mr.
" Dapperwit."—" Pardon me, ladies, you would not
" have me be so rude.

" Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

And, with that, he made one of the finest bows in the world.

If all this, Sir, proceed from silliness, we must pity the man, and there's an end on't; if it arise from an idea of silliness in us, let such gentlemen as Mr. Dapperwit know, that they are very much mistaken. But if it be the effect of pure civility—pray inform them, Mr. Mirror, that it is the most provoking piece of rudeness they can possibly commit.

Yours, &c.
BRIDGET NETTLEWIT.

No. XXXVI. SATURDAY, MAY 29.

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest. GRAY.

NOTHING has a greater tendency to elevate and affect the heart than the reflection upon those personages who have performed a distinguished part on the theatre of life, whose actions were attended with important consequences to the world around them, or whose writings have animated or instructed mankind. The thought that they are now no more, that their ashes are mingled with those of the meanest and most worthless, affords a subject of contemplation, which, however melancholy, the mind, in a moment of pensiveness, may feel a secret sort of delight to indulge. "Tell her," says Hamlet, "that "she may paint an inch thick; yet to this she must "come at last."

When Xerxes, at the head of his numerous army, saw all his troops ranged in order before him, he burst into tears at the thought, that, in a short time, they would be sweeped from the face of the earth, and be removed to give place to those who would fill other armies, and rank under other generals.

Something of what Xerxes felt, from the consideration that those who then were, should cease to be, it is equally natural to feel from the reflection, that all who have formerly lived have ceased to live, and that nothing more remains than the memory of a very few who have left some memorial which keeps alive their names, and the fame with which those names are accompanied.

But serious as this reflection may be, it is not so deep as the thought, that even of those persons who were possessed of talents for distinguishing themselves in the world, for having their memories handed down from age to age, much the greater part, it is likely, from hard necessity, or by some of the various fatal accidents of life, have been excluded from the possibility of exerting themselves, or of being useful either to those who lived in the same age, or to posterity. Poverty in many, and "disastrous chance" in others, have chill'd the "genial current of the soul," and numbers have been cut off by premature death in the midst of project and ambition. How many have there been in the ages that are past, how many may exist at this very moment, who, with all the talents fitted to shine in the world, to guide or to instruct it, may, by some secret misfortune, have had their minds depressed, or the fire of their genius extinguished?

I have been led into these reflections from the perusal of a small volume of poems which happens now to lie before me, which, though possessed of very considerable merit, and composed in this country, are, I believe very little known. In a well-written preface, the reader is told, that most of them are the production of Michael Bruce; that this Michael Bruce was born in a remote village in Kinross-shire, and descended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives: that, in the twenty-first year of his age, he was seized with a consumption, which put an end to his life.

Nothing, methinks, has more the power of awakening benevolence, than the consideration of genius thus depressed by situation, suffered to pine in obscurity and sometimes, as in the case of this unfortunate young man, to perish, it may be, for want of those comforts and conveniencies which might have fostered a delicacy of frame or of mind, ill-calculated to bear the hardships which poverty lays on both. For my own part, I never pass the place, (a little hamlet, skirted with a circle of old ash-trees, about three miles on this side of Kinross) where Michael Bruce resided ; I never look on his dwelling—a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a sashed window at the end, instead of a lattice, fringed with a honeysuckle plant, which the poor youth had trained around it ;—I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily ; and looking on the window, which the honeysuckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion ; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy.——I cannot carry my readers thither ; but, that they may share some of my feelings, I will present them with an extract from the last poem in the little volume before me, which, from its subject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

A young man of genius, in a deep consumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting ; but how much must every feeling on the occasion be heightened, when we know that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the subject !

In the French language there is a much-admired poem of the Abbe de Chaulieu, written, in expectation of his own death, to the Marquis de la Farre, lamenting his approaching separation from his friend.

Michael Bruce, who, it is probable, never heard of the Abbe de Chaulieu, has also written a poem on his own approaching death ; with the latter part of which I shall conclude this paper.

Now spring returns ; but not to me returns
The vernal joys my better days have known :
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate ;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

P

* * *

No. XXXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 1.

——Credula vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait. TIBUL.

THE following essay I received some time ago from a correspondent, to whom, if I may judge from the hand-writing, I was once before indebted for an ingenious communication.

THE experience which every day affords, of the mortifying difference between those ideal pleasures which we conceive to flow from the possession of certain objects of our wishes, and the feelings consequent upon their actual attainment, has furnished to most moralists a text for declaiming on the vanity of human pursuits, the folly of covetousness, the madness of ambition, and the only true wisdom of being humbly satisfied with the lot and station which Providence has assigned us.

It will not appear extraordinary, that those moralists have hitherto laboured in vain, when it is considered that their doctrine, taken in the latitude in which they usually preach it, would cut off the greatest source of our happiness, overthrow every social establishment, and is nothing less than an attempt to alter the nature of man. It may be a truth, that the balance of happiness and misery is much the same in most conditions of life, and consequently that no change of circumstances will either greatly enlarge the one or diminish the other. But, while we know that, to attain an object of our wishes, or to change our condition is not to increase our happiness, we feel, at the same time, that the pursuit of this object, and the expectation of this change, can increase it in a very sensible degree. It is by hope that we truly exist; our only enjoyment is the expectation of something which we do not possess: the recollection of the past serves us but to direct and regulate those expectations; the present is employed in contemplating them: it is therefore only the future which we may be properly said to enjoy.

A philosopher who reasons in this manner, has a much more powerful incentive to cheerfulness and contentment of mind, than what is furnished by that doctrine which inculcates a perpetual warfare with ourselves, and a restraint upon the strongest feelings of our nature. For, while he feels that the possession of the object of his most earnest desires has given him far less pleasure than was promised by a distant view of it; he is consoled by reflecting that the expectation of this object has, perhaps, brightened many years of his life, enabled him to toil for its attainment with vigour and alacrity, to discharge, with honour, his part in society; in short, has given him, in reality, as substantial happiness as human nature is capable of enjoying.

Though several years younger than Euphanor, I have been long acquainted with him. He is now in his fifty-second year; an age when, with most men, the romantic spirit and enthusiasm of youth, have long given place to the cool and steady maxims of business and the world. It is, however, a peculiarity of my friend's disposition, that the same sanguine temperament of mind which, from infancy, has attended him through life, still continues to actuate him as strongly as ever. As he discovered, very early, a fondness for classical learning, his father, at his own desire, advanced his patrimony for his education at the university. At the age of twenty he was left without a shilling, to make the best of his talents, in any way he thought proper. Certain concurring circumstances, rather than choice, placed him as an under-clerk in a counting-house. His favourite studies were here totally useless; but, while he gave to business the most scrupulous attention, they still, at the intervals of relaxation, furnished his chief amusement. It would be equally tedious and foreign to my purpose, to mark minutely the steps by which Euphanor, in the course of thirty years application to business, rose to be master of the moderate fortune of fifteen thousand pounds. My friend always considered money not in the common light, as merely the end of labour, but as the means of purchasing certain enjoyments, which his fancy had pictured as constituting the supreme happiness of life.

In the beginning of last spring I received from Euphanor the following letter:

"My Dear Sir,

"YOU, who are familiar with my disposition, will "not be surprised at a piece of information, which, "I doubt not, will occasion some wonder in the general circle of my acquaintance. I have now fairly "begun to execute that resolution, of which you have "long heard me talk, of entirely withdrawing myself from business. You know with what ardour "I have longed for that period, when fortune should "bless me with a competence, just sufficient to prosecute my favourite scheme of retiring to the country. It was that darling prospect which made the "toils of business (for which, God knows, I never "was intended by nature,) light, and even pleasant "to me. I have acquired, by honest industry, a fortune equal to my wishes. These were always "moderate; for my aim was not wealth, but happiness. Of that, indeed, I have been truly covetous; "for I must confess, that, for these thirty years past, "I have never laid my head to my pillow, without "that ardent wish, which my favourite Horace so "beautifully expresses:

"O rus! quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
"Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
"Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?"

"Or the same sentiment, in the words of the pensive moral Cowley:

"Oh fountains! when in you shall I
"Myself eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts espy?
"Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made
"The happy tenant of your shade?"

"That blissful period, my dear friend, is at length "arrived. I yesterday made a formal resignation of "all concern in the house, in favour of my nephew, "a deserving young man, who, I doubt not, will have "the entire benefit of those numerous connections "with persons in trade, whose good opinion his uncle "never, to his knowledge, forfeited.

"I have made a purchase of a small estate in —— "shire, of about 200 acres. The situation is delightfully romantic;"

"Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata,
"————hic nemus————"

"My house is small, but wonderfully commodious. "It is embosomed in a tall grove of oak and elm, "which opens only to the south. A green hill rises "behind the house, partly covered with furze, and "seamed with a winding sheep-path. On one side "is an irregular garden, or rather border of shrub-

" bery, adorning the sloping bank of a rivulet; but " intermixed, without the smallest injury to its beauty, with all the variety of herbs for the kitchen. " On the other side, a little more remote, but still " in sight of the house, is an orchard filled with excellent fruit-trees. The brook, which runs through " my garden, retires into a hollow dell, shaded with " birch and hazle copse, and, after a winding course " of half a mile, joins a large river. These are the " outlines of my little paradise.—And now, my dear " friend, what have I more to wish, but that you, " and a very few others, whose souls are congenial " to my own, should witness my happiness? In two " days hence, I bid adieu to the town, a long, a last " adieu!

" Farewell, thou busy world! and may
" We never meet again! ——"

" The remainder of my life, I dedicate to those pursuits in which the best and wisest of men did not " blush to employ themselves; the delightful occupations of a country life, which Cicero well said, " and after him Columella, are next in kindred to " true philosophy. What charming schemes have " I already formed; what luxurious plans of sweet " and rational entertainment! But these, my friend, " you must approve and participate. I shall look " for you about the beginning of May, when, if you " can spare me a couple of months, I can venture to " promise that time will not linger with us. I am, " with much regard, yours, &c."

As I am, myself, very fond of the country, it was with considerable regret that I found it not in my power to accept of my friend's invitation; an unexpected piece of business having detained me in town during the greatest part of the summer. I heard nothing of Euphanor till about nine months after, when he again wrote me as follows :

" My Dear Sir,

" IT was a sensible mortification to me not to have " the pleasure of seeing you last summer in ——— " shire, when I should have been much the better " for your advice, in a disagreeable affair, which, I " am afraid, will occasion my paying a visit to town " much sooner than I expected. I have always had " a horror at going to law, but now I find myself " unavoidably compelled to it. Sir Ralph Surly, " whose estate adjoins to my little property, has, for " the purpose of supplying a new barley-mill, turned " aside the course of a small stream, which ran " through my garden and inclosures, and which " formed, indeed, their greatest ornament. In place " of a beautiful winding rivulet, with a variety of " fine natural falls, there is nothing but a dry ditch, " or rather crooked gulph, which is hideous to look " at. The malice of this procedure is sufficiently " conspicuous, when I tell you, that there is another, " and a larger stream, in the same grounds, which " I have offered to be at the sole expence of con- " ducting to his mill. I think the law must do me " justice. At any rate, it is impossible tamely to " bear such an injury. I shall probably see you in a " few days. To say the truth, my dear friend, even " before this last mortification, I had begun to find, " that the expectations I had formed of the pleasures " of a country-life were by far too sanguine. I must " confess, that, notwithstanding the high relish I " have for the beauties of nature, I have often felt, " amidst the most romantic scenes, that langour of " spirit, which nothing but society can dissipate. " Even when occupied with my favourite studies, I " have sometimes thought, with the bard of Mantua, " that the ease and retirement which I courted were

" rather ignoble. I have suffered an additional dis-
" appointment in the ideas I had formed of the cha-
" racters of the country-people. It is but a treache-
" rous picture, my friend, which the poets give us,
" of their innocence and honest simplicity. I have
" met with some instances of insincerity, chicane,
" and even downright knavery, in my short acquaint-
" ance with them, that have quite shocked and
" mortified me.

" Whether I shall ever again enter into the busy
" world (a small concern in the house, without al-
" lowing my name to appear, would perhaps be
" some amusement) I have not yet determined.
" Of this, and other matters, we shall talk fully
" at meeting. Meantime, believe me, dear Sir,
" yours,

" EUPHANOR."

Euphanor has been, for this month past, in town, I expected to have found him peevish, chagrined, and out of humour with the world. But in this I was disappointed. I have never seen my friend in better health, or higher spirits. I have been with him at several convivial meetings, with our old acquaintances, who felt equal satisfaction with himself at what they term his recovery. He has actually resumed a small share in trade, and purposes, for the future, to devote one half of the year to business. His counsel have given him assurance of gaining his law suit: he expects in a few months, to return in triumph to ———shire, and has invited all his friends to be present at a Fête Champêtre he intends to celebrate, on the restoration of his beloved rivulet to its wonted channel.

The life of Euphanor must be a series of disappointments; but, on the whole, I must consider him as a happy man.

No. XXXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

THE following letter I received only yesterday; but, as I am particularly interested in every project of ingenious men, I postponed another essay which was ready for publication, and put my printer to considerable inconvenience to get it ready for this day's paper. I was the more solicitous, likewise, to give it a place as soon after my 35th number as possible, in order to shew my impartiality. This paper (as the London Gazetteer says) is open to all parties; with this proviso, however, which is exactly the reverse of the terms of admission into the Gazetteer, that my correspondents do not write politics.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

IN a late paper, you shewed the necessity of accommodating ourselves to the temper of persons with whom we are particularly connected, by sometimes submitting our own taste, inclination, and opinions to the taste, inclination, and opinions of those persons. I apprehend, Sir, you might have carried your idea a good deal farther, and have prescribed to us the same receipt for happiness in our intercourse not only with our wives and children, but with our companions, our acquaintance, in short, with all mankind.

But, as the disposition to this is not always born with one, and as to form a temper is not so easy as to regulate a behaviour, it is the business of masters in the art of politeness, to teach people, at least the better sort of them, to counterfeit as much of this complacency in their deportment as possible. In this, indeed, they begin at quite the different end of the matter from you, Sir; complacency to husbands, wives, children, and relations, they leave people to teach themselves; but the art of pleasing every body else, as it is a thing of much greater importance, they take proportionably greater pains to instil into their disciples.

I have, for some time past, been employed in reducing this art into a system, and have some thoughts of opening a subscription for a course of lectures on the subject. To qualify myself for the task, I have studied, with unwearied attention, the letters of the immortal Earl of Chesterfield, which I intend to use as my text-book on this occasion, allowing only for the difference which even a few years produce in an art so fluctuating as this. Before I lodge my subscription-paper with the booksellers, I wish to give a specimen of my abilities to the readers of the MIRROR; for which purpose I beg the favour of you to insert in your next number the following substance of Simulation. Our noble author, indeed, extends his doctrine to the length of dissimulation only, from which he distinguishes Simulation as something not quite so fair and honest. But, for my part, I have not sufficient nicety of ideas to make the distinction, and would humbly recommend to every person who wishes to be thoroughly well bred, not to confuse his head with it. Taking, therefore, the shorter word as the more gentlemanlike, I proceeded to my subject of

" SIMULATION.

" SIMULATION is the great basis of the art
" which I have the honour to teach. I shall humbly
" endeavour to treat this branch of my subject, though
" much less ably, yet more scientifically than my
" great master, by reducing it into a form like that
" adopted by the professors of the other sciences,
" and even borrowing from them some of the terms
" by which I mean to illustrate it.

" This rule of false (to adopt an algebraical term) " I shall divide into two parts; that which regards " the external figure of the man or woman; and " that which is necessary in the accomplishment of " the mind, and its seeming developement to others.

" Fashion may be termed the regulator of the " first, decorum of the latter. But I must take this " opportunity of informing my audience, that the signification of words, when applied to persons of condition, is often quite different from that which they " are understood to bear in the ordinary standard of " language. With such persons (if I may be allowed " so bold an expression) it may often be the fashion " to be unfashionable, and decorum to act against all " propriety; good breeding may consist in rudeness, " and politeness in being very impertinent. This " will hold in the passive, as well as in the active of " our art. people of fashion will be pleased with " such treatment from people of fashion, the natural " feelings in this, as in the other, fine arts, giving " way, amongst connoisseurs, to knowledge and " taste.

" Having made this preliminary observation, I return to my subject of Simulation.

" It will be found, that appearing what one is not, " is, in both divisions of my subject, the criterion of " politeness. The man who is rich enough to afford " fine cloaths, is, by this rule of false, intitled to " wear very shabby ones; while he who has a narrow fortune is to be dressed in the *inverse ratio* to " his finances. One corollary from this proposition " is obvious: he who takes off his suit on credit, " and has neither inclination nor ability to pay for it, " is to be dressed the most expensively of the three. " The same rule holds in houses, dinners, servants, " horses, equipages, &c. and is to be followed, as " far as the law will allow, even the length of bankruptcy, or, perhaps, a little beyond it.

" On the same principle, a simple Gentleman, or " Esquire, must, at all places of public resort, be " apparelled like a Gentleman or Esquire. A Baro- " net may take the liberty of a dirty shirt ; a Lord " need not shew any shirt at all, but wear a hand- " kerchief round his neck in its stead ; an Earl may " add to all this a bunch of uncombed hair hanging " down his back ; and a Duke, over and above the " privileges above mentioned, is intitled to appear in " boots and buck-skin breeches.

" Following the same rule of inversion, the scholar " of a provincial dancing-master must bow at coming " into, and going out of, a drawing room, and that pretty " low too. The pupil of Gallini is to push forward " with the rough stride of a porter, and make only " a slight inclination of his head, when he has got " into the middle of the room. At going out of it, " he is to take no notice of the company at all.

" In the externals of the female world, from the " great complication of the machine, it is not easy " to lay down precise regulations. Still, however, " the rule of false may be traced as the governing " principle. It is very feminine to wear a riding- " habit and a smart cocked hat one half of the day ; " because that dress approaches nearer to the mas- " culine apparel than any other. It is very modest " to lay open the greatest part of the neck and bosom " to the view of the beholders ; and it is incumbent " on those ladies, who occupy the front-row of a " box at a play, to wear high feathers, and to wave " them more unceasingly than any other ladies, be- " cause otherwise the company who sit behind might " be supposed to have some desire of seeing the " stage. Since I have mentioned the theatre, I may " remark (though it is foreign to this part of my " discourse) that, in the most affecting scenes of a " tragedy, it is polite to laugh ; whereas, in the or- " dinary detail of the two first acts, it is not required

“ that a lady should make any greater noise than to
“ talk aloud to every one around her.

“ Simulation of Person, which is only, indeed, a
“ sort of dress, is also necessary among ladies of
“ fashion. Nature is to be falsified, as well in those
“ parts of the shape which she has left small, as in
“ those she has made large.

“ The Simulation of Face, I am happy to find,
“ from an examination of the books of some perfumers
“ and colourmen of my acquaintance, is daily
“ gaining ground among the politer females of this
“ country. But it has hitherto been regulated by
“ principles somewhat different from those which
“ govern other parts of external appearance, laid
“ down in the beginning of this paper, as it is generally
“ practised by those who are most under the
“ necessity of practising it. I would, therefore, humbly
“ recommend to that beautiful young lady, whom
“ I saw at the last assembly of the season, with a
“ coat of rouge on her cheeks, to lay it aside for
“ these three or four years at least: at present, it
“ too much resembles their natural colour to be proper
“ for her to wear—though, on second thoughts,
“ I believe I may retract my advice, as the laying
“ it on for a little while longer will reduce her skin
“ to that dingy appearance which the rule of false
“ allows to be converted, by paint, into the complexion
“ of lilies and roses.”

The second part of my observations on this subject I shall send you at some future period, if I find you so far approve of my design as to favour this with a speedy insertion.

I am, &c.
SIMULATOR.

V.

No. XXXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 8.

Non mihi res, sed me rebus, submittere conor. HOR.

AS it is the business of the politician to bestow his chief attention on the encouragement and regulation of those members of the community, who contribute most to the strength and permanency of the state; so it is the duty of the moral writer to employ his principal endeavours to regulate and correct those affections of the mind, which, when carried to excess, often obscure the most deserving characters, though they are seldom or never to be found among the worthless.

It is vain to think of reclaiming, by human means, those rooted vices which proceed from a depraved or unfeeling heart. Avarice is not to be overcome by a panegyric on generosity, nor cruelty and oppression by the most eloquent display of the beauties of compassion and humanity. The moralist speaks to them a language they do not understand; it is not therefore surprising, that they should neither be convinced nor reclaimed. I would not be understood to mean, that the enormity of a vice should free it from censure: on the contrary, I hold such glaring deviations from rectitude the most proper objects for the severest lash of satire, and that they should frequently be held up to public view, that, if the guilty cannot be reclaimed, the wavering may be confirmed, and the innocent warned to avoid the danger.

But it is a no less useful, and a much more pleasing task, to endeavour to remove the veil that covers the lustre of virtue, and to point out, for the purpose of amending, those errors and imperfections which tarnish deserving characters, which render them useless, in some cases hurtful, to society.

An honest ambition for that fame which ought to follow superior talents, employed in the exercise of virtue, is one of the best and most useful passions that can take root in the mind of man; and, in the language of the Roman poet, "Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos;"—"Heroes lifts to gods." But when this laudable ambition happens to be joined with great delicacy of taste and sentiment, it is often the source of much misery and uneasiness. In the earlier periods of society, before mankind are corrupted by the excesses of luxury and refinement, the candidates for fame enter the lists upon equal terms, and with a reasonable degree of confidence, that the judgment of their fellow-citizens will give the preference where it is due. In such a contest, even the vanquished have no inconsiderable share of glory; and that virtue which they cultivate, forbids them to withhold their respect and applause from the superiority by which they are overcome. Of this, the first ages of the Grecian and Roman republics are proper examples, when merit was the only road to fame, because fame was the only reward of merit.

Though it were unjust to accuse the present age of being totally regardless of merit, yet this will not be denied, that there are many other avenues which lead to distinction, many other qualities by which competitors carry away a prize, that, in less corrupted times, could have been attained only by a steady perseverance in the paths of virtue.

When a man of acknowledged honour and abilities, not unconscious of his worth, and possessed of those delicate feelings I have mentioned, sees himself set aside, and obliged to give way to the worthless and contemptible, whose vices are sometimes the means of their promotion, he is too apt to yield to disgust or despair; that sensibility which, with better fortune, and placed in a more favourable situation, would have afforded him the most elegant pleasures, made him the delight of his friends, and an honour to his country, is in danger of changing him into a morose an surly misanthrope, discontented with himself, the world, and all its enjoyments.

This weakness (and I think it a great one) of quarrelling with the world, would never have been carried the length I have lamented in some of my friends, had they allowed themselves to reflect on the folly of supposing, that the opinions of the rest of mankind are to be governed by the standard which they have been pleased to erect, had they considered what a state of langour and insipidity would be produced, if every individual should have marked out to him the rank he was to hold, and the line in which he was to move, without any danger of being jostled in his progress.

The Author of Nature has diversified the mind of man with different and contending passions, which are brought into action as chance or circumstances direct, or as he is pleased to order in the wisdom of his providence. Our limited faculties, far from comprehending the universal scale of being, or taking in at one glance what is best and fittest for the purposes of creation, cannot even determine the best mode of governing the little spot that surrounds us.

I believe most men have, at times, wished to be creators, possessed of the power of moulding the world to their fancy ; but they would act more wisely to mould their own prepossessions and prejudices to the standard of the world, which may be done, in every age and situation, without transgressing the bounds of the most rigid virtue. A distaste at mankind never fails to produce peevishness and discontent, the most unrelenting tyrants that ever swayed the human breast ; that cloud which they cast upon the soul, shuts out every ray that should warm to manly exertion, and hides, in the bosom of indolence and spleen, virtues formed to illumine the mind.

I must, therefore, earnestly recommend to my readers to guard against the first approaches of misanthropy, by opposing reason to sentiment, and reflecting on the injury they do themselves and society, by tamely retreating from injustice. The passive virtues only are fit to be buried in a cloister; the firm and active mind disdains to recede, and rises upon opposition.

The cultivation of cheerfulness and good-humour, will be found another sovereign antidote to this mental disorder. They are the harbingers of virtue, and produce that serenity which disposes the mind to friendship, love, gratitude, and every other social affection; they make us contented with ourselves, our friends, and our situation, and expand the heart to all the interests of humanity.

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No. XL. SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise, I send you the second division of my lecture on *Simulation*, as it respects the internal part of the science of politeness.

" Among barbarous nations, it has been observed, " the emotions of the mind are not more violently " felt than strongly expressed. Grief, anger and " jealousy, not only tear the heart, but disfigure the " countenance; while love, joy and mirth, have their " opposite effects on the soul, and are visible, by op" posite appearances, in the aspect. Now, as a very " refined people are in a state exactly the reverse of " a very rude one, it follows, that, instead of allow-

" ing the passions thus to lord it over their minds " and faces, it behoves them to mitigate and restrain " those violent emotions, both in feeling and appear- " ance; the latter, at least, is within the power of art " and education, and to regulate it is the duty of a " well-bred person. On this truly philosophical prin- " ciple is founded that ease, indifference, or non- " chalance, which is the great mark of a modern " man of fashion.

" That instance of politeness which I mentioned " (somewhat out of place indeed) in the first part of " this discourse, the conduct of a fine lady at a tra- " gedy, is to be carried into situations of real sorrow " as much as possible. Indeed, though it may seem " a bold assertion, I believe the art of putting on in- " difference, about the real object, is not a whit more " difficult than that of assuming it about the theatri- " cal. I have known several ladies and gentlemen " who have acquired the first in perfection, without " being able to execute the latter, at least to execute " it in that masterly manner which marks the per- " formances of an adept. One night, last winter, I " heard Bob Bustle talking from a front-box, to an " acquaintance in the pit, about the death of their " late friend Jack Riot.—" Riot is dead, Tom; " kick'd this morning, egad!"—" Riot dead! poor " Jack! what did he die of?"—" One of your dam- " nation apoplectics kill'd him in the chucking of a " bumper; you could scarce have heard him whea- " zle!—" Damn'd bad that! Jack was an honest fel- " low!—What becomes of his grey poney?—" The " poney is mine."—Yours!"—Why, yes; I staked " my white and liver-coloured bitch Phillis against " the grey poney, Jack's life to mine for the season." " ——At that instant, a lady entering the box (it was " about the middle of the fourth act) obliged Bob to " shift his place; he sat out of ear-shot of his friend " in the pit, biting his nails, and looking towards the

" stage, in a sort of nothing-to doish way, just as the
" last parting scene between Jaffier and Belvidera was
" going on there. I observed (I confess, with regret,
" for he is one of my favourite pupils) the progress
" of its victory over Bob's politeness. He first grew
" attentive, then humm'd a tune, then grew attentive
" again, then took out his toothpick case, then looked
" at the players in spite of him, then grew serious,
" then agitated——till, at last, he was fairly beat out
" of his ground, and obliged to take shelter behind
" Lady Cockatoo's head, to prevent the disgrace of
" being absolutely seen weeping.

" But, to return from this digression.——This Si-
" mulation of indifference in affliction is equally a
" female as a male accomplishment. On the death
" of a very, very near relation, a husband, for in-
" stance, custom has established a practice, which
" polite people have not yet been able to overcome;
" a lady must stay at home, and play at cards for a
" week or two. But the decease of any one more dis-
" tant, she is to talk of as a matter of very little moment,
" except when it happens on the eve of an assembly,
" a ball, or a ridotto; at such seasons she is allowed
" to regret it as a very unfortunate accident. This
" rule of deportment extends to distresses poignant
" indeed; as, in perfect good-breeding, the fall of a
" set of Dresden, the spilling of a plate of soup on
" a new brocade, or even a bad run of cards, is to be
" borne with as equal a countenance as may be.

" Anger, the second passion above enumerated, is
" to be covered with the same cloak of ease and good
" manners; injury, if of a deep kind, with profes-
" sions of esteem and friendship. Thus, though it
" would be improper to squeeze a gentleman's hand,
" and call him my dear Sir, or my best friend, when
" we mean to hit him a slap on the face, or to throw a
" bottle at his head; yet it is perfectly consistent
" with politeness, to shew him all those marks of ci-

" vility and kindness, when we intend to strip him of
" his fortune at play, to counterplot him at an elec-
" tion, or to seduce his wife. The last-mentioned
" particular should naturally lead to the consideration
" of jealousy ; but on this it is needless to insist, as,
" among well-bred people, the feeling itself is quite
" in disuse.

" Love is one of those passions which politeness
" lays us under a particular obligation to disguise, as
" the discovery of it to third persons is peculiarly of-
" fensive and disagreeable. Therefore, when a man
" happens to sit by a tolerably handsome girl, for
" whom he does not care a farthing, he is at liberty
" to kiss her hand, call her an angel, and tell her
" he dies for her ; but, if he has a real *tendre* for her,
" he is to stare in her face with a broad unfeeling
" look, tell her she looks monstrous ill this evening,
" and that her *coiffeuse* has pinned her cap shocking-
" ly awry. From not attending to the practice of
" this rule amongst people of fashion, the inferior
" world has been led to imagine, that matrimony
" with them is a state of indifference or aversion ;
" whereas, in truth, the appearances from which
" that judgment is formed, are the strongest indica-
" tions of connubial happiness and affection.

" On the subject of joy, or at least of mirth, that
" great master of our art, my Lord Chesterfield, has
" been precise in his directions. He does not allow
" of laughter at all ; by which, however, he is to be
" understood as only precluding that exercise as a
" sign, common with the vulgar, of internal satisfac-
" tion : it is by no means to be reprobated as a dis-
" guise for chagrin, or an engine of wit ; it is, in-
" deed the readiest of all repartees, and will often
" give a man of fashion the victory over an inferior,
" with every talent, but that of assurance, on his
" side.

“ As the passions and affections, so are the virtues of a polite man to be carefully concealed or disguised. In this particular, our art goes far beyond the rules of philosophers, or the precepts of the Bible: they enjoined men not to boast of their virtues; we teach them to brag of their vices, which is certainly a much sublimer pitch of self-denial. Besides, the merit of disinterestedness lies altogether on our side, the disciples of those antiquated teachers expecting, as they confess, a reward somewhere; our conduct has only the pure consciousness of acting like a man of fashion for its recompence, as we evidently profit nothing by it at present, and the idea of future retribution, were we ever to admit of it, is rather against us.”

Such, Mr. *Mirror*, is the substance of one of my lectures, which, I think, promise so much edification our country (yet only in an improving state with regard to the higher and more refined parts of politeness) that it must be impossible for your patriotism to refuse their encouragement. If you insert this in your next paper (if accompanied with some commendatory paragraphs of your own, so much the better.) I shall take care to present you with a dozen admission tickets, as soon as the number of my subscribers enables me to begin my course.

I have the honour to be, &c.

V SIMULATOR.

No XLI. TUESDAY, JUNE 15.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui. VIRG.

PASSING the Exchange a few days ago I perceived a little before me a short, plump-looking man, seeming to set his watch by St. Giles's clock, which had just then struck two. On observing him a little more closely, I recognised Mr. Blubber, with whom I had become acquainted at the house of my friend Umphraville's cousin, Mr. Bearskin. He also recollected me, and shaking me cordially by the hand, told me he was just returned safe from his journey to the Highlands, and had been regulating his watch by our town-clock, as he found the sun did not go exactly in the Highlands as it did in the Low country. He added, that, if I would come and eat a Welsh-rabbit, and drink a glass of punch with him and his family that evening, at their lodgings hard by, they would give me an account of their expedition. He said, they found my description of things a very just one: and was pleased to add, that his wife and daughters had taken a very great liking to me ever since the day that we met at his friend Bearskin's. After this, it was impossible to resist his invitation, and I went to his lodgings in the evening accordingly, where I found all the family assembled, except Mr. Edward, whom they accounted for in the history of their expedition.

I could not help making one preliminary observation, that it was much too early in the season for viewing the country to advantage; but to this Mr. Blubber had a very satisfactory answer; they were resolved to complete their tour before the new tax upon post-horses should be put in execution.

The first place they visited after they left Edinburgh was Carron, which Mr. Blubber seemed to prefer to any place he had seen; but the ladies did not appear to have relished it much. The mother said, "She had like to have fell into a fit at the noise "of the great bellows." Miss Blubber agreed, that it was monstrous frightful indeed. Miss Betsy had spoiled her petticoat in getting in, and said it was a nasty place, not fit for genteel people, in her opinion. Blubber put on his wisest face, and observed, that women did not know the use of them things. There was much the same difference in their sentiments with regard to the Great Canal; Mr. Blubber took out a bit of paper, on which he had marked down the lockage duty received in a week there; he shook his head, however, and said, he was sorry to find the shares were below par.

Of Stirling, the young ladies remarked, that the view from the castle was very fine, and the windings of the river very curious. But neither of them had ever been at Richmond. Mrs. Bubber, who had been oftener than once there, told us, "that from the hill "was a much grander prospect; that the river "Thames made two twists for one that the Forth "made at Stirling; besides, there was a wood so "charming thick, that, unless when you got to a "rising ground, like what the Star and Garter "stands on, you could scarce see a hundred yards "before you."

Taymouth seemed to strike the whole family. The number and beauty of the temples were taken particular notice of; nor was the trimness of the walks and hedges without commendation. Miss Betsy Blubber declared herself charmed with the shady walk by the side of the Tay, and remarked, what an excellent fancy it was to shut out the view of the river, so that you might hear the stream without seeing it. Mr. Blubber, however, objected to the vicinity of the hills, and Mrs. Blubber to that of the lake, which she was sure must be extremely unwholesome.

To this circumstance she imputed her rheumatism, which she told us, "had been very troublesome to "her the first night she lay'd there; but that she "had always the precaution of carrying a bottle of "Beaume de Vie in the chaise, and that a dose of it "had effectually cured her."

The ladies were delighted with the Hermitage. Mrs. Blubber confessed, "she was somewhat afeard "at first to trust herself with the guide, down a dark "narrow path, to the Lord knows where; but then "it was so charming when he let in the light upon "them."—"Yes, and so natural," said her eldest daughter, "with the flowers growing out of the wall, "and the Bear-skins so pure soft for the Hermit to "sleep on."——"And their garter-blue colour so "lively and so pretty," said Miss Betsy; "I vow I "could have stay'd there for ever.——You wa'n't "there, Papa."——"No," replied he, rather sullenly, "but I saw one of them same things at Dun-"keld, next day."—The young ladies declared they were quite different things, and that no judgment could be formed of the one from the other; upon which Mr. Blubber began to grow angry; and Mrs. Blubber interposing, put an end to the question; whispering me at the same time, that her husband had fallen asleep, after a hearty dinner at the inn near Taymouth, and that she and her children had gone to see the Hermitage without him. I was farther informed, that Mr. Edward Blubber had left their party at this place, having gone along with two English gentlemen whom he met there, to see a great many curiosities farther off in the Highlands. "For "my part," said Blubber, "though I was told it was "a great way off, and over terrible mountains, as "indeed we could perceive them to be from the win-"dows, I did not care to hinder his going, as I like "to see spirit in a young man."

The rest of the family returned by the way of Dunkeld, which the ladies likewise commended as a monstrous pleasant place. Mr. Blubber dissented a little, saying, "he could not see the pleasure of al-
" ways looking at the same things; hills, and wood,
" and water, over and over again. The river here,
" he owned, was a pretty rural thing enough; but,
" for his part he should think it much more lively if
" it had a few ships and lighters on it." Miss Blubber did not agree with him as to the ships and lighters; but she confessed, she thought a little company would improve it a good deal. Miss Betsy differed from both, and declared, she relished nothing so much as solitude and retirement. This led to a description of a second hermitage they had visited at this place, from which, and some of the grottos adjoining, Miss Betsy had taken down some sweet copies of verses, as she called them, in her memorandum-book. The fall of water here had struck the family much. Mrs. Blubber observed, how like it was to the cascade at Vauxhall; her eldest daughter remarked, however, that the fancy of looking at it through panes of different coloured glass in the Hermitage-room, was an improvement on that at Spring-gardens.

The bridge at Perth was the last section of the family journal that we discoursed on. The ladies had inadvertently crossed it in the carriage to see the palace at Scone, at which they complained there was nothing to be seen; and Mr. Blubber complained of the extravagance of the toll on the bridge, which he declared was higher than at Blackfriars. He was assured, however, that he had paid no more than the legal charge, by his landlord, Mr. Marshall, at whose house he received some consolation from an excellent dinner, and a bed, he said, which the Lord Mayor of London might have laid on. "I hope there is
" no offence (continued Mr. Blubber, very politely;)

" as I understand the landlord is an Englishman ;
" but at the King's Arms, I met with the only real
" good buttered toast that I have seen in Scotland."
But however various were the remarks of the family on the particulars of their journey in detail, I found they had perfectly settled their respective opinions of travelling in general. The ladies had formed their conclusion, that it was monstrous pleasant, and the gentleman his, that it was monstrous dear.

I

No. XLII. SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

WHEN I first undertook this publication, it was suggested by some of my friends, and, indeed, accorded entirely with my own ideas, that there should be nothing of religion in it. There is a sacredness in the subject that might seem profaned by its introduction into a work, which, to be extensively read, must sometimes be ludicrous, and often ironical. This consideration will apply, in the strongest manner, to any thing mystic or controversial ; but it may perhaps, admit of an exception, when religion is only introduced as a feeling, not a system, as appealing to the sentiments of the heart, not to the disquisitions of the head. The following story holds it up in that light, and is therefore, I think, admissible into the *Mirror*. It was sent to my editor as a translation from the French. Of this my readers will judge. Perhaps they might be apt to suspect, without any suggestion from me, that it is an original, not a translation. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that it contains in it much of that picturesque description, and that power of awakening the tender feelings, which so remarkably distinguish the composition of a gentleman whose writings I have often read with pleasure. But, be that as it may, as I felt myself interested in the narrative, and believed that it would affect my readers in the like manner, I have ventured to give it entire as I received it, though it will take up the room of three successive papers.

S

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in his retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. ———'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter.—Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations, which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter.——Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bedgown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. ——— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.——"Mademoi-"selle!" said the old woman at last in a soft tone, —She turned and shewed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante; "if he could possibly be moved any where." ——"If he could be moved to our house," said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the *gouvernante's*. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By this time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. ———, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.——The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.—— "My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is "not a Christian; but he is the best of unbeliev- "ers."——"Not a Christian!"——exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, "yet he saved my father! "Heaven bless him for't; I would he were a Chris- "tian!" "There is a pride in human knowledge, "my child," said her father, "which often blind "men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence "opposers of Christianity are found among men of "virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated "and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have "known the latter more easily converted to the true "faith than the former, because the fume of passion "is more easily dissipated than the mist of false "theory and delusive speculation."—"But Mr.——," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a "Christian before he dies."——She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.——He took her hand with an air of kindness:——She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.——"I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery." "That "is right," replied his landlord—"I would not wish" continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think other- "wise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Be- "ing, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, "as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a "real good:—Alas! I may live to wish I had died, "that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly "relieving me (he clasped Mr. ——'s hand;) but, "when I look on this renovated being as the gift of "the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment— "my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him; "it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty but "as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not "with disapprobation, but with horror."—"You say "right, my dear Sir," replied the philosopher; "but

" you are not yet re-established enough to talk much " —you must take care of your health, and neither " study nor preach for some time. I have been " thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, " when you mentioned your intended departure. I " never was in Switzerland ; I have a great mind to " accompany your daughter and you into that coun" try.—I will help to take care of you by the road ; " for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself " responsible for your cure." La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal , his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity ; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings ; hatred never dwelt in them.

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No. XLIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 22.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

THEY travelled by short stages ; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion ; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse ; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid ; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love ; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.—— A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides ; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene ; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent ; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven ; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts of condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God"—said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us;—if you chuse rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within."—"By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions." —"She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism: and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing."—"'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.——The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused, it ceased;—and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faultered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fullness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts; he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which "art in heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret my friend," said he to Mr. ———, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite plea-

" sure derived from music, you regret your want of
" musical powers and musical feelings; it is a de-
" partment of soul, you say, which nature has almost
" denied you, which from the effects you see it have
" on others, you are sure must be highly delightful.
" —Why should not the same thing be said of reli-
" gion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an
" energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for
" all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the
world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the
" pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them
" all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds
" the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in
" every good thing I possess; and when calamities
" overtake me——and I have had my share——it
" confers a dignity on my affliction,——so lifts me
" above the world.——Man, I know, is but a worm
" —yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!"—It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. ————, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—" They are not seen in Flanders !" said Ma'moiselle with a sigh. " That's an odd remark," said Mr. ————, smiling.——She blushed, and he enquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence ; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

No. XLIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 26.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

ABOUT three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva ; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered, as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ————'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.—After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter, in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceeded from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making enquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "then you knew not Mademoi-" selle, Sir?—you never beheld a lovelier"—"La" Roche!" exclaimed he in reply—" Alas! it was " she indeed!"—The appearance of surprize and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.—He came up closer to Mr. ———; "I perceive, Sir, you were " acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche."—"Ac-" quainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—" where did she die?—Where is her father?"—" She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young " gentleman to whom she was soon to have been " married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, " his intimate companion, and to whom, before their " quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. " Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often

" told us a Christian should ; he is even so composed " as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few " exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom " with us on such occasions :—follow me, Sir, and " you shall hear him."—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased ;—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not less affected than they.—La Roche arose.—" Father " of Mercies !" said he, " forgive these tears ; assist " thy servant to lift up his soul to thee ; to lift to " thee the souls of thy people !—My friends ! it is " good so to do : at all seasons it is good ; but in " the days of our distress, what a privilege it is ! " Well saith the sacred book, " Trust in the Lord : " at all times trust in the Lord." " When every " other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those " living waters which flow from the throne of God.— " 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a supreme Being, that our calamities can " be borne in that manner which becomes a man. " Human wisdom is here of little use ; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, " without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.— " I will not bid you be insensible, my friends ! I

" cannot, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh)
" I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of
" my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to
" give me strength to speak to you; to direct you
" to him, not with empty words, but with these tears;
" not from speculation, but from experience,—that
" while you see me suffer, you may know also my
" consolation.

" You behold the mourner of his only child, the
" last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years!
" Such a child too!—It becomes not me to speak of
" her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention
" them, because they were exerted towards myself.———Not many days ago you saw her young,
" beautiful, virtuous, and happy;—ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge
" of my affliction now. But I look towards him who
" struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the
" chastenings of my God.——Oh! could I make you
" feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is
" pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out
" with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and
" death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all
" that the last can inflict!—For we are not as those
" who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth—that we shall live with him, with
" our friends his servants, in that blessed land where
" sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it
" is perfect.—Go then, mourn not for me; I have
" not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall
" meet again, never to be separated—But ye are
" also my children: would ye that I should not
" grieve without comfort?—So live as she lived;
" that, when your death cometh, it may be the death
" of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope.—Mr. ——— followed him into his house.—The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him, the scene they last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open: La Roche started back at the sight, "Oh! my friend!" said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himself; he stept forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, "You see my weakness," said he, "'tis the "weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not "therefore lost."——"I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is "your's."——"It is, my friend," said he, "and I "trust I shall ever hold it fast;—if there are any "who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to "weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our "affliction."

Mr. ———'s heart was smitten;—and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

No. XLV. TUESDAY, JUNE 29.

IS he a man of fashion? is the usual question on the appearance of a stranger, or the mention of a person with whom we are unacquainted. But, though this phrase be in the mouth of every body, I have often found people puzzled when they attempted to give an idea of what they meant by it; and, indeed, so many and so various are the qualities that enter into the composition of a modern man of fashion, that it is difficult to give an accurate definition or a just description of him. Perhaps he may, in the general, be defined, a being who possesses some quality or talent which intitles him to be received into every company; to make one in all parties, and to associate with persons of the highest rank and the first distinction.

If this definition be just, it may be amusing to consider the different ideas that have prevailed, at different times, with regard to the qualities requisite to constitute a man of fashion. Not to go farther back, we are told by Lord Clarendon, that, in the beginning of the last century, the men of rank were distinguished by a stately deportment, a dignified manner, and a certain stiffness of ceremonial, admirably calculated to keep their inferiors at a proper distance. In those days, when pride of family prevailed so universally, it is to be presumed, that no circumstance could atone for the want of birth. Neither riches nor genius, knowledge nor ability, could then have entitled their possessor to hold the rank of a man of fashion, unless he fortunately had sprung from an ancient and honourable family. The immense fortunes which we are now accustomed to see acquired, almost instantaneously, were then unknown. In imagination, however, we may fancy what an awkward appearance a modern nabob, or contractor, would have made in a circle of these proud and high-minded nobles. With all his wealth, he would have been treated as a being of a different species; and any attempt to imitate the manners of the great, or to rival them in expence and splendour, would only have served to expose him the more to ridicule and contempt.

As riches, however, increased in the nation, men became more and more sensible of the solid advantages they brought along with them; and the pride of birth gradually relaxing, monied men rose proportionally into estimation. The haughty lord, or proud country gentleman, no longer scrupled to give his daughter in marriage to an opulent citizen, or to repair his ruined fortune by uniting the heir of his title or family with a rich heiress, though of plebeian extraction. These connections daily becoming more common, removed, in some measure, the distinction of rank; and every man, possessed of a certain fortune, came to think himself intitled to be treated as a gentleman, and received as a man of fashion. Above all, the happy expedient of purchasing Seats in Parliament, tended to add weight and consideration to what came to be called the Monied Interest. When a person, who had suddenly acquired an enormous fortune, could find eight or ten proper, well-dressed, gentlemen-like figures, ready to vote for him, as his proxies, in the House of Commons, it is not surprising, that, in his turn, he should come to look down on the heirs of old established families, who could neither cope with him in influence at court, nor vie with him in show and ostentation.

About the beginning of this century, there seems to have been an intermediate, though short interval, when genius, knowledge, talents, and elegant accomplishments, intitled their possessor to hold the rank of a man of fashion, and were even deemed essentially requisite to form that character. The society of

Swift, Pope, Gay, and Prior was courted by all; and, without the advantages of high birth, or great fortune, an Addison and a Craggs attained the first offices in the state.

In the present happy and enlightened age, neither birth nor fortune, superior talents, nor superior abilities, are requisite to form a man of fashion. On the contrary, all these advantages united are insufficient to entitle their owners to hold that rank, while we daily see numbers received as men of fashion, though sprung from the meanest of the people and though destitute of every grace, of every polite accomplishment, and of all pretensions to genius or ability.

This, I confess, I have often considered as one of the greatest and most important improvements in modern manners. Formerly it behoved every person born in obscurity, who wished to rise into eminence, either to acquire wealth by industry or frugality, or following a still more laborious and difficult pursuit, to distinguish himself by the exertion of superior talents in the field or in the senate. But now nothing of all this is necessary. A certain degree of knowledge the man of fashion must indeed possess. He must be master of the principles contained in the celebrated treatise of Mr. Hoyle; he must know the chances of Hazard; he must be able to decide on any dispute with regard to the form of a hat, or the fashion of a buckle; and he must be able to tell my Lady Duchess, whether Marechalle powder suits best a brown or a fair complexion.

From the equipage, the dress, the external show of a modern man of fashion, a superficial observer might be apt to think that fortune, at least, is a necessary article; but a proper knowledge of the world teaches us the contrary. A man of fashion must, indeed, live as if he were a man of fortune. He must rival the wealthiest in expence of every kind; he must push to excess every species of extravagant dissipation; and he must game for more money than he can pay. But all these things a man of fashion can do, without possessing any visible revenue whatever. This, though perhaps the most important, is not the only advantage which the man of fashion enjoys over the rest of mankind. Not to mention that he may seduce the daughter, and corrupt the wife of his friend, he may also, with perfect honour, rob the son of that friend of his whole fortune in an evening; and it is altogether immaterial that the one party was intoxicated, and the other sober, that the one was skilled in the game, and the other ignorant of it; for, if a young man will insist upon playing in such circumstances, who but himself can be blamed for the consequences?

The superiority enjoyed by a man of fashion, in his ordinary dealings and intercourse with mankind, is still more marked. He may, without any impeachment on his character, and with the nicest regard to his honour, do things which, in a common man, would be deemed infamous Thus the man of fashion may live in luxury and splendour, while his creditors are starving in the streets, or rotting in a jail; and, should they attempt to enforce the laws of their country against him, he would be entitled to complain of it as a gross violation of the respect that is due to his person and character.

The last time my friend Mr. Umphraville was in town, I was not a little amused with his remarks on the men of fashion about this city, and on the change that had taken place in our manners since the time he had retired from the world. When we met a young man gaily dressed, lolling in his chariot, he seldom failed to ask, "What young lord is that?" One day we were invited to dine with an old acquaintance, who had married a lady passionately fond of the ton, and of every thing that had the appearance of fashion. We went at the common hour of dining, and after waiting some time, our host (who had informed us that he would invite nobody else, that we might talk over old stories without interruption) proposed to order dinner; on which his lady, after chiding his impatience, and observing that nobody kept such unfashionable hours, said, she expected Mr. ——, and another friend, whom she had met at the play the evening before, and had engaged to dine with her that day. After waiting a full hour longer, the noise of a carriage, and a loud rap at the door, announced the arrival of the expected guests. They entered, dressed in the very pink of the mode; and neither my friend's dress nor mine being calculated to inspire them with respect, they brushed past us, and addressed the lady of the house, and two young ladies who were with her, in a strain of coarse familiarity, so different from the distant and respectful manner to which Mr. Umphraville had been accustomed, that I could plainly discover he was greatly shocked with it. When we were called to dinner, the two young gentlemen seated themselves on each hand of the lady of the house, and there ingrossed the whole conversation, if a recital of the particulars of their adventures at the tavern the evening before deserved that name. For a long time, every attempt made by our landlord to enter into discourse with Mr. Umphraville and me proved abortive. At last, taking advantage of an accidental pause, he congratulated my friend on the conquest of Pondicherry. The latter, drawing his brows together, and shaking his head with an expression of dissent, observed, that although he was always pleased with the exertions of our countrymen, and the bravery of our troops, he could not receive any satisfaction from an Indian conquest. He then began an harangue on the corruption of manners—the evils of luxury—the fatal consequences of a sudden influx of wealth—and would I am persuaded, 'ere he had done, have traced the loss of liberty in

Greece and the fall of Rome to Asiatic connections, had he not been, all at once cut short with the exclamation of " Damn it, Jack, how does the old boy do " to-day? I hope he begins to get better.—Nay, " pr'ythee don't look grave; you know I am too " much your friend to wish him to hold out long; " but if he tip before Tuesday at twelve o'clock, I " shall lose a hundred to Dick Hazard.——After " that time, as soon as you please."——" Don't you " think, Madam," (addressing himself to one of the young ladies) " that when an old fellow has been scraping money together with both hands for forty years, " the civilest thing he can do is to die, and leave it to " a son, who has spirit to spend it?" Without uttering a word, the lady gave one look, that, had he been able to translate it into language, must, for a time at least, have checked his vivacity. But the rebuke being too delicate to make any impression on our hero, he ran on in the same strain; and being properly supported by his companion, effectually excluded the discourse of every body else. Umphraville did not once again attempt to open his mouth; and, for my own part, as I had heard enough of the conversation, his countenance served as a sufficient fund of entertainment for me. A painter, who wished to express indignation, contempt, and pity, blended together, could not have found a finer study.

At length we withdrew; and we had no sooner got fairly out of the house, than Umphraville began to interrogate me with regard to the gentlemen who had dined with us. " They are men of fashion," said I— " But who are they? of what families are they de- " scended?"—" As to that," replied I, " you know " I am not skilled in the science of genealogy; but, " though I were, it would not enable me to answer " your present enquiries; for I believe, were you to " put the question to the gentlemen themselves, it " would puzzle either of them to tell you who his

" grandfather was."—What then," said he, in an elevated tone of voice, " entitles them to be received
" into company as men of fashion? Is it extent of
" ability, superiority of genius, refinement of taste,
" elegant accomplishments or polite conversation? I
" admit, that where these are to be found in an eminent degree, they may make up for the want of
" birth; but where a person can neither talk like a
" man of sense, nor behave like a gentleman, I must
" own I cannot easily pardon our men of rank for allowing every barrier to be removed, and every frivolous, insignificant fellow, who can adopt the
" reigning vices of the age, to be received on an equal
" footing with themselves.—But after all" continued he, in a calm tone, " if such be the manners of our
" men of rank, it may be doubted whether they, or
" their imitators, are the greatest objects of contempt."

R.

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No. XLVI. SATURDAY, JULY 3.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

I HAPPENED lately to dine in a large company, where I was in a great measure, unknowing and unknown. To enter into farther particulars, would be to tell you more than is necessary to my story.

The conversation, after dinner, turned on that common-place question, " Whether a parent ought to
" chuse a profession for his child, or leave him to
" chuse for himself?"

Many remarks and examples were produced on both sides of the question; and the argument hung in equilibrio, as is often the case, when all the speakers are moderately well-informed, and none of them are very eager to convince, or unwilling to be convinced.

At length an elderly gentleman began to give his opinion. He was a stranger to most of the company; had been silent, but not sullen; of a steady but not voracious appetite; and one rather civil than polite.

" In my younger days," said he, " nothing would " serve but I must needs make a campaign against " the Turks in Hungary."——At mention of the Turks in Hungary, I perceived a general impatience to seize the company.

" I rejoice exceedingly, Sir," said a young physician, " that fortune has placed me near one of your " character, Sir, from whom I may be informed with " precision, whether *lavemens* of *ol. amygd.* did in-" deed prove a specific in the *Hungarian Dysenteria*, " which desolated the German army?"

" Ipecacuanha in small doses," added another gentleman of the faculty, " is an excellent recipe, and " was generally prescribed at our hospitals in West-" phalia, with great, although not infallible success: " but that method was not known in the last wars " between the Ottomans, vulgarly termed Turks, " and the Imperialists, whom, through an error ex-" ceedingly common, my good friend has denomina-" ted Germans."

" You must pardon me, Doctor," said a third, " ipe-" cacuanha, in small doses, was administered at the " siege of Limerick, soon after the Revolution; and " if you will be pleased to add seventy-nine, the " years of this century, to ten or eleven, which car-" ries us back to the siege of Limerick in the last, you " will find, if I mistake not, that this recipe has been " used for fourscore and nine, or for ninety years."

" Twice the years of the longest prescription, " Doctor," cried a pert barrister from the other end

of the table, "even after making a reasonable allow-
" ance for minorities."

"You mean if that were necessary," said a thoughtful aged person who sat next him.

"As I was saying," continued the third physician,
" ipecacuanha was administered in small doses at the
" siege of Limerick: for it is a certain fact, that a
" surgeon in King William's army communicated
" the receipt of that preparation to a friend of his,
" and that friend communicated it to the father, or
" rather, as I incline to believe, to the grandfather, of
" a friend of mine. I am peculiarly attentive to the
" exactitude of my facts; for indeed, it is by facts alone
" that we can proceed to reason with assurance. It
" was the great Bacon's method."

A grave personage in black then spoke:—"There
" is another circumstance respecting the last wars in
" Hungary, which, I must confess, does exceedingly
" interest my curiosity; and that is, whether General
" Doxat was justly condemned for yielding up a for-
" tified city to the Infidels: or whether, being an in-
" nocent man, and a Protestant, he was persecuted
" unto death by the intrigues of the Jesuits at the
" court of Vienna?

"I knew nothing of General Doxy," said the stranger, who had hitherto listened attentively; "but,
" if he was persecuted by the Jesuits, I should sup-
" pose him to have been a very honest gentleman;
" for I never heard any thing but ill of the people of
" that religion."

"You forgot," said the first physician, "the *Quin-
" quina*, that celebrated febrifuge, which was brought
" into Europe by a father of that order, or, as you
" are pleased to express it in a French idiom, of that
" religion."

"That of the introduction of the *Quinquina* into
" Europe by the Jesuits is a vulgar error," said the second physician: "the truth is, that the secret was
" communicated by the natives of South-America to

" a humane Spanish governor whom they loved. He " told his chaplain of it; the chaplain, a German " Jesuit, gave some of the bark to Dr. Helvetius, of " Amsterdam, father of that Helvetius, who, having " composed a book concerning matter, gave it the " title of spirit."

" What!" cried the third physician, " was that " Dr. Helvetius who cured the Queen of France of " an intermittent, the father of Helvetius the renowned philosopher? The fact is exceedingly curious; and I wonder whether it has come to the " knowledge of my correspondent Dr. B——."

" As the gentleman speaks of his campaigns," said an officer of the army, " he will probably be in " a condition to inform us, whether Marshal Saxe is " to be credited when he tells us in his Reveries, " that the Turkish horse, after having drawn out " their fire, mowed down the Imperial infantry?"

" Perhaps we shall have some account of Petronius found at Belgrade," said another of the company; " but I suspend my enquiries until the gentleman has finished his story."

" I have listened with great pleasure," said the stranger, " and, though I cannot say that I understand all the ingenious things spoken, I can see " the truth of what I have often been told, that the " Scots, with all their faults, are a learned nation.

" In my younger days, it is true, that nothing " would serve me but I must needs make a campaign " against the Turks, or the Hotmen in Hungary; " but my father could not afford to breed me like a " gentleman, which was my own wish, and so he " bound me for seven years to a ship-chandler in " Wapping. Just as my time was out, my master " died, and I married the widow. What by marriages, and what by purchasing damaged stores, " got together a pretty capital. I then dealt in sailors' tickets, and I peculated, as they call it, in " divers things. I am now well known about 'Change;

" aye, and, somewhere else too," said he, with a significant nod.

" Now, Gentlemen, you will judge whether my
" father did not chuse better for me than I should
" have done for myself. Had I gone to the wars, I
" might have lost some of my precious limbs, or
" have had my tongue cut out by the Turks. But
" suppose that I had returned safe to Old England, I
" might indeed have been able to brag, that I was
" acquainted with the *laughing man* of Hungary, and
" with *Peter*, o—I can't hit on his name; and I might
" have learnt the way of curing *Great Bacon*, and
" known whether a *Turkish* horse mowed down *Im-*
" *perial Infants*; but my pockets would have been
" empty all the while, and I should have been put to
" hard shifts for a dinner. And so you will see that
" my father did well in binding me apprentice to a
" ship-chandler —Here is to his memory in a bumper
" of port; and success to *omnium*, and the *Irish Tong-*
" *teing!*"

I am, Sir, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

Though I early signified my resolution of declining to take any public notice of communications or letters sent me; yet there is a set of correspondents whose favours, lately received, I think myself bound to acknowledge; and this I do the more willingly, as it shows the fame of my predecessors to have extended farther than even I had been apt to imagine.

The Spectator's Club is well known to the literary and the fashionable of both sexes; but I confess I was not less surprised than pleased to find it familiar (much to the credit of the gentlemen who frequent such places) to the very tavern keepers of this city; the greatest part of whom, not doubting that I was to follow so illustrious an example, in the institution of a convivial society, have severally applied to me, through the channel of my Editor, to beg that they may be honoured with the reception of the Mirror Club.

Like all other candidates for employment, none of them has been at a loss for reasons why his proposal should have the preference. One describes his house as in the most public, another recommends his as in the most private part of the town. One says, his tavern is resorted to by the politest company; another, that he only receives gentlemen of the most regular and respectable characters. One offers me the largest room of its kind; another the most quiet and commodious. I am particularly pleased with the attention of one of these gentlemen, who tells me he has provided an excellent elbow-chair for Mr. Umphraville; and that he shall take care to have no children in his house to disturb Mr. Fleetwood.

I am sorry to keep these good people in suspence; but I must inform them, for many obvious reasons, that though my friends and I visit them oftener perhaps than they are aware of, it may be a considerable time before we find it convenient to constitute a regular club, or to make known, even to the master of the house which has the honour of receiving us, where we have fixed the place of our convention.

Mean time, as all of them rest their chief pretensions on the character of the clubs who already favour them with their countenance, and as the names of most of these clubs excite my curiosity to be acquainted with their history and constitution, I must hereby request the landlords who entertain the respective societies of the Capillaire, the Whin-bush, the Knights of the Cap and Feather, the Tabernacle, the Stoic, the Poker, the Hum-drum, and the Ante-manum, to transmit me a short account of the origin and nature of these societies;—I say the landlords, because I do not think myself entitled to desire such an account from the clubs themselves; and because it is probable that the most material transactions carried on at their meetings are perfectly well known, and, indeed, may be said to come through the hands of the hosts and their deputies.

L

No. XLVII. TUESDAY, JULY 6.

Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum. Hor.

THAT false refinement and mistaken delicacy I have formerly described in my friend Mr. Fleetwood, a constant indulgence in which has rendered all his feelings so acute, as to make him be disgusted with the ordinary societies of men, not only attends him when in company, or engaged in conversation, but sometimes disturbs those pleasures, from which a mind like his ought to receive the highest enjoyment. Though endowed with the most excellent taste, and though his mind be fitted for relishing all the beauties of good composition ; yet, such is the effect of that excess of sensibility he has indulged, that he hardly ever receives pleasure from any of these, which is not mixed with some degree of pain. In reading, though he can feel all the excellencies of the author, and enter into his sentiments with warmth, yet he generally meets with something to offend him. If a poem, he complains that, with all its merit, it is, in some places, turgid, in others languid ; if a prose composition, that the style is laboured or careless, stiff or familiar, and that the matter is either trite or obscure. In his remarks, there is always some foundation of truth ; but that exquisite sensibility which leads to the too nice perception of blemishes, is apt to carry him away from the contemplation of the beauties of the author, and gives him a degree of uneasiness which is not always compensated by the pleasure he receives.

Very different from this turn of mind is that of Robert Morley, Esq. He is a man of very considerable abilities. His father, (possessed of a considerable fortune) sent him, when a boy, to an English academy. He contracted, from the example of his teachers, an attachment to ancient learning; and he was led to think that he felt and relished the classics, and understood the merits of their composition. From these circumstances, he began to fancy himself a man of fine taste, qualified to decide with authority upon every subject of polite literature. But, in reality, Mr. Morley possesses as little taste as any one I ever knew of his talents and learning. Endowed, by Nature, with great strength of mind, and ignorant of the feeeleness and weakness of human character, he is a stranger to all those finer delicacies of feeling and perception which constitute the man of genuine taste. But, this notwithstanding, from the persuasion that he is a person of fine taste, he reads and talks with fancied rapture, of a poem, or a poetical description. All his remarks, however, discover that he knows nothing of what he talks about; and almost every opinion which he gives differs from the most approved upon the subject. Catched by that spirit which Homer's heroes are possessed of, he agrees with the greatest part of the world in thinking that author the first of all poets; but Virgil he considers as a poet of very little merit. To him he prefers Lucan; but thinks there are some passages in Statius superior to either. He says Ovid gives a better picture of love than Tibullus; and he prefers Quintus Curtius, as an historian, to Livy. The modern writers, particularly the French, he generally speaks of with contempt. Amongst the English, he likes the style of the Rambler better than that of Mr. Addison's Spectator; and he prefers Gordon and Macpherson to Hume and Robertson. I have sometimes heard him repeat an hundred lines at a stretch, from one of the most bombast of our English poets, and have seen him in apparent rapture at the high-sounding words, and swell of the lines, though I am pretty certain that he could not have a distinct picture or idea of any one thing the poet meant. Though he has no ear, I have heard him talk with enthusiasm in praise of music, and lecture, with an air of superiority, upon the different qualities of the greatest masters in the art.

Thus, while Mr. Fleetwood is often a prey to disappointment, and rendered uneasy by excessive refinement and sensibility, Mr. Morley, without any taste at all, receives gratification unmixed and unalloyed.

The character of Morley is not more different from Fleetwood's, than that of Tom Dacres is from both. Tom is a young man of six-and-twenty, and being owner of an estate of about five hundred pounds a-year, he resides constantly in the country. He is not a man of parts; nor is he possessed of the least degree of taste; but Tom lives easy, contented, and happy. He is one of the greatest talkers I ever knew; he rambles, with great volubility, from subject to subject; but he never says any thing that is worth being heard. He is every where the same; and he runs on with the like undistinguishing ease, whether in company with men in high or in low rank, with the knowing or the ignorant. The morning, if the weather be good, he employs in traversing the fields, dressed in a short coat, and an old slouched hat with tarnished gold binding. He is expert at all exercises; and he passes much of his time in shooting, playing at cricket, or at nine-pins. If the weather be rainy, he moves from the farm-yard to the stable, or from the stable to the farm-yard. He walks from one end of the parlour to the other, humming a tune, or whistling to himself; sometimes he plays on the fiddle, or takes a hit at back-gammon. Tom's sisters, who are very accomplished girls, now and then put into his hands any new book with which they are pleased; but he always returns it, says he does not see the use of reading, that the book may be good, is well pleased that they like it, but that it is not a thing of his sort. Even in the presence of ladies, he often indulges in jokes coarse and indecent, which could not be heard without a blush from any other person; but from Tom, for his way is known, they are heard without offence. Tom is pleased with himself, and with every thing around him, and wishes for nothing that he is not possessed of. He says he is much happier than your wiser and graver gentlemen. Tom will never be respected or admired; but he is disliked by none, and made welcome wherever he goes.

In reflecting upon these characters, I have sometimes been almost tempted to think, that taste is an acquisition to be avoided. I have been apt to make this conclusion, when I considered the many undescribable uneasinesses which Mr. Fleetwood is exposed to, and the many unalloyed enjoyments of Morley and Dacres; the one without taste, but believing himself possessed of it; the other without taste, and without thinking that he has any. But I have always been withdrawn from every such reflection, by the contemplation of the character of my much-valued friend Mr. Sidney.

Mr. Sidney is a man of the best understanding, and of the most correct and elegant taste; but he is not more remarkable for those qualities, than for that uncommon goodness and benevolence which presides in all he says and does. To this it is owing that his refined taste has never been attended with any other consequence than to add to his own happiness, and to that of every person with whom he has any connection. Mr. Sidney never unbosoms the secrets of his heart, except to a very few particular friends; but he is polite and complaisant to all. It is not, howeever, that politeness which arises from a desire to comply with the rules of the world; it is politeness dictated by the heart, and which, therefore, sits always easy upon him. At peace with his own mind, he is pleased with every one about him; and he receive the most sensible gratification from the thought, that the little attentions which he bestows upon others, contribute to their happiness. No person ever knew better how to estimate the different pleasures of life; but none ever entered with more ease into the enjoyments of others, though not suited to his own taste. This flows from the natural benevolence of his heart; and I know he has received more delight from taking a share in the pleasures of others, than in cultivating his own. In reading, no man has a nicer discernment of the faults of an author; but he always contrives to overlook them; and says, that he hardly ever read any book from which he did not receive some pleasure or instruction.

Mr. Sidney has, in the course of his life, met with disappointments and misfortunes, though few of them are known, except to his most particular friends. While the impression of those misfortunes was strongest on his mind, his outward conduct in the world remained invariably the same; and those few friends whom he honoured by making partners of his sorrows, know that one great source of his consolation was the consciousness that, under the pressure of calamity, his behaviour remained unaltered, and that he was able to go through the duties of life with becoming dignity and ease. Instead of being peevish and discontented with the world, the disappointments he has met with have only taught him to become more detached from those enjoyments of life which are beyond his power, and have made him value more highly those which he possesses. Mr. Sidney has, for a long time past, been engaged in business of a very difficult and laborious nature: but he conducts it with equal ease and spirit. Far from the elegance and sensibility of his mind unfitting him for the management of those transactions which require great firmness and perseverance, I believe it is his good taste and elegant refinement of mind, which enable him to support that load of business; because he knows that, when it is finished, he has pleasure in store. He is married to a very amiable and beautiful woman, by whom he has four fine children. He says that, when he thinks it is for them, all toil is easy, and all labour light.

The intimate knowledge I have of Mr. Sidney has taught me, that refinement and delicacy of mind, when kept within proper bounds, contribute to happiness; and that their natural effect, instead of producing uneasiness and chagrin, is to add to the enjoyments of life. In comparing the two characters of Fleetwood and Sidney, which nature seems to have cast in the same mould, I have been struck with the fatal consequences to Fleetwood, of indulging his spleen at those little rubs in life, which a juster sense of human imperfection would make him consider equally unavoidable, and to be regarded with the same indifference, as a rainy day, a dusty road, or any the like trifling inconvenience. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not become of importance, when made an object of serious attention. Sidney never repines like Fleetwood; and, as he is much more respected, so he has much more real happiness than either Morley or Dacres. Fleetwood's weaknesses are amiable; and, though we pity, we must love him; but there is a complacent dignity in the character of Sindey, which excites at once our love, respect, and admiration.

A

No. XLVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 10.

THE following paper was lately received from a correspondent, who accompanied it with a promise of carrying his idea through some of the other fine arts. I have since been endeavouring to make it a little less technical, in order to fit it more for general perusal; but, finding I could not accomplish this, without hurting the illustrations of the writer, I have given it to my readers in the terms in which I received it.

THE perceptions of different men, arising from the impressions of the same object, are very often different. Of these we always suppose one to be just and true; all the others to be false. But which is the true, and which the false, we are often at a loss to determine; as the poet has said,

> 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
> Go just alike, yet each believes his own. POPE.

With regard to our external senses, this diversity of feeling, as far as it occurs, is of little consequence; but the truth of perception, in our internal senses, employed in morals and criticism, is more interesting and important.

In the judgments we form concerning the beauty and excellency of the several imitative arts, this difference of feeling is very conspicuous; and it is difficult to say why each man may not believe his own, or how a standard may be established, by which the truth of different judgments may be compared and tried. Whether there is, or is not, a standard of taste, I shall not attempt to determine; but there is a question connected with that, which, properly answered, may have some effect in the decision: whether in the imitative arts, a person exercised in the practice of the art, or in the frequent contemplation of its productions, be better qualified to judge of these, than a person who only feels the direct and immediate effects of it? In the words of an ancient critic, "An docti, qui rationem operis intelligunt, an qui "voluptatem tantum percipiunt, optimè dijudicant?" or, as I may express it in English, Whether the artist or connoisseur have any advantage over other persons of common sense or common feeling?

This question shall be considered at present with regard to one art only, to wit, that of painting; but some of the principal which I shall endeavour to illustrate, will have a general tendency to establish a decision in all. In the first place, it is proper to mention the chief sources of the pleasure we receive in viewing pictures. One arises from the perception of imitation, however produced; a second from the art displayed in producing such imitation; and a third, from the beauty, grace, agreeableness, and propriety of the object imitated. These may all occur in the imitation of one single object; but a much higher pleasure arises from several objects combined together in such a manner, that, while each of them singly affords the several sources of pleasure already mentioned, they all unite in producing one effect, one particular emotion in the spectator, and an impression much stronger than could have been raised by one object alone.

These seem to be the chief sources of the pleasure we receive from pictures; and, with regard to the true and accurate perceptions of each, let us consider who is most likely to form them, the painter and connoisseur, or the unexperienced spectator.

In viewing imitation, we are more or less pleased according to the degree of exactness with which the object is expressed; and, supposing the object to be a common one, it might be imagined, that every person would be equally a judge of the exactness of the imitation; but, in truth, it is otherwise. Our recollection of an object does not depend upon any secret remembrance of the several parts of which it consists, of the exact position of these, or of the dimensions of the whole. A very inaccurate resemblance serves the purpose of memory, and will often pass with us for a true representation, even of the subjects that we fancy ourselves very well acquainted with.

The self-applause of Zeuxis was not well founded, when he valued himself on having painted grapes, that so far deceived the birds, as to bring them to peck at his picture. Birds are no judges of an accurate resemblance, when they often mistake a scarecrow for a man. Nor had Parrhasius much reason to boast of his deceiving even Zeuxis, who, viewing it hastily, and from a distance, mistook the picture of a linen cloth for a real one. It always requires study to perceive the exactness of imitation; and most persons may find, by daily experience, that, when they would examine the accuracy of any representation, they can hardly do it properly, but by bringing together the picture and its archetype, so that they may quickly pass from the one to the other, and thereby compare the form, size, and proportions of all the different parts. Without such study of objects as the painter employs to imitate them, or the connoisseur employs in comparing them with their imitations, there is no person can be a judge of the exactness of the representation. The painters, therefore, or the connoisseurs, are the persons who will best perceive the truth of imitation, and best judge of its merit. It is true, some persons may be acquainted with certain objects, even better than the painters themselves, as the shoemaker was with the shoe in the picture of Apelles: but most persons, like the same shoemaker, are unfit to extend their judgment beyond their *last;* and must in other parts, yield to the more general knowledge of the painter.

As we are, in the first place, pleased with viewing imitation; so we are, in the second place, with considering the art by which the imitation is performed. The pleasure we derive from this, is in proportion to the difficulty we apprehend in the execution, and the degree of genius necessary to the performance of it. But this difficulty, and the degree of genius exerted in surmounting it, can only be well known to the persons exercised in the practice of the art.

When a person has acquired an exact idea of an object, there is still a great difficulty in expressing that correctedly upon his canvas. With regard to objects of a steady figure, they may perhaps be imitated by an ordinary artist; but transient objects, of a momentary appearance, require still a nicer hand. To catch the more delicate expressions of the human soul, requires an art of which few are possessed. and none can sufficiently admire, but those who have themselves attempted it. These are the difficulties of painting, in forming even a correct outline; and the painter has yet more to struggle with. To represent a solid upon a plain surface, by the position and size of the several parts; to be exact in the perspective; by these, and by the distribution of light and shade, to make every figure stand out from the canvass; and, lastly, by natural and glowing colours, to animate and give life to the whole: these are parts of the painter's art, from which chiefly the pleasure of the spectator, arising from his consciousness of the imitation, is derived, but at the same time, such as the uninformed spectator has but an imperfect notion of, and, therefore, must feel an inferior degree of pleasure in contemplating.

The next source of the pleasures derived from painting, above taken notice of, is that arising from the beauty, the grace, the elegance of the object, imitated. When a painter is happy enough to make such a choice, he does it by a constitutional taste that may be common to all. Raphael could not learn it from his master Pietro Perugino; Rubens, though conversant with the best models of antiquity, could never acquire it. In judging, therefore, of this part of painting, the artist has scarcely any advantage above the common spectator. But it is to be observed, that a person of the finest natural taste cannot become suddenly an *elegans formarum* spectator, an expression which it is scarce possible to translate. It is only by comparison that we arrive at the knowledge of what is most perfect in its kind. The Madonas of Carlo Maratt appear exquisitely beautiful; and it is only when we see those of Raphael that we discern their imperfections. A person may even be sensible of the imperfections of forms; but, at the same time, may find it impossible to conceive, with precision, an idea of the most perfect. Thus Raphael could not form an idea of the Divine Majesty, till he saw it so forcibly expressed in the paintings of Michael Angelo. As our judgment, therefore, of beauty, grace, and elegance, though founded in perception, becomes accurate only by comparison and experience, so the painter, exercised in the contemplation of forms, is likely to be a better judge of beauty than any person less experienced.

The last and most considerable pleasure received from painting, is that arising from composition. This is properly distinguished into two kinds, the picturesque, and the poetical. To the first belongs the distribution of the several figures, so that they may all be united and conspire in one single effect; while each is so placed, as to present itself in proportion to its importance in the action represented. To this also belongs the diversifying and contrasting the attitudes of different figures, as well as the several members of each. Above all, the picturesque composition has belonging to it the distribution of light and shade, while every single figure has its proper share of each. One mass of light, and its proportionable shade, should unite the whole piece, and make every part of it conspire in one single effect. To this also belongs the harmony, as well as the contrast, of colours. Now, in all this *ordonnance picturesque* there appears an exquisite art only to be acquired by custom and habit; and of the merit of the execution, no person can be a judge but one who has been in some measure in the practice of it. It is enough to say, that hardly any body will doubt, that Paulo Veronese was a better judge of the disposition of figures than Michael Angelo; and that Caravaggio was a better judge of the distribution of light and shade than Raphael; so, in some measure, every painter, in proportion to his knowledge, must be a better judge of the merit of picturesque composition, than any person who judges from the effects only.

With regard to poetical composition, it comprehends the choice of the action to be represented, and of the point of time at which the persons are to be introduced, the invention of circumstances to be employed, the expression to be given to every actor; and, lastly, the observance of the *costume*, that is, giving to each person an air suitable to his rank, representing the complexion and features that express his temperament, his age, and the climate of his country, and dressing him in the habit of the time in which he lived, and of the nation to which he belongs.

From this enumeration of the several considerations that employ the history-painter, it will immediately appear, why this department of painting is called poetical composition; for here, in truth, it is the imagination of a poet that employs the hand of a painter. This imagination is nowise necessarily connected with the imitative hand. Lucas of Leyden painted more correctly, that is, imitated more exactly, than Salvator Rosa; but the former did not chuse subjects of so much grace and dignity, nor composed with so much force and spirit, because he was not a poet like the latter. Salvator Rosa has given us elegant verses full of picturesque description; and, in every one of his pictures, he strikes us by those circumstances which his poetical imagination had suggested. Now it is plain, that a poetical imagination must be derived from nature, and can arise neither from the practice of painting, nor even from the study of pictures. The painter, therefore, and even the connoisseur, in judging of the merit of poetical composition, can have little advantage above other spectators; but even here it must be allowed, that if the painter has an equal degree of taste, he must, from the more frequent exercise of it, have great advantages in judging above any other person less experienced.

I have thus endeavoured to shew, that, in judging of painting, the painter himself, and even the connoisseur, much engaged and exercised in the study of pictures, that is, "illi qui rationem operis intelligunt," have advantages above the common spectators, "qui "voluptatem tantum precipiunt." But, as a caution to the former, it may not be improper to conclude with observing, that the painter and connoisseur are often in danger of having their sensibility deadened, or their natural taste corrupted, by a knowledge of the technical minutiæ of the art, so far as to throw the balance towards the side of the common spectator.

D

No. XLIX. TUESDAY, JULY 13.

AS I walked one evening, about a fortnight ago, through St. Andrew's Square, I observed a girl, meanly dressed, coming along the pavement at a slow pace. When I passed her, she turned a little towards me, and made a sort of halt; but said nothing. I am ill at looking any body full in the face, so I went on a few steps before I turned my eye to observe her. She had, by this time, resumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form, which the poorness of her garb could not altogether overcome; her person was thin and genteel, and there was something not ungraceful in the stoop of her head, and the seeming feebleness with which she walked. I could not resist the desire, which her appearance gave me, of knowing somewhat of her situation and circumstance: I therefore walked back and repassed her with such a look (for I could bring myself to nothing more) as might induce her to speak what she seemed desirous to say at first. This had the effect I wished.—" Pity a poor orphan!" said she, in a voice tremulous and weak. I stopped, and put my hand in my pocket: I had now a better opportunity of observing her. Her face was thin and pale; part of it was shaded by her hair, of a light brown colour, which was parted, in a disordered manner, at her forehead, and hung loose upon her shoulders; round them was cast a piece of tattered cloak, which with one hand she held across her bosom, while the other was half outstretched to receive the bounty I intended for her. Her large blue eyes were cast on the ground: she was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it; on receiving which she turned them up to me, muttered something which I could not hear, and then letting go her cloak, and pressing her hands together, burst into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary beggar, and my curiosity was strongly excited by it. I desired her to follow me to the house of a friend hard by, whose beneficence I have often had occasion to know. When she arrived there, she was so fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after some means used to restore her, that she was able to give us an account of her misfortunes.

Her name, she told us, was Collins; the place of her birth one of the northern counties of England. Her father, who had died several years ago, left her remaining parent with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of seventeen. By his industry, however, joined to that of her mother, they were tolerably supported, their father having died possessed of a small farm, with the right of pasturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood: that, last summer, her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting serjeant, who was quartered in a neighbouring village, was by him enticed to list as a soldier, and soon after was marched off, along with some other recruits, to join his regiment: that this, she believed, broke her mother's heart, for that she had never afterwards had a day's health, and, at length, had died about three weeks ago: that, immediately after her death, the steward employed by the squire of whom their farm was held, took possession of every thing for the arrears of their rent: that, as she heard her brother's regiment was in Scotland when he enlisted, she had wandered hither in quest of him, as she had no other relation in the world to own her! But she found, on arriving here, that the regiment had been embarked several months before, and was gone a great way off, she could not tell whither.

" This news," said she, " laid hold of my heart; " and I have had something wrong here," putting her hand to her bosom, " ever since. I got a bed

" and some victuals in the house of a woman here
" in town, to whom I told my story, and who seemed
" to pity me. I had then a little bundle of things,
" which I had been allowed to take with me after
" my mother's death; but the night before last,
" somebody stole it from me while I slept; and so
" the woman said she would keep me no longer, and
" turned me out into the street, where I have since
" remained, and am almost famished for want."

She was now in better hands; but our assistance had come too late. A frame naturally delicate, had yielded to the fatigues of her journey, and the hardships of her situation. She declined by slow but interrupted degrees, and yesterday breathed her last. A short while before she expired, she asked to see me; and taking from her bosom a little silver locket, which she told me had been her mother's, and which all her distresses could not make her part with, begged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him, if ever he should return home, as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate strongly; but I tell not her story merely to indulge my feelings; I would make the reflections it may excite in my readers, useful to others who may suffer in similar causes. There are many, I fear, from whom their country has called brothers, sons or fathers, to bleed in her service, forlorn, like poor Nancy Collins, with "no " relation in the world to own them." Their sufferings are often unknown, when they are such as most demand compassion. The mind that cannot obtrude its distresses on the ear of pity, is formed to feel their poignancy the deepest.

In our idea of military operations, we are too apt to forget the misfortunes of the people. In defeat, we think of the fall, and in victory, of the glory of commanders; we seldom allow ourselves to consider, how many, in a lower rank, both events make wretched:

how many, amidst the acclamations of national triumph, are left to the helpless misery of the widowed and the orphan, and, while Victory celebrates her festival, feel, in their distant hovels, the extremities of want and wretchedness!

It was with pleasure I saw, among the resolutions of a late patriotic assembly in this city, an agreement to assist the poor families of our absent soldiers and seamen. With no less satisfaction I read in some late newspapers, a benevolent advertisement for a meeting of gentlemen, to consider of a subscription for the same purpose. At this season of general and laudable exertion, I am persuaded such a scheme cannot fail of patronage and success. The benevolence of this country requires not argument to awaken it; yet the pleasures of its exertion must be increased by the thought, that pity to such objects is patriotism; that, here, private compassion becomes public virtue. Bounties for the encouragement of recruits to our fleets and armies, are highly meritorious donations. These, however, may sometimes bribe the covetous, and allure the needy; but that charity which gives support and protection to the families they leave behind, addresses more generous feelings; feelings which have always been held congenial to bravery and to heroism. It endears to them that home which their swords are to defend, and strengthens those ties which should ever bind the soldier of a free state to his country.

Nor will such a provision be of less advantage to posterity than to the present times. It will save to the state many useful subjects which those families thus supported may produce, whose lives have formerly been often nurtured by penury to vice, and rendered not only useless, but baneful to the community; that community which, under a more kindly influence, they might, like their fathers, have enriched by their industry, and protected by their valour.

No. L. SATURDAY, JULY 17.

THOUGH the following letter has been pretty much anticipated by a former paper, yet it possesses too much merit to be refused insertion.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

ACTIVITY is one of those virtues indispensably requisite for the happiness and welfare of mankind, which nature appears to have distributed to them with a parsimonious hand. All men seem naturally averse, not only to those exertions that sharpen and improve the mental powers, but even to such as are necessary for maintaining the health, or strengthening the organs of the body. Whatever industry and enterprize the species have at any time displayed, originated in the bosom of pain, of want, or of necessity; or, in the absence of these causes, from the experience of that listlessness and langour which attend a state of total inaction. But with how great a number does this experience lead to no higher object than the care of external appearances, or to the prostitution of their time in trivial pursuits, or in licentious pleasures? The surest, the most permanent remedy, and, in the end too, the most delightful, which is to be found in unremitted study, or in the labours of a profession, is, unhappily, the last we recur to. Of all who have risen to eminence in the paths of literature or ambition, how few are there, who at first enjoyed the means of pleasure, or the liberty of being idle? and how many could every one enumerate, within the circle of his acquaintance, possessed of excellent abilities, and even anxious for reputation, whom the fatal inheritance of a bare competency has doomed to obscurity through life, and quiet oblivion when dead?

Let no man confide entirely in his resolutions of activity, in his love of fame, or in his taste for literature. All these principles, even where they are strongest, unless supported by habits of industry, and roused by the immediate presence of some great object to which their exertion leads, gradually lose, and at last resign their influence. The smallest particle of natural indolence, like the principle of gravitation in matter, unless counterbalanced by continual impulse from some active cause, will insensibly lower, and at last overcome the flight of the sublimest genius. In computing it, we ought to recollect, that it is a cause for ever present with us, in all moods, in every disposition ; and that, from the weakness of our nature, we are willing, at any rate, to relinquish distant prospects of happiness and advantage, for a much smaller portion of present indulgence.

I have been led into these reflections by a visit which I lately paid to my friend Mordaunt, in whom they are, unhappily, too well exemplified. I have known him from his infancy, and always admired the extent of his genius, as much as I respected the integrity of his principles, or loved him for the warmth and benevolence of his heart. But, since the time when he began to contemplate his own character, he has often confessed to me, and feelingly complained, that nature had infused into it a large portion of indolence, an inclination to despondency, and a delicacy of feeling, which disqualified him for the drudgery of business, or the bustle of public life. Frequently, in those tedious hours, when his melancholy claimed the attendance and support of a friend, have I seen a conscious blush of shame and self-reproach mingle with the secret sigh, extorted from him by the sense of this defect. His situation, however, as second son of a family, which, though old and honourable, possessed but a small fortune and no interest, absolutely required that he should adopt a profession. The law was his choice ; and, such is the power of habit and necessity, that, after four years spent in the study of that science, though at first it had impaired his health, and even soured his temper, he was more sanguine in his expectation of success, and enjoyed a more constant flow of spirits, than I had ever known him to do at any former period. The law, unfortunately, seldom bestows its honours or emoluments upon the young ; and my friend, too reserved, or too indifferent, to court a set of men, on whose good-will the attainment of practice, in some degree, depends, found himself, at the end of two years close attendance at the bar, though high in the esteem of all who knew him well, as poor, and as distant from preferment, as when he first engaged in it. All my assurances, that better days would soon shine upon him, and that his present situation had, at first, been the lot of many now raised to fame and distinction, were insufficient to support him. A deep gloom settled on his spirits, and he had already resolved to relinquish this line of life, though he knew not what other to enter upon, when the death of a distant relation unexpectedly put him in possession of an estate, which, though of small extent, was opulence to one that wished for nothing more than independence, and the disposal of his own time.

After many useless remonstrances upon my part, he set out for his mansion in the country, with his mother, and a nephew of eight years old, resolved, as he said, to engage immediately in some work to be laid before the public ; and having previously given me his word that he would annually dedicate a portion of his time to the society of his friends in town. In the course of eighteen months, however, I did not see him ; and finding that his letters, which had at first been full of his happiness, his occupations, and the progress of his work, were daily becoming shorter, and somewhat mysterious on the two last of these points, I resolved to satisfy myself by my own remarks with regard to his situation.

I arrived in the evening, and was shewn into the parlour; where the first objects that caught my attention were a fishing-rod, and two fowling-pieces, in a corner of the room, and a brace of pointers stretched upon the hearth. On a table lay a German flute, some music, a pair of shuttle cocks, and a volume of the Annual Register. Looking from the window, I discovered my friend in his waistcoat, with a spade in his hand, most diligently cultivating a spot of ground in the kitchen-garden. Our mutual joy, and congratulations at meeting, it is needless to trouble you with. In point of figure, I could not help remarking, that Mordaunt, though most negligently apparalled, was altered much for the better, being now plump, rosy, and robust, instead of pale and slender as formerly. Before returning to the house he insisted that I should survey his grounds, which in his own opinion he said, he had rendered a paradise, by modestly seconding and bringing forth the intentions of nature. I was conducted to a young grove, which he had planted himself; rested in a hut which he had built, and drank from a rivulet for which he had tracked a channel with his own hands. During the course of this walk, we were attended by a flock of tame pigeons, which he fed with grain from his pocket, and had much conversation with a ragged family of little boys and girls, all of whom seemed to be his intimate acquaintance. Near a village in our way homewards, we met a set of countrymen, engaged at cricket, and soon after a marriage company, dancing the bride's dance upon the green. My friend, with a degree of gaiety and alacrity which I had never before seen him display, not only engaged himself, but compelled me likewise to engage, in the exercise of the one, and the merriment of the other. In a field before his door, an old horse, blind of one eye, came up to us at his call, and eat the remainder of the grain from his hand.

Our conversation for that evening, relating chiefly to the situation of our common friends, the memory of former scenes in which we had both been engaged, and other such subjects as friends naturally converse about after a long absence, afforded me little opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. Next morning I arose at my wonted early hour, and stepping into his study, found it unoccupied. Upon examining a heap of books and papers that lay confusedly mingled on the table and the floor, I was surprised to find, that by much the greater part of them, instead of politics, metaphysics, and morals (the sciences connected with his scheme of writing,) treated of Belles Lettres, or were calculated merely for amusement. The Tale of a Tub lay open on the table, and seemed to have concluded the studies of the day before. The letters of Junius, Brydon's Travels, the World, Tristram Shandy, and two or three volumes of the British Poets, much used, and very dirty, lay scattered above a heap of quartos, which, after blowing the dust from them, I found to be an Essay on the Wealth of Nations, Helvetius de l'Esprit, Hume's Essays, the Spirit of Laws, Bayle, and a commonplace-book. The last contained a great deal of paper, and an excellent arrangement, under the heads of which, excepting those of anecdote and criticism, hardly any thing was collected. The papers in his own hand-writing were, a parallel between Mr. Gray's Elegy, and Parnell's Night-piece on Death; some detached thoughts on propriety of conduct and behaviour; a Fairy Tale in verse; and several letters to the Author of the MIRROR, all of them blotted and unfinished. There was besides a journal of his occupations for several weeks, from which, as it affords a picture of his situation, I transcribe a part.

" Thursday, eleven at night, went to bed : order-
" ed my servant to wake me at six, resolving to be
" busy all next day.

" Friday morning, waked a quarter before six ;
" fell asleep again, and did not wake till eight.

" Till nine, read the first act of Voltaire's Maho-
" met, as it was too late to begin serious business.

" Ten : having swallowed a short breakfast, went
" out for a moment in my slippers—The wind having
" left the east, am engaged, by the beauty of the
" day, to continue my walk—Find a situation by the
" river, where the sound of my flute produced a very
" singular and beautiful echo—make a stanza and a
" half by way of address to it—visit the shepherd
" lying ill of a low fever—find him somewhat better
" (Mem. to send him some wine)—meet the parson,
" and cannot avoid asking him to dinner—returning
" home, find my reapers at work—superintend them
" in the absence of John, whom I send to inform the
" house of the parson's visit—read, in the mean
" time, part of Thompson's Seasons, which I
" had with me—From one to six, plagued with the
" parson's news and stories—take up Mahomet to
" put me in good humour—finish it, the time allot-
" ted for serious study being elapsed—at eight, ap-
" plied to for advice by a poor countryman, who had
" been oppressed—cannot say as to the law : give
" him some money—walk out at sun-set, to consider
" the causes of the pleasure arising from it—at nine,
" sup and sit till eleven, hearing my nephew read,
" and conversing with my mother, who was remark-
" ably well and cheerful—go to bed.

" Saturday : some company arrived—to be filled
" up to-morrow—(for that and the two succeeding
" days, there was no further entry in the journal.)
" Tuesday, waked at seven ; but the weather being
" rainy, and threatening to confine me all day, lay
" till after nine—Ten, breakfasted and read the news-

" papers—very dull and drowsy—Eleven, day clears
" up, and I resolve on a short ride to clear my
" head."

A few days residence with him shewed me that his life was in reality, as it is here represented, a medley of feeble exertions, indolent pleasures, secret benevolence, and broken resolutions. Nor did he pretend to conceal from me, that his activity was not now so constant as it had been ; but he insisted that he still could, when he thought proper, apply with his former vigour, and flattered himself, that these frequent deviations from his plan of employment, which in, reality, were the fruit of indolence and weakness, arose from reason and conviction. " After " all," said he to me one day, when I was endeavouring to undeceive him, " after all, granting what " you allege, if I be happy, and I really am so, " what more could activity, fame, or preferment, bestow upon me ?"——After a stay of some weeks, I departed, convinced that his malady was past a cure, and lamenting that so much real excellence and ability should be thus, in a great measure, lost to the world, as well as to their possessor, by the attendance of a single fault.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

No. LI. TUESDAY, JULY 20.

To the Author of the Mirror.

MR. MIRROR,

I AM the daughter of a gentleman of easy, though moderate fortune. My mother died a few weeks after I was born; and before I could be sensible of the loss, a sister of her's, the widow of an English gentleman, carried me to London, where she resided. As my aunt had no children, I became the chief object of her affections; and her favourite amusement consisted in superintending my education. As I grew up, I was attended by the best masters; and every new accomplishment I acquired, gave fresh pleasure to my kind benefactress. But her own conversation tended more than any thing else to form and improve my mind. Well acquainted herself with the best authors in the English, French, and Italian languages, she was careful to put into my hands such books as were best calculated to cultivate my understanding, and to regulate my taste.

But, though fond of reading and retirement, my aunt thought it her duty to mingle in society, as much as her rank and condition required. Her house was frequented by many persons of both sexes, distinguished for elegance of manners, and politeness of conversation. Her tenderness made her desirous to find out companions for me of my own age; and, far from being dissatisfied with our youthful sallies, she seemed never better pleased than when she could add to our amusement and happiness.

In this manner I had passed my time, and had entered my seventeenth year when my aunt was seized with an indisposition, which alarmed me much, although her physicians assured me it was by no means dangerous. My fears increased, on observing, that she herself thought it serious. Her tenderness seemed, if possible, to increase; and, though she was desirous to conceal her apprehensions, I have sometimes, when she imagined I did not observe it, found her eyes fixed on me with a mixture of solicitude and compassion, that never failed to overpower me.

One day she called me into her closet, and, after embracing me tenderly, "My dear Harriet," said she, "it is vain to dissemble longer: I feel my strength "decay so fast, that I know we soon must part. "As to myself, the approach of death gives me little uneasiness; and I thank Almighty God that I "can look forward to that awful change, without "dread, and without anxiety. But when I think, "my child, of the condition in which I shall leave "you, my heart swells with anguish!——You know "my situation; possessed of no fortune, the little I "have saved from my jointure, will be altogether inadequate to support you in that society in which "you have hitherto lived. When I look back on my "conduct towards you, I am not sure that it has "been altogether prudent. I thought it impossible "to bestow too much on your education, or to render "you too accomplished. I fondly hoped to live to "see you happily established in life, united to a man "who could discern your merit, who could put a just "value on all your acquirements. These hopes are "at an end; all, however, that can now be done, I "have done.———Here are two papers; by the one "you will succeed to the little I shall leave: the "other is a letter to your father, in which I have "recommended you in the most earnest manner to "his protection, and intreated him to come to town "as soon as he hears of my death, and conduct you "to Scotland. He is a man of virtue; and I hope "you will live happily in his family. One only fear "I have, and that proceeds from the extreme sensi-

" bility of your mind, and gentleness of your dispo-
" sition ; little formed by nature to struggle with the
" hardships and the difficulties of life, perhaps the en-
" gaging softness of your temper has rather been in-
" creased by the education you have received. I
" trust, however, that your good sense will prevent
" you from being hurt by any little cross untoward
" accidents you may meet with, and that it will
" enable you to make the most of that situation in
" which it may be the will of Heaven to place you."

To all this I could only answer with my tears ; and, during the short time that my aunt survived, she engrossed my attention so entirely, that I never once bestowed a thought on myself. As soon after her death as I could command myself sufficiently, I wrote to my father ; and, agreeably to my aunt's instructions, inclosed her letter for him ; in consequence of which he came to town in a few weeks. Meeting with a father, to whose person I was a perfect stranger, and on whom I was ever after entirely to depend, was to me a most interesting event. My aunt had taught me to entertain for him the highest reverence and respect ; but, though I had been in use to write, from time to time, both to him, and to a lady he had married not long after my mother's death, I had never been able to draw either the one or the other into any thing like a regular correspondence ; so that I was equally a stranger to their sentiments and dispositions as to their persons.

On my father's arrival, I could not help feeling, that he did not return my fond caresses with that warmth with which I had made my account; and, afterwards, it was impossible not to remark, that he was altogether deficient in those common attentions which, in polite society, every woman is accustomed to receive, even from those with whom she is most nearly connected. My aunt had made it a rule to consider her domestics as humble friends, and to treat them as such; but my father addressed them with a roughness of voice and of manner that disgusted them, and was extremely unpleasant to me. I was still more hurt with his minute and anxious enquiries about the fortune my aunt had died possessed of; and, when he found how inconsiderable it was, he swore a great oath, that if he had thought she was to breed me a fine lady, and leave me a beggar, I never should have entered her house. "But don't "cry, Harriet," added he, "it was not your fault; "be a good girl, and you shall never want while I "have."

On our journey to Scotland, I sometimes attempted to amuse my father by engaging him in conversation; but I never was lucky enough to hit on any subject on which he wished to talk. After a journey, which many circumstances concurred to render rather unpleasant, we arrived at my father's house. I had been told that it was situated in a remote part of Scotland, and thence I concluded the scene around it to be of that wild romantic kind, of all others the best suited to my inclination. But instead of the rocks, the woods, the waterfalls I had fancied to myself, I found an open, bleak, barren moor, covered with heath, except a few patches round the house, which my father, by his skill in agriculture, had brought to bear grass and corn.

My mother-in-law, a good-looking woman, about forty, with a countenance that bespoke frankness and good-humour, rather than sensibility or delicacy, received me with much kindness; and, after giving me a hearty welcome to ——, presented me to her two daughters, girls about fourteen or fifteen, with ruddy complexions, and every appearance of health and contentment. We found with them a Mr. Plowshare, a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who, I afterwards learned, farmed his own estate, and was considered by my father as the most respectable man in the county. They immediately got into a dissertation on farming, and the different modes of agriculture practised in the different parts of the country, which continued almost without interruption till some time after dinner, when my father fell fast asleep. But this made no material alteration in the discourse; for Mr. Plowshare and the ladies then entered into a discussion of the most approved methods of feeding poultry and fattenting pigs, which lasted till the evening was pretty far advanced. It is now some months since I arrived at my father's, during all which time I have scarcely ever heard any other conversation. You may easily conceive, Sir, the figure I make on such occasions. Though the good-nature of my mother-in-law prevents her from saying so, I can plainly perceive that she, as well as my sisters, consider me as one who has been extremely ill educated, and as ignorant of every thing that a young woman ought to know.

When I came to the country, I proposed to paſs great part of my time in my favourite amusement of reading; but, on enquiry, I found that my father's library consisted of a large family Bible, Dickson's Agriculture, and a Treatise on Farriery; and that the only books my mother was possessed of were, the Domestic Medicine, and the Complete Housewife.

In short, Sir, in the midst of a family happy in themselves, and desirous to make me so, I find myself wretched. My mind preys upon itself. When I look forward, I can discover no prospect of any period to my sorrows. At times I am disposed to envy the happiness of my sisters, and to wish that I had never acquired those accomplishments from which I formerly received so much pleasure. Is it vanity that checks this wish, and leads me, at other times, to think, that even happiness may be purchased at too dear a rate?

Some time ago I accidentally met with your paper, and at length resolved to describe my situation to you, partly to fill up one of my tedious hours, and partly in hopes of being favoured with your sentiments on a species of distress, which is perhaps more poignant than many other kinds of affliction that figure more in the eyes of mankind. I am, &c.

E H. B.

No. LII. SATURDAY, JULY 24.

To the Author of the Mirror.

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori. HOR.

SIR,

IT has always been a favourite opinion with me, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or "two blades of grass, grow upon a ſpot of ground "where only one grew before, would deserve better "of mankind, and do more essential service to his "country, than the whole race of politicians put together." Possessed with this idea, I have long bent my thoughts and study towards those enquiries which conduce to the melioration of the earth's productions, and to increase the fertility of my native country. I shall not at present tire you with an account of the various projects I have devised, the sundry experiments I have made, and the many miscarriages I have met with. Suffice it to say, that I have now in my brain a scheme, the success of which, I am confident, can scarcely fail. The frequent disappointments, however, I have formerly experienced, induce me to consult you about my plan, before I take any further steps towards carrying it into execution. You are an author, Sir, and must consequently be a man of learning: you informed us you had travelled, and you must of course be a much wiser man than I, who never was an hundred miles from the place where I now write: for these reasons, I am induced to lay my present scheme before you, and to intreat your opinion of it.

In the introduction to the Tales of Guillaume Vade, published by the celebrated Voltaire, is the following passage, given as part of the speech of Vade to his cousin Catharine Vade, when she asked him where he would be buried? After censuring the practice of burying in towns and churches, and commending the better custom of the Greeks and Romans, who were interred in the country, "What "pleasure," says he, "would it afford to a good citizen to be sent to fatten, for example, the barren "plain of Sablons, and to contribute to raise plentiful harvests there?—By this prudent establishment, "one generation would be useful to another, towns "would be more wholesome, and the country more "fruitful. In truth, I cannot help saying that we "want police in that matter, on account both of the "living and the dead."

To me, Sir, who now and then join the amusement of reading to the employment of agriculture, the above passage has always appeared particularly deserving of attention; and I have, at last, formed a sort of computation of the advantages which would accrue to the country from the general adoption of such a plan as that suggested by Monsieur Vade. If the managers of the public burying-grounds were, at certain intervals, and for certain valuable considerations, to lend their assistance to the proprietors of the fields and meadows, how many beneficial consequences would result to the public? How many of the honest folks, who now lie uselessly mouldering in our church-yards, and never did the smallest good while alive, would thus be rendered, after death, of the most essential service to the community? How many who seemed brought into the world merely "Früges consumere nati," might thus, by a proper and just retribution, be employed to produce "fruges" similar to those which they consumed while in life? What a pleasant and equitable kind of retaliation would it be for a borough or corporation to obtain, from the bodies of a parcel of fat magistrates, swelled up with city-feasts and rich wines, a sum of money that might, in some degree, compensate for the expence which the capacious bellies of their owners one day cost the town-revenue?

The general effects of this plan, and the particular attention it would necessarily produce in the œconomy of sepulture, would remove the complaints I have often heard made in various cities, of the want of space and size in their burying-grounds. Those young men who die of old age at thirty, and the whole body of the magistrates and council of some towns, who are in such a state of corruption during their lives, might very soon be made useful after their death. It has been often said, that a living man is more useful than a dead one; but I deny it; for it will be found, that if ever my proposal takes place, that one dead man, at least of the species above mentioned, will be of more use than fifty living ones.

I am well aware, that most of the fair-sex, and some such odd mortals as your Mr. Wentworth or Mr. Fleetwood, may possibly be shocked at this plan, and may cry out, that it would be a great indelicacy done to the remains of our friends. I do not, however, imagine this ought to have much weight, when the good of one's country is concerned. These very people, Mr. MIRROR, would not, I dare say, for the world, cut the throat of a sheep, or pull the neck of a hen off joint; yet when they are at table, they make no scruple to eat a bit of mutton, or the wing of a pullet, without allowing a thought of the butcher or the cook to have a place at the entertainment. In like manner, when these delicate kind of people happen to see a very beautiful field of wheat, which is a sight every way as pleasant as a leg of good mutton, or a fine fowl, let them never distress themselves by investigating, whether the field owes its peculiar excellence to the church-yard or the stable. As the ladies, however, are of very great importance in this country, I think it is proper that their good-will be gained over, if possible. I would, therefore, humbly propose, in compliment to the delicacy of their sensations, that their purer ashes never be employed in the culture of oats, to fill the bellies of vulgar ploughmen and coach-horses. No! very far be it from me to entertain any such coarse idea. Let them be set apart, and solely appropriated to the use of parterres and flower-gardens. A philosopher in ancient times, I forget who, has defined a lady to be "an animal that delights in finery;" and other philosophers have imagined, that the soul, after death, takes pleasure in the same pursuits it was fond of while united to the body. What a heavenly gratification, then, will it prove to the soul of a toast, while "she rides in her cloud, on the wings of the roaring "wind," to look down and view her remains upon earth, of as beautiful a complexion, and as gaily and gaudily decorated, as ever herself was while alive?

One of your predecessors, Isaac Bickerstaff, I think, tells us, that in a bed of fine tulips he found the most remarkable flowers named after celebrated heroes and kings. He speaks of the beauty and vivid colouring of the Black Prince, and the Duke of Vendome, of Alexander the Great, the Emperor of Germany, the Duke of Marlborough, and many others. How much more natural, as well as more proper, would it be, to have our flowers christened after those beautiful females, to whom, in all probability, they really owed their peculiar beauty? We might have Lady Flora, Lady Violet, Miss Lily, and Miss Rose, and all the beauties of our remembrance renovated to our admiring eyes.

I am much inclined to believe, that the improvement I am here suggesting was known to, and practised by the ancients, particularly by the Greeks and Romans; for we read in their poets of Narcissus, Cyax, Smilax, and Crocus, Hyacinthus, Adonis, and Minthe, being after their deaths metamorphosed into flowers; and of the sisters of Phaeton, Pyramus and Thisbe, Baucis and Philemon, Daphne, Cyparissus, and Myrrha, and many more, being converted into trees. Now these stories, Mr. MIRROR, when stripped of their poetical ornaments, can, in my opinion, bear no other interpretation than that the ashes of those people were applied to such useful purposes as I am now proposing.

You will here observe, Mr. MIRROR, that besides the great utility of the scheme, there will be much room for the imagination to delight itself, in tracing out analogies, and refining upon the general hint I have thrown out. Your Bath Toyman would have many very ingenious conceits upon the occasion, and would exercise his genius in devising fanciful applications of the different manures he would make it his business to procure. He would have a plot of rue and wormwood raised by old maidens; he would apply the ashes of martyrs in love to his pine-trees; the dust of aldermen and rich citizens might be used in the culture of plums and gooseberries; a set of fine gentlemen would be laid aside for the culture of cocks-combs, none-so-prettys, and narcissuses; the clergy and church-officers would be manure for the holly and elder; and the posthumous productions of poets would furnish bays and laurels for their successors: but I tire you, Mr. *Mirror*, with these trifling fancies; the utility of my plan is what I value myself upon, and desire your opinion of.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
POSTHUMOUS AGRICOLA.

Q

No. LIII. TUESDAY, JULY 26.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

I AM one of the young women mentioned in two letters which you published in your 12th and 25th numbers, though I did not know till very lately that our family had been put into print in the MIRROR. Since it is so, I think I too may venture to write you a letter, which, if it be not quite so well written as my father's (though I am no great admirer of his style neither,) will at least be as true.

Soon after my Lady ——'s visit at our house, of which the last of my father's letters informed you, a sister of his, who is married to a man of business here in Edinburgh, came with her husband to see us in the country; and, though my sister Mary and I soon discovered many vulgar things about them, yet, as they were both very good humoured sort of people, and took great pains to make themselves agreeable, we could not help looking with regret to the time of their departure. When that drew near, they surprised us by an invitation to me, to come and spend some months with my cousins in town, saying, that my mother could not miss my company at home, while she had so good a companion and assistant in the family as her daughter Mary.

To me there were not so many allurements in this journey as might have been imagined. I had lately been taught to look on London as the only capital worth visiting; besides that, I did not expect the highest satisfaction from the society I should meet with at my aunt's, which, I confess, I was apt to suppose none of the most genteel. I contrived to keep the matter in suspense (for it was left entirely to my own determination) till I should write for the opinion of my friend Lady ——— on the subject; for, ever since our first acquaintance, we have kept up a constant and regular correspondence. In our letters, which were always written in a style of the warmest affection, we were in the way of talking with the greatest freedom of every body of our acquaintance. It was delightful, as her ladyship expressed it, "to "unfold one's feelings in the bosom of friendship;" and she accordingly was wont to send me the most natural and lively pictures of the company who resorted to ———; and I, in return, transmitted her many anecdotes of those persons which chance, or a greater intimacy, gave me an opportunity of learning. To prevent discovery, we corresponded under the signatures of Hortensia and Leonora; and some very particular intelligence her ladyship taught me not to commit to ink, but to set down in lemon juice.—I wander from my story, Mr. MIRROR; "but I cannot "help fondly recalling (as Emilia in the novel says) "those halcyon days of friendship and felicity."

When her ladyship's answer arrived, I found her clearly of opinion that I ought to accept of my aunt's invitation. She was very jocular on the manners which she supposed I should find in that lady's family; but she said I might take the opportunity of making some acquirements, which London alone could perfect, Edinburgh might, in some degree, communicate. She concluded her letter with requesting the continuation of my correspondence, and a narrative of every thing that was passing in town, especially with regard to some ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, whom she pointed out to my particular observation.

To Edinburgh, therefore, I accompanied my aunt, and found a family very much disposed to make me happy. In this they might, perhaps, have succeeded more completely, had I not acquired, from the instructions of Lady ———, and the company I saw at her house, certain notions of polite life with which I did not find any thing at Mr. ———'s correspond. It was often, indeed, their good humour which offended me as coarse, and their happiness that struck me as vulgar. There was not such a thing as hip or low spirits among them, a sort of finery which, at ———, I found a person of fashion could not possibly be without.

They were at great pains to shew me any sights that were to be seen, with some of which I was really little pleased, and with others I thought it would look like ignorance to seem pleased. They took me to the play-house, where there was little company, and very little attention. I was carried to the concert, where the case was exactly the same. I found great fault with both; for though I had not much skill, I had got words enough for finding fault from my friend Lady ———: upon which they made an apology for our entertainment, by telling me, that the play-house was, at that time, managed by a fiddler, and the concert was allowed to manage itself.

Our parties at home were agreeable enough. I found Mr. ———'s and my aunt's visitors very different from what I had been made to expect, and not at all the cocknies my Lady ———, and some of her humourous guests, used to describe. They were not, indeed, so polite as the fashionable company I had met at her Ladyship's; but they were much more civil. Among the rest was my uncle-in-law's partner, a good looking young man, who, from the first, was so particularly attentive to me that my cousins jokingly called him my lover; and even my aunt sometimes told me she believed he had a serious attachment to me; but I took care not to give him any encouragement, as I had always heard my friend Lady ——— talk of the wife of a *burgeois* as the most contemptible creature in the world.

The season at last arrived, in which, I was told, the town would appear in its gaiety, a great deal of good company being expected at the Races. For the Races I looked with anxiety, for another reason; my dear Lady ——— was to be here at that period. Of this I was informed by a letter from my sister. From her ladyship I had not heard for a considerable time, as she had been engaged in a round of visits to her acquaintance in the country.

The very morning after her arrival (for I was on the watch to get intelligence of her), I called at her lodgings. When the servant appeared, he seemed doubtful about letting me in; at last he ushered me into a little darkish parlour, where, after waiting about half an hour, he brought me word, that his lady could not try on the gown I had brought then, but desired me to fetch it next day at eleven. I now perceived there had been a mistake as to my person; and telling the fellow, somewhat angrily, that I was no mantua-maker, desired him to carry to his lady a slip of paper, on which I wrote with a pencil the well-known name of Leonora. On his going up stairs, I heard a loud peal of laughter above, and soon after he returned with a message, that Lady ——— was sorry she was particularly engaged at present, and could not possibly see me. Think, Sir, with what astonishment I heard this message from Hortensia. I left the house, I know not whether most ashamed or angry; but afterwards I began to persuade myself, that there might be some particular reasons for Lady ———'s not seeing me at that time, which she might explain at meeting; and I imputed the terms of the message to the rudeness or simplicity of the footman. All that day, and the next, I waited impatiently for some note of explanation or enquiry from her ladyship, and was a good deal disappointed when I found the second evening arrive, without having received any such token of her remembrance. I went, rather in low spirits, to the play. I had not been long in the house, when I saw Lady ——— enter the next box. My heart fluttered at the sight; and I watched her eyes, that I might take the first opportunity of presenting myself to her notice. I saw them, soon after, turned towards me, and immediately curtesied, with a significant smile, to my noble friend, who being short-sighted, it would seem, which, however, I had never remarked before, stared at me for some moments, without taking notice of my salute, and at last was just putting up a glass to her eye, to point it at me, when a lady pulled her by the sleeve, and made her take notice of somebody on the opposite side of the house. She never afterwards happened to look to that quarter where I was seated.

Still, however, I was not quite discouraged, and, on an accidental change of places in our box, contrived to place myself at the end of the bench next to her ladyship's, so that there was only a piece of thin board between us. At the end of the act, I ventured to ask her how she did, and to express my happiness at seeing her in town, adding, that I had called the day before, but had found her particularly engaged. "Why, yes," said she, "Miss Homespun, "I am always extremely hurried in town, and have

" time to receive only a very few visits; but I will be " glad if you will come some morning and breakfast " with me—but not to-morrow, for there is a morning concert; nor next day, for I have a musical " party at home. In short, you may come some " morning next week, when the hurry will be over, " and, if I am not gone out of town, I will be hap" py to see you." I don't know what answer I should have made; but she did not give me an opportunity; for a gentleman in a green uniform coming into the box, she immediately made room for him to sit between us. He, after a broad stare full in my face, turned his back my way, and sat in that posture all the rest of the evening.

I am not so silly, Mr. MIRROR, but I can understand the meaning of all this. My lady, it seems, is contented to have some humble friends in the country, whom she does not think worthy of her notice in town, but I am determined to shew her, that I have a prouder spirit than she imagines, and shall go not near her, either in town or country. What is more, my father shan't vote for her friend at next election, if I can help it.

What vexes me beyond every thing else is, that I had been often telling my aunt and her daughters of the intimate footing I was on with Lady ———, and what a violent friendship we had for each other; and so, from envy, perhaps, they used to nick-name me the Countess, and Lady Leonora. Now that they had got this story of the mantua-maker and the playhouse (for I was so angry I could not conceal it) I am ashamed to hear the name of a lady of quality mentioned, even if it be only in a book from the circulating library. Do write a paper, Sir, against pride and haughtiness, and people forgetting their country friends and acquaintance, and you will very much oblige

Your's, &c.
ELIZABETH HOMESPUN

P. S. My uncle's partner, the young gentleman I mentioned above, takes my part when my cousins joke upon intimates with great folks; I think he is a much genteeler and better bred man than I took him for at first.

Z.

No. LIV. SATURDAY, JULY 31.

AMONG the letters of my correspondents, I have been favoured with several containing observations on the conduct and success of my paper. Of these, some recommend subjects of criticism as of a kind that has been extremely popular in similar periodical publications, and on which, according to them, I have dwelt too little. Others complain, that the critical papers I have published were written in a style and manner too abstruse and technical for the bulk of my readers, and desire me to remember, that in a performance addressed to the world, only the language of the world should be used.

I was last night in a company where a piece of conversation on criticism took place, which, as the speakers were well-bred persons of both sexes, was necessarily of the familiar kind. As an endeavour, therefore, to please both the above-mentioned correspondents, I shall set down, as nearly as I can recollect, the discourse of the company. It turned on the tragedy of Zara, at the representation of which all of them had been present a few evenings ago.

" It is remarkable," said Mr. ———, " what an
" æra of improvement in the French drama may be
" marked from the writings of M. de Voltaire. The
" cold and tedious declamation of the former French

" tragedians he had taste enough to see was not the " language of passion, and genius enough to " execute his pieces in a different manner. He " retained the eloquence of Corneille, and the " tenderness of Racine; but he never suffered the first to " swell into bombast, nor the other to sink into " langour. He accompanied them with the force and " energy of our Shakespeare, whom he had the " boldness to follow;"—" and the meanness to decry," said the lady of the house.—" He has been unjust " to Shakespeare, I confess," replied Sir H——— (who had been a considerable time abroad, and has brought home somewhat more than the language and dress of our neighbours); " yet I think I have " observed our partiality for that exalted poet carry us " as unreasonable lengths on the other side. When " we ascribe to Shakespeare innumerable beauties, " we do him but justice; but, when we will not allow " that he has faults, we give him a degree of praise " to which no writer is entitled, and which he, of " all men, expected the least. It was impossible " that, writing in the situation he did, he should " have escaped inaccuracies; suffice it to say, they " always arose from the exuberance of fancy, not " the sterility of dulness."

" There is much truth in what you say," answered Mr. ———; " but Voltaire was unjust when, not " satisfied with pointing out blemishes in " Shakespeare, he censured a whole nation as barbarous for " admiring his works. He must, himself, have felt " the excellence of a poet, whom, in this very tragedy " of Zara, he has not disdained to imitate, and to " imitate very closely too. The speech of Orasmane " (or Osman, as the English translation calls him,) " beginning,

" J'aurois d'un oeil serene, d'une front inalterable,"

" is almost a literal copy of the complaint of Othello:

> ——————Had it rain'd
> All sorts of curses on me, &c.

" which is perhaps, the reason why our translator " has omitted it."—" I do not pretend to justify Vol" taire," returned Sir H————; " yet it must be " remembered, in alleviation, that the French have " formed a sort of national taste in their theatre, " correct, perhaps, almost to coldness. In Britain, " I am afraid, we are apt to err on the other side; " to mistake rhapsody for fire, and to applaud a forced " metaphor for a bold one. I do not cite Dryden, " Lee, or the other poets of their age; for that " might be thought unfair; but, even in the present " state of the English stage, is not my idea war" ranted by the practice of poets, and the applause " of the audience? A poet of this country, who in " other passages, has often touched the tender feel" ings with a masterly hand, gives to the hero of " one of his latest tragedies, the following speech:

> Had I a voice like Ætna when it roars,
> For in my breast is pent as fierce a fire,
> I'd speak in flames.

" That a man, in the fervour and hurry of compo" sition, should set down such an idea, is nothing; " that it should be pardoned by the audience, is little; " but that it should always produce a clap, is strange " indeed!"

" And is there nothing like this in French tra" gedies?" said the lady of the house; " for there " is, I think, abundance of it in some of our late " imitations of them."—" Nay, in the translation of " Zayre, Madam," returned the baronet, " Hill has " sometimes departed from the original, to substitute " a swelling and elaborate diction. He forgets the

“ plain soldierly character of the Sultan's favourite
“ Orasmin, when he makes him say,

> ————Silent and dark
> Th' unbreathing world is hush'd, as if it heard
> And listen'd to your sorrows.

“ The original is simple description;

> “ Tout dort, tout est tranquille, et l'ombre de la nuit.”—

“ And when the slave, in the fourth act, brings the
“ fatal letter to the Sultan, and mentions the circum-
“ stances of its interception, the translator makes
“ Osman stay to utter a sentiment, which is always
“ applauded on the English stage, but is certainly,
“ however noble in itself, very ill-placed here:

> ————Approach me like a subject
> That serves the prince, yet not forgets the man.

“ Osman had no breath for words: Voltaire gives him
“ but five hurried ones:

> “ Donne—qui la portait ?—donne.”

“ I am quite of your opinion, Sir H——,” said Mr. ——; “ and I may add, that even Voltaire
“ seems to me too profuse of sentiments in Zara,
“ which, beautiful, as they are, and though expres-
“ sed with infinite delicacy, are yet somewhat foreign
“ to that native language which feeling dictates, and
“ by which it is removed. I weep at a few simple
“ words expressive of distress; I pause to admire a
“ sentiment, and my pity is forgotten. The single line
“ uttered by Lusignan, at the close of his description
“ of the massacre of his wife and children,

> “ Helas! et j'etais pere, et je ne pus mourir,”

" moves me more than a thousand sentiments, how " just or eloquent soever."

" If we think of the noblest use of tragedy," said Mrs. ———, " we shall, perhaps, Sir, not be quite " of your opinion. I, who am a mother, wish my " children to learn some other virtues, beside compassion, at a play ; it is certainly of greater consequence to improve the mind than to melt it." —— " I am sure, mamma," said a young lady, her daughter, " the sentiments of tragedy affect me as " much as the most piteous description. When I " hear an exalted sentiment, I feel my heart, as it " were, swell in my bosom, and it is always followed by a gush of tears from my eyes."—" You tell " us the effects of your feelings, child ; but you don't " distinguish the feelings themselves.—I would have, " gentlemen," continued she, " a play to be virtuous in its sentiments, and also natural in its events. " The want of the latter quality, as well as of the " former, has a bad effect on young persons ; it leads " them to suppose, that such a conduct is natural " and allowable in common life, and encourages that " romantic deception which is too apt to grow up in " minds of sensibility. Don't you think, that the sudden conversion of Zara to Christianity, unsupported by argument, or conviction of its truth, is highly unnatural, and may have such a tendency as I " have mentioned ?"——" I confess," said Mr.——, " that has always appeared to me an exceptionable " passage."——" I do not believe, mamma," said the young lady, " that she was really converted in " opinion ; but I don't wonder at her crying out she " was a Christian, after such a speech as that of her " father Lusignan. I know my heart was so wrung " with the scene, that I could, at that moment, have " almost become Mahometan, to have comforted the " good old man."——Her mother smiled ; for this was exactly a confirmation of her remark.

"Voltaire," said Sir H——, "has, like many other authors, introduced a dark scene into the last act of this tragedy; yet it appears to me, that such a scene goes beyond the power of stage-deception, and always hurts the piece. We cannot possibly suppose, that two persons walking upon the same board do not see each other, while we, sitting in a distant part of the house, see both perfectly well."——"I do recollect," said the young lady, "at first wondering how Zara could fail to see Osman; but I soon forgot it."——"Thus it always is," replied Mr. M——, "in such a case; if a poet has eloquence or genius enough to command the passions, he easily gets the better of those stage improbabilities. In truth, the scenic deception is of a very singular nature. It is impossible we should imagine ourselves spectators of the real scene, of which the stage one is an imitation; the utmost length we are, in reality carried, is to deliver over our minds to that sympathy, which a proper and striking representation of grief, rage, or any other passion, produces. You destroy the deception, it is said, when any thing impertinent or ludicrous happens on the stage, or among the audience; but you will find the very same effect, if a child blows his three-halfpenny trumpet, in the midst of a solo of Fischer, or a song of Rauzzini; it stops the delightful current of feeling which was carrying along the soul at the time, and dissatisfaction and pain are the immediate consequence; yet in the solo or the song, no such deception as the theatrical is pretended."——Mr. ——— delivered this with the manner of one who had studied the subject, and nobody ventured to answer him.

"You were mentioning," said Mrs. ——, "Voltaire's imitation of Othello, in this tragedy; I recollect, in the last act, a very strong instance of it,

" the concluding speech of Osman, before he stabs
" himself, which seems to be exactly taken from that
" of the Moor, in a similar situation."——" I remem-
" ber both speeches well," said Sir H——, " and I
" think it may be disputed, whether either of them
" be congenial to the situation ?"——You will excuse
" me, Sir H——," said I, " if I hold them both per-
" fectly in nature. The calmness of desperate and
" irremediable grief will give vent to a speech longer
" and more methodical than the immediate anguish
" of some less deep and irretrievable calamity.
" Shakespeare makes Othello refer, in the instant
" of stabbing himself, to a story of his killing a
" Turk in Aleppo; the moment of perturbation,
" when such a passage would have been unnatural,
" is past; the act of killing himself is then a matter
" of little importance; and his reference to a story
" seemingly indifferent, marks, in my opinion, most
" forcibly and naturally, the deep and settled horror on
" Othello's soul. I prefer it to the concluding lines of
" the Sultan's speech in Zara, which rest on the story
" of his own misfortune:

" Tell 'em, I plung'd my dagger in her breast;
" Tell 'em, I so ador'd, and thus reveng'd her."

" You have talked a great deal of the author," said the young lady, " but nothing of the actors. Was
" not the part of Zara excellently performed:"——
" Admirably, indeed," replied Mr. ———; " I know
" no actress who possesses the power of speaking
" poetry, beyond Miss Younge."——" Nor of feeling
" it neither, Sir, I think."——" I did not mean to
" deny her that quality; but in the other, I think she
" is unrivalled. She does not reach, perhaps, the
" impassioned burst, the electric flash of Mrs. Bar-
" ry; nor has she that deep and thrilling note of hor-
" ror with which Mrs. Yates benumbs an audience;

" but there is a melting tremble in her voice, which, " in tender passages, is inimitably beautiful and affecting. Were I a poet, I should prefer her " speaking my lines to that of any actress I ever " heard."

" She owes, I believe," said our Frenchman, " much " of her present excellence to her study of the " French stage. I mean not to detract from her " merit: I certainly allow her more, when I say, " that her excellence is, in great part, of her own " acquirement, than some of her ill-judged admirers, " who ascribe it all to nature. Our actors, indeed, " are rarely sensible how much study and application " is due to their profession; people may be spouters " without culture; but laborious education alone can " make perfect actors. Feeling, and the imitative " sympathy of passion, are undoubtedly, derived " from nature; but art alone can bestow that grace, " that refined expression, without which feeling will " often be awkward, and passion ridiculous."

Z

No. LV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 3.

Decipimur specie recti. HOR.

SINCERITY, by which I mean honesty in men's dealings with each other, is a virtue praised by every one, and the practice of it is, I believe, more common than gloomy moralists are willing to allow. The love of truth, and of justice, are so strongly implanted in our minds, that few men are so hardened, or so insensible, as knowingly and deliberately to commit dishonest actions, and a little observation soon convinces those who are engaged in a variety of transactions, that honesty is wisdom, and knavery folly.

But though, according to this acceptation of the phrase, men are seldom insincere, or literally dishonest, in the ordinary transactions of life ; yet, I believe, there is another and a higher species of sincerity, which is very seldom to be met with in any degree of perfection ; I mean that sincerity which leads a man to be honest to himself, and to his own mind, and which will prevent him from being imposed upon, or deceived by his own passions and inclinations. From that secret approbation which our mind leads us to give to what is virtuous and honourable, we cannot easily bear the consciousness of being dishonest. Hence, therefore, when men are desirous to give way to their evil inclinations and passions, they are willing, nay, at times, they are even at pains to deceive themselves. They look out for some specious apology, they seek for some colour and disguise, by which they may reconcile their conduct to the appearance of right, and may commit wrong, under the belief that they are innocent, nay, sometimes that they are acting a praise-worthy part. Thus there are men who would abhor the thought of deceiving themselves; and, while they believe that they are sincere, and are really so, in the restricted sense in which I have used this word, are, in all the important actions of their life, under the influence of deceit.

Eubulus is a judge in one of the courts of law. Eubulus believes himself a very honest judge ; and it is but doing him justice to allow, that he would not, for any consideration, knowingly, give an unjust decision ; yet Eubulus hardly ever gave a fair judgment in any cause where he was connected with, or knew any thing about the parties. If either of them happen to be his friend or relation, or connected with his friends or relations, Eubulus is sure always to see the cause in a favourable light for that friend. If, on the other hand, one of the parties happens to be a person whom Eubulus has a dislike to, that party is sure to lose his suit. In the one case, he sits down to examine the cause, under all the influence and partiality of friendship; his cool senses are run-away with; his judgment is blinded, and he sees nothing but the arguments on the side of his friend, and overlooks every thing stated against him. In the other case he acts under the impressions of dislike, and his judgment is accordingly so determined. A cause was lately brought before Eubulus, where every feeling of humanity and compassion prompted the wish, that one of the parties might be successful; but the right was clearly on the other side. Eubulus sat down to examine it with all the tender feelings full in his mind; they guided his judgment, and he determined contrary to justice. During all this, Eubulus believes himself honest. In one sense of the word he is so; he does not, knowingly or deliberately, give a dishonest judgment; but, in the higher and more extensive meaning of the word, he is dishonest. He suffers himself to be imposed on by the feelings of friendship and humanity. Nay, far from guarding against it, he aids the imposition, and becomes the willing dupe to his own inclinations.

Licinius was a man of learning and of fancy: he lived at a time when the factions of this country were at their greatest height: he entered into all of them with the greatest warmth, and, in some of the principal transactions of the time, acted a considerable part. With warm attachments, and ungoverned zeal, his opinions were violent, and his prejudices deep-rooted. Licinius wrote a history of his own times: his zeal for the interests he had espoused is conspicuous; the influence of his prejudices is apparent; his opinion of the characters of the men of whom he writes, is almost every where dictated by his knowledge of the party to which they belonged; and his belief or disbelief of the disputed facts of the time, is directed by the connection they had with his own favourite opinions. Phidippus cannot talk with patience of this history or its author; he never speaks of him but as of a mean lying fellow, who knowingly wrote the tales of a party, and who, to serve a faction, wished to deceive the public. Phidippus is mistaken; Licinius, in one sense of the word, was perfectly honest; he did not wish to deceive; but he was himself under the influence of deception. The heat of his fancy, the violence of his zeal, led him away; convinced that he was much in the right, he was desirous to be still more so; he viewed, and was at pains to view every thing in one light; all the characters, and all the transactions of the time, were seen under one colour; and, under this deception he saw, and thought, and wrote. When Phidippus accuses Licinius of being wilfully dishonest, he is mistaken, and is under the influence of a like deception with that of Licinius. Licinius wrote unfairly, because he saw every thing in one light, and was not at pains to guard against self-deception, or to correct erroneous judgement. Phidippus judges of Licinius unfairly, because he also is under the influence of party, because his system and opinions are different from those of Licinius, and because this leads him to judge harshly of every one who thinks like Licinius.

Lysander is a young man of elegance and sentiment; but he has a degree of vanity which makes him wish to be possessed of fortune, not to hoard, but to spend it. He has a high opinion of female merit; and would not, for any consideration, think of marrying a woman for whom he did not believe he felt the most sincere and ardent attachment. In this situation of mind he became acquainted with Leonora: Leonora's father was dead, and had left her possessed of a very considerable fortune; Lysander had heard of Leonora, and knew she was possessed of a fortune before ever he saw her. She is not remarkable either for the beauties of person or of mind ; but the very first time Lysander saw her, he conceived a prepossession in her favour, and which has now grown into a strong attachment. Lysander believes it is her merit only which has produced this ; and he would hate himself, if he thought Leonora's being possessed of a fortune had had the least influence upon him. But he is mistaken ; he does not know himself, nor that secret power the desire of wealth has over him. The knowledge of Leonora's being an heiress, made him secretly wish her to be possessed of personal merit before he saw her ; when he did see her, he converted his wishes into belief ; he desired to be deceived, and he was so. He conceived that she was possessed of every accomplishment of person and of mind ; and his imagination being once warmed, he believed and thought that he felt a most violent attachment. Had Leonora been without a fortune, she would never have drawn Lysander's attention ; he would have never thought more highly of her merit than he did of that of most other women ; and he would not have become the dupe of his wishes and desires.

Amanda is a young lady of the most amiable dispositions. With an elegant form, she possesses a most uncommon degree of sensibility. Her parents reside at Belfield, in a sequestered part of the country. Here she has few opportunities of being in society, and her time has chiefly been spent in reading. Books of sentiment, novels, and tender poetry, are her greatest favourites. This kind of reading has increased the natural warmth and sensibility of her mind : it has given her romantic notions of life, and particularly warm and passionate ideas about love. The attachment of lovers, the sweet union of hearts, and hallowed sympathy of souls, are continually pictured in her mind. Philemon, a distant relation of Amanda's, happened to pay a visit to Bellfield. Amanda's romantic notions had hitherto been general, and had no object to fix upon. But it is difficult to have warm feelings long, without directing them to some object. After a short acquaintance, Philemon became very particular in his attentions to her. Amanda was not displeased with them ; on the contrary, she thought she saw in him all those good qualities which she felt in her own mind. Every look that he gave, and every word that he spoke, confirmed her in this. Every thing she wished to be in a lover, every thing her favourite authors told her a lover ought to be possessed of, she believed to be in Philemon. Her parents perceived the situation of her mind. In vain did they represent to her the danger she run, and that she had not yet acquaintance enough of Philemon to know any thing, with certainty, about his character. She ascribed these admonitions to the too great coldness and prudence of age, and she disregarded them. Thus did Amanda believe herself deeply enamoured with Philemon ; but it could not be with Philemon, for she knew little of him. She was the dupe of her own wishes ; and she deceived herself into a belief that she was warmly attached to him, when it was only an ideal being of her own creation that was the object of her passion. Philemon may be worthy of the love of Amanda, or Amanda may be able to preserve the deception she is under even after marriage ; but her danger is apparent.

The influence of self-deception is wonderfully powerful. Different as are the above persons, and different as are their situations, all have been under its guidance. As observed above, dishonesty, in our ordinary transactions in the world, is a vice which only the most corrupted and abandoned are in danger of falling into ; but that dishonesty with ourselves, which leads us to be our own deceivers, to become the dupes of our own prevailing passions and inclinations, is to be met with more or less in every character. Here we are, as it were, parties to the deceit, and, instead of wishing to guard against it, we become the willing slaves of its influence. By this means, not only are bad men deceived by evil passions into the commission of crimes, but even the worthiest men, by giving too much way to the best and most amiable feelings of the heart, may be led into fatal errors, and into the most prejudicial misconduct.

S.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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